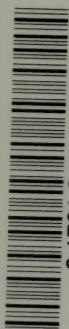


# AN IRISH BEAUTY OF THE REGENCY



COMPILED FROM "MES SOUVENIRS,"  
-THE UNPUBLISHED JOURNALS OF  
THE HON. MRS. CALVERT 1789-1822



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AN IRISH BEAUTY  
OF THE REGENCY

BY THE SAME AUTHOR  
MEMOIRS OF A VANISHED  
GENERATION

ILLUSTRATED. Demy 8vo

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*Pall Mall Gazette.* — "Entertaining reading. . . ."

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*Daily Graphic.* — "Always interesting."

*World.* — "Delightful."







*The Hon. M<sup>rs</sup>. Calvert*

*born 1767 — died 1859*

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COMPILED FROM "MES SOUVENIRS,"  
—THE UNPUBLISHED JOURNALS OF  
THE HON. MRS. CALVERT 1789-1822  
✻ BY MRS. WARRENNE BLAKE ✻  
WITH FRONTISPIECE IN PHOTOGRAVURE  
& THIRTY-TWO OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON: JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD  
NEW YORK: JOHN LANE COMPANY MCMXI



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1911

TO  
ETHEL MARY RICHARDSON  
GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER OF THE "IRISH BEAUTY"  
IN WARM APPRECIATION OF HER  
UNTIRING HELP





## PREFACE

**M**Y first and only interview with Mrs. Calvert took place at her house in Cavendish Square more than half a century ago. It was characterized, as far as I can remember, by awestruck shyness on my part, and on hers by the placid indifference with which the very old are apt to regard the very young, whose future can in no way concern them. Neither I nor the frail, white-haired old lady sitting in her arm-chair had the least idea that I should ever have the privilege of editing those famous journals written for her "beloved children," and kept under lock and key for over forty years at Furneaux Pelham Hall, the old manor-house which the Calvert family have owned for at least two centuries.

Mrs. Calvert at ninety years old was almost blind, and, like the majority of very aged people, had survived most of those she loved best—indeed, she sometimes complained that Death had forgotten her. Her memory was good, and stored with interesting events. A wonderful link between past and present, those dim eyes of hers had wept over the murder of Louis XVI, and the death of Nelson, and her trembling fingers had clasped those of many a bygone celebrity and hero. In 1814 she took part in the splendid festivities given in honour of the Allied Sovereigns, when all London—rather prematurely

as it turned out—went mad with joy over the downfall of the tyrant Bonaparte. And after the battle of Waterloo she lay awake in an agony of never-to-be-forgotten anxiety, wondering if her dear son Felix were alive or dead.

She was on visiting terms with the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, immortalized by Gainsborough, with troublesome, clever Lady Caroline Lamb, and her husband, afterwards Lord Melbourne, and the great Duke of Wellington was her friend and kinsman. She knew the Prince Regent and Mrs. Fitzherbert well, and in days when the relations between Court and Society were of a simple and friendly description, she had been honoured by the kindly notice of Queen Charlotte, and of the six blooming Princesses of whom Hoppner has left us such delightful portraits.

Mrs. Calvert remembered, as a time of rioting and uproar, Sir Francis Burdett's being taken to the Tower of London, and the mob shouting "Bread or Blood," and breaking doors and windows in frantic opposition to the Corn Laws. Not having, as she says, "a musical soul," the singing of Catalani and contemporary artistes left her cold, but she was deeply moved by the pathos of Mrs. Siddons and the marvellous acting of Kean, Macready, and the Kembles.

In her journals she unconsciously reveals her many-sided character. We see her by turns as the brilliant beauty going joyously to Court in purple and fine linen, as the devoted wife and tender mother, distracted with anxiety if anything ailed her children, as the keen politician ; then again, as the good and conscientious woman,

severe on her occasional sins of infirmity to a degree that almost seems to us morbid and exaggerated. We cannot help admiring a character so fine and upright and sincere, or congratulating her numerous descendants on an ancestress of whom they may be so justly proud.

A book of this sort necessarily partakes somewhat of the nature of what our Transatlantic neighbours call a Friendship quilt. Many are the kind helpers who have supplied me with interesting bits of information, without which the book would have been far from complete, and family portraits which add much to whatever charm it may possess. Most of all are my thanks due to Mrs. Arthur Richardson, at whose suggestion I undertook what has been an arduous, though a most delightful task. I much regret that I cannot here express my gratitude to the late Mr. Felix Calvert, who was kind enough to entrust me with the journals; I can only hope that Captain Walter Calvert, their present owner, will accept my thanks instead. I would wish also to offer my respectful acknowledgments to Their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Christian for identifying the portrait of the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, and for other information which has been of great service to me.

For their kindness in allowing me to reproduce valuable old family pictures and miniatures, I wish to thank the Earl and Countess of Darnley and Lady Kathleen Brownlow; also the Countess of Antrim, the Earl and Countess of Ranfurly, Lady Constance Leslie, Sir James Stronge, Lord and Lady Rathdonnell, Mrs. Raymond Nugent, Miss Magdalen Ker, Miss Emily Knox, Miss Ormsby, Mrs. Montgomery, the Reverend Francis Warre, Mr.

Arthur Dasent, Mr. Percy Noverre, and Mr. John Lane. I have also had much kind assistance from Lady St. Helier, Mrs. Hamilton Cox, Miss Clara Wigram, Count Conrad Zeppelin, Mr. Arthur Knox, the Hon. Mrs. Hewitt, Mr. G. Milner Gibson Cullum, Mr. James St. Leger, and Mr. Beresford Chancellor, to all of whom I feel sincerely grateful for the sympathy and interest which have been so great a help.

ALICE E. BLAKE.

EASTON VICARAGE, NORWICH.

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AN IRISH BEAUTY  
OF THE REGENCY



# AN IRISH BEAUTY OF THE REGENCY

## CHAPTER I

The Hon. Frances Pery—Her birth and parentage—Her marriage to Nicolson Calvert of Hunsdon—London gaieties—"God save the King"—The French Revolution—Birth of Felix Calvert—Marriage of the Duke of York—The Prince of Wales and Mrs. Fitzherbert—Lord Howe's great victory—George III at Windsor—An unhappy Royal marriage—Lady Jersey—The Irish rebellion—Wedding of the Princess Royal—Mrs. Calvert at Brighton Pavilion—Loss of the *Babet*—The King's insanity—Mr. Calvert in Parliament—Fears of Invasion—Murder of the Duc d'Enghien—Description of Mrs. Fitzherbert—Her adopted child, Mary Seymour.

**T**HE Hon. Frances Pery was born in Sackville Street, Dublin, on February 4th, 1767, three years after the birth of her elder sister, Diana Jane. Although destined to spend so large a part of her life in this country, she had probably not a drop of English blood in her veins. Her father, Edmond Sexton Pery, hailed from Co. Limerick, and possessed a considerable amount of property there. A man of great power and unquestioned integrity, he was Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, and on resigning that office he was created a Viscount, and granted a pension of £3000 a year. Lord Pery had married in 1762 the Hon.



Mrs. Handcock, the young and charming widow of Robert Handcock, of Waterstown, Co. Westmeath.

Lady Pery was by birth the Hon. Elizabeth Vesey, eldest daughter of Lord Knapton, and on her mother's side she was descended from the Earls of Abercorn, who were of Royal lineage and belonged to one of the oldest families in Scotland. Elizabeth, Countess of Abercorn, who was married in 1686, had a rare but not unique experience, for she lived to behold her great-great-granddaughter, Elizabeth Handcock, Lady Pery's daughter by her first marriage. This gave rise to an old saying still quoted in the family :

" Rise, daughter, and go to your daughter,  
For your daughter's daughter's got a daughter."

All five were named Elizabeth.

In Frances Pery's time, as now, a knowledge of French was considered an essential part of the education of every young woman of fashion. That may be the reason why she calls her reminiscences "*Mes Souvenirs*" when dedicating them to her beloved children. She adds, with a pretty touch of pathos, "that by the time those children read her memoirs she herself will be mouldering in the grave." To realize our own death is perhaps as hard a thing as any of us can do ; and we must not forget that when our heroine first sat down to write her *Journal*, she was in the prime of her very lovely womanhood, and had still over sixty years of happy and prosperous life before her.

As Lord Pery had no son, the title became extinct at his death in 1806. His two daughters, Diana Jane and Frances, married respectively the Hon. Thomas Knox,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> He succeeded his father in 1818, and in 1832 was created Earl of Ranfurly. He was a Whig and a supporter of Lord Grey. His eldest son, afterwards 2nd Earl of Ranfurly, was a Conservative, and represented the family seat at Dungannon for many years.

eldest son of Viscount Northland, and Nicolson Calvert, Esq., afterwards of Hunsdon House, Herts, who for thirty-two years represented that borough in Parliament. Mrs. Calvert gives the following account of her marriage :

“ It was at Buxton that I met your dear father, and we became mutually attracted. After a good many delays, Mr. Nicolson Calvert and I were united on the 9th of January, 1789. The ceremony was performed in my father’s house, Russell Street, Bath, by Lord Rokeby, Primate of Ireland.”

At the time of her marriage—indeed for long afterwards—Mrs. Calvert was extremely handsome and attractive. She was tall and fair ; with blue eyes, and the stately bearing for which many women of her day were remarkable. She inherited much of her father’s wit and cleverness, as well as the goodness and tenderness of heart that made Lady Pery so beloved. She and her sister, as co-heiresses, were well dowered : Mrs. Knox succeeded to most of Lord Pery’s landed property in Ireland, and Mrs. Calvert’s portion of £60,000 was thought in those days to be a considerable fortune.

Mr. Calvert’s father at that time lived in Portland Place, where he took his young wife for a day or two to introduce her to his family. At the beginning of April we find the young couple in London, whither Lady Pery accompanied them. Mrs. Calvert thus describes her visit :

“ We found it a scene of the greatest gaiety. The King,<sup>1</sup> who had been for some time out of his senses, had recently been cured by Dr. Willis.<sup>2</sup> There was nothing

<sup>1</sup> George III.

<sup>2</sup> The King’s three physicians were Baillie, Heberden, and Willis. Hence the epigram—

“ Uncertain which most sure to kill is,  
Baillie, Heberden or Willis.”

going on but illuminations, balls, etc. I went to one of the latter given by White's Club at the Pantheon, but found it so full and so hot that I declined going to any more. We were all splendidly dressed in a uniform of white and gold, with 'God save the King' embroidered on our head-dresses."

Loyalty is a grand virtue, but was not this carrying it a little far?

"Very soon after that my dear mother left us to go to Ireland. We went as far as Windsor with her and slept there.

"Never shall I forget the sensation I experienced when, early in the morning as I lay in bed, I heard the step of her carriage put up, and the carriage drive from the door. I felt, as it were, abandoned amongst strangers, and I believe should have been long in recovering my spirits, but for the kindness of your dear father, who fully understood my feelings.

"That August we went to Weymouth, the first year of Their Majesties' being there. I had never been presented at Court, but they were so gracious as to introduce themselves to us and speak to us constantly on the Esplanade in the most condescending manner, enquiring for my father and mother, and so on. We determined to be presented at Court on our return to London.

"Just at this time (1789) the French Revolution broke out. The papers were full of it, and it was the theme of every tongue.

"In November we were presented at St. James'. Mr. Calvert by Lord Cremorne<sup>1</sup> and I by Lady Courtown."<sup>2</sup>

After paying a few visits in Ireland Mr. and Mrs. Calvert settled themselves in a small furnished house in Cork Street.

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Dawson, created Viscount Cremorne 1785.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Courtown was Elizabeth Smythy, daughter of the Bishop of Down and Connor.



HON. FRANCES PERY (MRS. CALVERT)





" I had my box at the Opera, and I really think this was the happiest time of my life. Never having met with a real misfortune, I thought I was to be exempt from the common lot of mortality. It was in another furnished house [in Dover Street] that you, my beloved Felix, were born on the 16th October, 1790. Oh joyful moment ! never, never to be forgotten.

" My dear Felix was inoculated for the small-pox by Sir Walter Farquhar.<sup>1</sup> He was so ill after it that we very nearly lost him.

" The following November I had a sweet little girl, whom alas ! I have since lost. She was christened Lavinia after Lady Spencer,<sup>2</sup> who was her Godmother.

" About this time the Duke of York<sup>3</sup> married Fredrica, daughter to the King of Prussia. I was presented to her at the Drawing-room that took place shortly afterwards. She seemed to me to be a poor-looking little thing ; ill-dressed, and with a great deal of rouge.<sup>4</sup>

" Whilst we were on a month's visit to Dungannon,<sup>5</sup> the seeds of rebellion first began to appear in Ireland.

" We returned to England with our family, and as we stepped on board the boat the custom-house officer informed us that the unfortunate King of France had been gillotined.

" At Birmingham, where we stopped to change horses, I remember shedding many tears on reading his will,<sup>6</sup> which was most affecting.

" On the 5th of April, 1793, my dear Isabella was born in a furnished house in Weymouth Street. It was about that time that Mr. Calvert's father came to reside at Hunsdon House, having inherited it on the death of his

<sup>1</sup> Sir Walter Farquhar was created a Baronet March 1st, 1796, and appointed physician to the Prince of Wales.

<sup>2</sup> Hon. Lavinia Bingham, daughter of the 1st Lord Lucan, wife of George John, Earl Spencer.

<sup>3</sup> Second son of George III.

<sup>4</sup> The Duchess of York died 1820, leaving no children.

<sup>5</sup> Lord Northland's place in Tyrone. Lady Northland was Lady Pery's sister, and therefore aunt to Mrs. Calvert.

<sup>6</sup> See Appendix.

eldest brother. He sold May Place to his cousin Lady Fermanagh.<sup>1</sup> A little later Mr. Calvert and I went for a few days to Lord Maynard's, Easton Lodge.<sup>2</sup>

"In August of that year we went for a short time to Brighton. Our house in West Street was next door to Sir William and Lady Pitt,<sup>3</sup> who were most kind and attentive to me.

"Lady Pitt presented us to the Prince of Wales, who invited us to a ball at the Pavilion. She also made us acquainted with Mrs. Fitzherbert, who, although she certainly could not be the Prince's wife according to the law of the land, had had the marriage ceremony performed, and was very much considered and respected.

"Lady Jersey<sup>4</sup> was there at the time, and I saw the beginning of that flirtation. It afterwards caused the rupture between the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert, which ended in his marrying the Princess of Wales."

There was a small country house, named Boningtons, within a walk of Hunsdon, and there the young couple took up their abode on their return. Mrs. Calvert mentions a visit from her sister and brother-in-law (who was also her cousin), and the whole party went for a short time to stay at Cobham Hall, Lord Darnley's place in Kent.

Lord Darnley had married in 1791 Elizabeth, third daughter of the Right Hon. William Brownlow of Lurgan.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mary, posthumous daughter of the Hon. John Verney and May, daughter of Jonas Nicholson, who remarried Richard Calvert. Was created Baroness Fermanagh in 1792, and died unmarried November 15th, 1810.

<sup>2</sup> Now owned by the present Countess of Warwick, who was the granddaughter of the last Viscount Maynard.

<sup>3</sup> General Sir William Augustus Pitt, K.B., of Heckfield, Co. Southampton. He married the Hon. Mary Howe, fourth daughter of Emanuel, 2nd Viscount Howe, and d.s.p. in December, 1809.

<sup>4</sup> Frances Twysden, wife of George Bussey, 4th Earl of Jersey.

<sup>5</sup> His son Charles Brownlow, born 1795, was created in 1839 Baron Lurgan of Lurgan.



NICOLSON CALVERT, M.P.



Later on he presented a petition to King George IV in which he claimed the Dukedom of Lennox. The petition was referred to the House of Lords, but as they came to no satisfactory conclusion, the matter went no further.

Considering what a fearful scourge smallpox was in the early part of the eighteenth century, one cannot wonder that, in the upper classes at any rate, every child was as a matter of course inoculated. The custom met with great opposition, and even as late as 1760 was denounced by the clergy as wicked and unnatural. Mrs. Calvert refers to the subject :

“In November I inoculated Isabella for the small pox, and she had it most favourably.

“1794.—The 1st of June was the day of Lord Howe’s<sup>1</sup> splendid victory. On the same day I had another little girl named Mary, whom I have been so unfortunate as to lose.<sup>2</sup> My grief was unbounded ; unused to misfortune as I was, I hardly knew how to bear it.

“Before going to Ireland I paid Lady Kingston<sup>3</sup> a visit at a small cottage she had near Windsor. One evening we took a walk on Windsor Terrace with Felix. The sweet fellow attracted the attention of the King, who was there, and he talked to him for an hour. So pleased was His Majesty with his appearance and conversation, that he begged I would bring him the next evening to the Terrace, as he wished to show him to the Queen and Princesses. We accordingly obeyed, and never was a little creature so admired and caressed. He was perfectly at his ease, called His Majesty plain

<sup>1</sup> He defeated the French off Ushant, took six ships of war, and sunk one. An old story relates that, when a great banquet was given in honour of this gallant commander, the host announced that the toast he was about to propose would be found in the first words of the third Psalm : “Lord How.”

<sup>2</sup> Little Mary died at Edmondsbury, near Dublin.

<sup>3</sup> Caroline, the only child of Richard Fitzgerald of Mount Ophaley, married in 1769 Robert, 2nd Earl of Kingston.



‘George’—sometimes ‘King’—and delighted them all with his innocence and vivacity.”

“1795.—While in Ireland we heard of the Prince of Wales’ decided rupture with Mrs. Fitzherbert and of his marriage with Caroline, daughter of the Duke of Brunswick. At his wedding, he is said to have been dreadfully agitated, and has indeed ever shewn a most inveterate dislike—one may almost say disgust—to his unfortunate wife.”

1796.—The Princess Charlotte was born during the following winter, but her birth does not seem to have had the effect of reconciling the ill-assorted pair. Mrs. Calvert gives her opinion of the estrangement :

“Great dissensions were said to have taken place between the Prince and Princess. Lady Jersey was supposed to be the cause of this ; there is no doubt that she took every sort of pains to set His Royal Highness against the Princess, and most fatally succeeded. Very soon after that he quarrelled with her Ladyship. He never speaks to her now, and I believe hates her most cordially, but so it is imagined he does the Princess.

“Lady Jersey became very unpopular with the mob, and one evening, as I was going through Covent Garden in my chariot at the time of an election, I was taken for her (I have always been considered very like her), and my carriage and servants were well pelted with mud before we got clear of them.”

In spite of very troublous times Mr. and Mrs. Calvert started in their curricule for Ireland the following July, their children following in a chaise. At her father’s place, Edmondsbury, poor Mrs. Calvert lost two more children, Edmond and Lavinia, who died from some childish epidemic. It was probably owing to this sad misfortune that their devoted mother went through agonies of alarm whenever even a slight illness invaded

her nursery. The little Calverts, however, seem to have been a sturdy and handsome flock, and one cannot help thinking that a little wholesome neglect would have done them no harm occasionally.

1797.—A mutiny in the Fleet caused much alarm, but was fortunately quelled. Matters in Ireland, meanwhile, did not improve, and at last became so alarming that Mrs. Knox and her sons were sent over to England for safety. In July the Rebellion broke out. Numbers were murdered, and many more fled the country. By this time, Mrs. Calvert was back in England, and we hope had recovered her spirits, for she gives us an amusing description of a Royal wedding.

“1797.—The Princess Royal<sup>1</sup> was married in May to the Duke of Wurtemberg.<sup>2</sup> I intended to have gone to the drawing room afterwards, but did not on account of my mourning for Lady De Vesci. I went a few days later to see Lady Kingston, and walked one evening with her on the Terrace. We met the Royal Family, who stopped to speak to us. The Duchess of Wurtemberg<sup>3</sup> looked very happy, leaning on her husband. I never saw so large a man. You could have sat upon the projection of his lower Stomach with as much ease as in an arm-chair. They left England shortly afterwards.”

In spite of this auspicious beginning, it is to be feared that the marriage was not a very happy one, for the King of Würtemberg did not prove either a kind husband or a faithful one.

1799.—Lavinia Frances Calvert was born on January 31st. She was named Lavinia after the little sister who died in Ireland; this was a very common fashion in

<sup>1</sup> Charlotte Augusta Matilda, born 1766.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards King of Würtemberg. There were no children of the marriage.

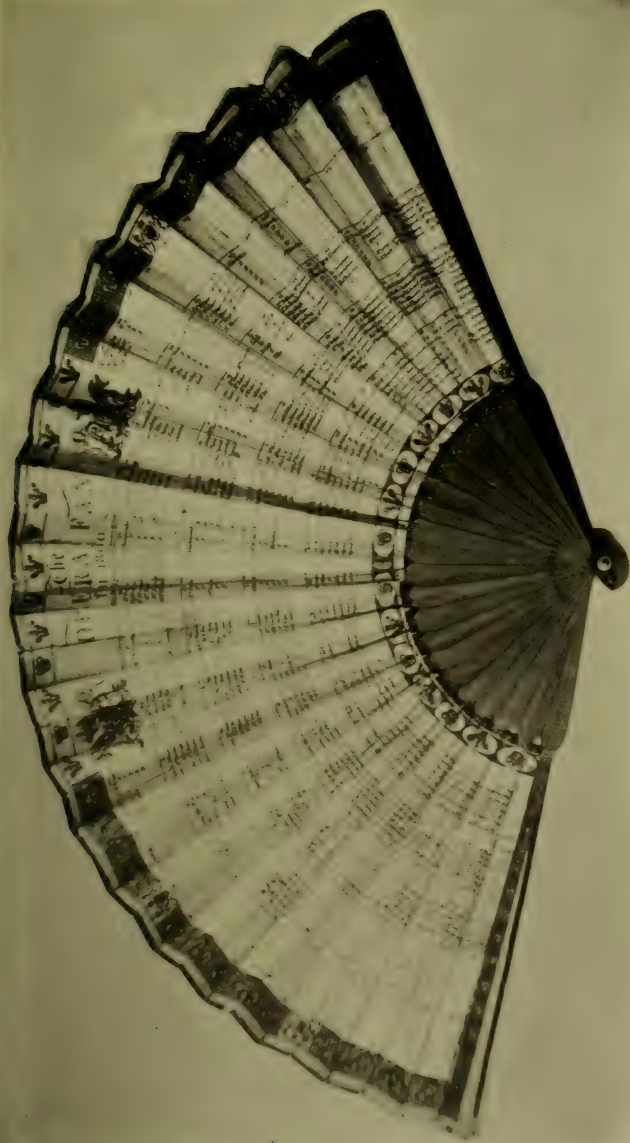
<sup>3</sup> The Queen of Würtemberg died 1828.

those days, and often caused considerable confusion. By this time Lord and Lady Pery had left Ireland, and hired Hertford Castle from Lord Downshire, and there Mr. and Mrs. Calvert and their children came to live with them. Feeling anxious about her son Felix's health, Mrs. Calvert took him to Brighton, where a third son—named Nicolson, after his father—made his appearance. Mr. Nicolson Robert Calvert, born in 1800, was of Quenton Castle, Co. Down. He married, 1826, Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Samuel Blacker, Prebendary of Mallabrack, and had two daughters: (1) Rose, subsequently Mrs. Ker, and (2) Flora Louisa, who married Lieut.-Col. Alfred Tippinge (Grenadier Guards), and had three daughters: (1) Isabel, married Peter Hawker of Longparish House, Hants; (2) Violet, married Egerton Leigh of Judrell Hall, Cheshire, and (3) Helen, married Arthur Irwin Dasent, youngest son of Sir George Webbe Dasent. The Diary gives an interesting sketch of society in Brighton at that period:

“ 1800.—There was at this time a remarkable pleasant society at Brighton—numbers of agreeable families—and we lived in the most sociable way, meeting every night at one another's houses.

“ The Prince of Wales came for a few days to the Pavilion. He gave one musical party at which I was. I played a pool at Commerce with His Royal Highness. Although he always spoke in the most condescending manner to me whenever we met, I had never till then seen so much of him as on that evening when I was (as everyone must be) quite enchanted with his manners, which are superior to everyone's.

“ 1800.—Another evening I met him at a very small party at Lady Heron's, but he soon left Brighton. He was at that period entirely engrossed with endeavouring to be reconciled to Mrs. Fitzherbert, and this he at last effected.



THE OPERA FAN, 1800





"It is confidently asserted that the Queen<sup>1</sup> herself interfered to reconcile them, and it is even said that the Princess of Wales wished it. I can hardly believe this, but altogether it is a strange business, and of so delicate a nature, that I think the less that's said of it the better.

"1801.—At the end of December, I quitted Brighton, and went to London to our house in Albemarle Street. The 9th of January being our wedding day, we had a large family party, and Nicolson was christened by the name of Nicolson Robert. We also had him inoculated with the Cowpox, being the first of our children who was not inoculated with the Small pox.

"About this time we got the melancholy account of the loss of the Babet, the ship in which our dear John<sup>2</sup> (General Knox) was gone out as Governor and Commander in Chief to Jamaica. Many, many tears did I shed for him, I loved him as a brother, and never, I believe, was there a man so deserving of the regard and regret everyone expressed for him. We long had hopes that the ship was not lost, as it was not *seen* to go down, but years have elapsed since, therefore no hope can be indulged, though I am sometimes fool enough to feel some, in spite of my almost conviction that it is impossible they ever should be realised.<sup>3</sup>

"My father continued in such indifferent health that he suddenly determined on leaving Hertford Castle. He went to our house in London, and there remained for a long time, desperately ill.

"At this period, the King was again attacked with insanity, but soon got well. Mr. Pitt quitted Administra-

<sup>1</sup> Queen Charlotte.

<sup>2</sup> He was Lord Northland's second son, and therefore first cousin to Mrs. Calvert, and brother-in-law to her sister.

<sup>3</sup> There is in the Knox family a strange superstition that one member will be drowned in every generation. General Knox was a very distinguished officer. His services in the expedition to Holland are mentioned in the despatches of the Duke of York, dated Headquarters, Alkmaar, October 6th, 1799. He was chosen by H.R.H. to conclude the armistice between the combined English and Russian and French armies, to which he signed his name at Alkmaar October 18th, 1799.

tion, and to everyone's surprise, Mr. Addington was<sup>1</sup> made Prime Minister."

In the following April, Felix Calvert went to Harrow. His family shortly after went to live at Hunsdon House, owing to the ill-health of Mr. Calvert's father, who took up his abode in London.

"The Limericks<sup>2</sup> came at this period to settle in England, and purchased a house in Mansfield Street, and the Knoxes, who had a house that winter in Hill Street, purchased their present house in Grosvenor Street.<sup>3</sup>

"1802.—In July, Mr. Calvert was elected Member for the Borough of Hertford without opposition, Mr. Cowper,<sup>4</sup> brother to Lord Cowper, being the other Member.

"1803.—On the 8th of February, you, my dear William, were born in Albemarle Street. Early in May, we took up our abode at a small house belonging to us at Hunsdon, Mr. C. having been persuaded by his architect to pull down part of Hunsdon House, and build a new one.

"My sister, Mrs. Knox, and her daughter Fanny, who had been at Nice for some months, returned by way of Paris. They landed a few days before war was declared and therefore escaped being detained as prisoners by Bonaparte. Since the war began, there has been constant apprehension of invasion, numbers very nervous about it, others more bold. I confess I have been alternately both. Your father has invariably thought the French would never come. As yet, though constantly threatening, they have not made the attempt, and I

<sup>1</sup> Henry Addington, afterwards Lord Sidmouth, was born in 1757, and died in 1844. He was nicknamed "the Doctor," because his father had been a physician.

<sup>2</sup> Edward Henry, 2nd Baron Limerick, born 1758, created Viscount Limerick 1800, and Earl of Limerick 1803. He married 1783 Mary Alice, only daughter and heir of Henry Ormsby, Esq., and died 1844. He was first cousin to Mrs. Calvert.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Knox and his wife lived at 31 Upper Grosvenor Street until the year 1823, when they took up their residence abroad.

<sup>4</sup> He represented it in Parliament thirty-two years. In politics Mr. Nicolson Calvert was a Liberal. The Hon. Edward Spencer Cowper was born 1779, married 1808 Catherine Philipps, and died in 1823.



GENERAL THE HON. JOHN KNOX. D. 1800



trust we are now so fully prepared for them that they would be instantly crushed to atoms, if daring enough to approach our sea girt shores.

"1803.—At the end of September, we went to Town for a little while, and I placed Isabella at Mrs. Devis' in Devonshire Place, as I found I could not properly attend myself to her education.

"In October, my sister's son, James, got a Typhus fever at school, and was brought to my father's house. We had just heard of poor Lady Northland's death, and I was staying with my mother to keep up her spirits.<sup>1</sup>

"1804.—On the 1st of February, Parliament met. The King was again attacked with insanity, and continued in that state all the winter ; a Regency was often talked of, but nothing done.

"Mr. Addington was turned out of office in the Spring, and Mr. Pitt replaced. A great effort was made to get Fox into office, but the King obstinately refused."

"At the beginning of March, I gave a great Assembly, the first I ever had at my house.<sup>2</sup> It was much crowded, but people seemed pleased. I did not invite the Prince, on account of His Majesty's illness, but when I gave another in May the King being *pronounced well*, I invited his Royal Highness, and he came. He and Mrs. Fitzherbert were the last people in the house (except my sister), and I was much surprised at their going away in the same carriage, but that, I found afterwards, they always did."

"In the course of that Spring, I went to hear High Mass celebrated for the repose of the Duc d'Enghien's soul, whom Bonaparte had put to death.<sup>3</sup> I saw there besides the Duc d'Orleans,<sup>4</sup> Montpensier, Beaujolais, and

<sup>1</sup> Lady Northland was the Hon. Anne Vesey, sister to Lady Pery and Lady Staples.

<sup>2</sup> The Calverts at that time were living in a furnished house, 22 Albemarle Street.

<sup>3</sup> The Duc d'Enghien, who was descended from the great Condé, was seized in Baden by order of Bonaparte, conveyed to Vincennes, and after a hasty trial shot by torchlight, immediately after condemnation, March 21st, 1804.

<sup>4</sup> Afterwards King Louis Philippe.



Berri, (all of whom I had seen before). Monsieur <sup>1</sup> is brother to the King of France. I was much struck by his appearance. He is a very fine looking man, with quite the air of a Prince, which none of the others have. The Duc de Berri <sup>2</sup> is very ugly and little. Montpensier <sup>3</sup> also is ugly; Orleans nothing particular, except that he has an expression of countenance I don't like. I know him a little to speak to, also Beaujolais, who is well enough looking, but has no manners.

"Shortly after the beginning of August I went on a visit to my sister at Brighton, taking Isabella and Edmond with me. There I remained nearly six weeks. During that time I was invited six or seven times to the Pavilion (the Prince of Wales). One of the nights there was a very pleasant ball; the other nights his band played. It is a prodigious fine band, as he has taken a great deal of pains with them, being passionately fond of music. He sung two nights himself, which he does very agreeably.

"Mrs. Fitzherbert lives in a house communicating with the Pavilion till one she is building is finished. She lives entirely with the Prince, and in a manner, does the honours of his house. His attachment and attention to her is unbounded and surprising. She is now, I believe, about fifty, very fat, but with a charming countenance, her features are beautiful, except her mouth, which is ugly, having a set of not good false teeth, but her person is too fat, and she makes a great display of a very white but not prettily formed bosom, which I often long to throw a handkerchief over. Her manners are good humored, (though I think I can at times discern a look of ill temper glide across her countenance), unaffected and pleasing, but very absent, and I often have thought she was not happy, for she heaves such deep sighs sometimes

<sup>1</sup> He ascended the throne September 16th, 1824, under the title of Charles X.

<sup>2</sup> Younger son of Charles X. Assassinated at the Opera House in Paris, February 13th, 1820, by Louvel. He married Maria Caroline of Naples.

<sup>3</sup> Brother of King Louis Philippe. He died 1807.



HON. ANNE VESEY, 1ST VISCOUNTESS NORTHLAND  
D. 1803



in one of those fits of absence, that I have actually started. There does not seem to me to be any brilliancy about Mrs. Fitzherbert, no agreeable talents, or powers of captivation, but captivation there must be about her, though I don't perceive it, as she has captivated His Royal Highness for so many years. She has a sweet little girl who lives with her; the orphan daughter of Lord Hugh and Lady Horatia Seymour;<sup>1</sup> she is about five years old. Lord Hugh's family, and also Lady Horatia's have objected to her living with Mrs. Fitzherbert for many reasons. They very naturally consider the Prince's mistress, (for what else can one call her, he having a wife?) not the most respectable protectress—besides, she is a Roman Catholic. But she has carried her point, and keeps her, promising faithfully to educate her in the Protestant religion, and I understand she has a clergyman of that persuasion to come to her two or three times a week. The Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert are passionately fond of this little creature, whom they always call 'Minny.'<sup>2</sup> She calls Mrs. F. 'Mama,' and the Prince 'Prinny,' and I hear at the time that her family wanted to get her from Mrs. Fitzherbert, she often clung with her little arms round the Prince, saying 'Prinny, won't you fight for me? You won't let them take me from you.' The Prince, I hear, has engaged to give her ten thousand pounds.

"The Pavilion is fitted up in the Chinese style, and very beautiful; it puts me in mind of descriptions in the Arabian Nights.

"The Dukes of Clarence and Kent came down on the Prince's birthday for a few days. I had a great deal of conversation one night with the Duke of Clarence; his manners and looks are very, very inferior to the Prince's.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Hugh Seymour, youngest son of the 1st Marquess of Hertford, was born 1759, became an Admiral, married 1786 Anne Horatia, third daughter of James, 2nd Earl Waldegrave, and died in 1801.

<sup>2</sup> Mary Georgiana Seymour married in 1825 Colonel the Hon. George Damer, from whom is descended the present Earl of Portarlington. She died October 30th, 1848.

He had two natural sons with him—fine boys. Mrs. Jordan is the mother ; they are called Fitz Clarence. I am not acquainted with the Duke of Kent, but I don't like his looks.

"While I was at Brighton the Prince went to London for a few days, and it was hoped he was going to be reconciled to his Royal father, with whom he has been long at variance, but he returned without that being effected, which is much to be deplored.

"I had the pleasure of shewing Isabella to the Prince, who admired her extravagantly, and said she was the most beautiful creature he ever saw. I was sadly afraid my dear Isabella, your head would be turned, for though he did not say it in your hearing, yet his manner shewed he admired you. It is the custom on the Prince's birthday, to go to his house, and in the hall the porter gives you a book where you write down your name. While I was in the act of doing this (Felix and Isabella and Edmond were with me), the Prince came into the hall. With his usual condescending manner, he thanked us for the honor we did him. My sister and Lady Bridget Bouverie<sup>1</sup> were also of the party. The Prince spoke in the kindest way to my children, and upon some rain coming on, insisted upon our waiting till his coach came to the door, and then put us all in it, and sent us home.

"After I had concluded my visit to my sister, I returned to town for two nights, left Isabella at Mrs. Devis, Felix went to Harrow, and I came down to Hunsdon, where I have been ever since.

"My sister is delighted with Nicolson, whom I had sent down to Brighton to visit her. She thinks him beautiful, and had taken him to visit Mrs. Fitzherbert, who did nothing but kiss and caress him.

"I am just come back from Church, and have brought up my Souvenirs to this day, September 30th, 1804."

<sup>1</sup> Lady Bridget Douglas, daughter of James, 14th Earl of Morton, married 1777 the Hon. William Henry Bouverie, second son of the 1st Earl of Radnor, and died 1842.



## CHAPTER II

Mrs. Calvert at Hunsdon—Inoculation—England at war—Sir John Sebright—Lord and Lady Boringdon—A divorce in high life—Mrs. Devis of Devonshire Place—The Duke of Wellington's mother—Mary Seymour and Mrs. Fitzherbert—Bonaparte's coronation—Mrs. Calvert in Albemarle Street.

1804.

**W**HEN Mrs. Calvert began the Diary, which she kept for many years with admirable regularity, she was living at Hunsdon House with her children and their governess, apparently very busy and contented. Early in October she writes :

“ 1804.—This morning I received a letter from Mr. Chilver enclosing some Cow-pox matter, as I wish myself to inoculate all the poor people about. I have this morning inoculated two, our gardener's wife and eldest daughter. The latter was so frightened and shook so, I fear I shan't have succeeded.”

Those were troublous times,

“ Accounts in the papers to-day of our having destroyed 150 of the enemy's gunboats ; I hope it may prove true. A letter from Edmond Knox <sup>1</sup> my sister's son (who is a midshipman on board the ‘ Juno ’ with Lord Nelson in the Mediterranean) mentions that there are the greatest apprehensions that Tom Knox, the Bishop of Derry's son, a midshipman in the ‘ Narcissus,’ is lost

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Admiral the Hon. E. S. P. Knox, who died in 1867.

in a small prize which his Captain sent with him to Malta. It has not been heard of for several months.<sup>1</sup>

"Lady Limerick has got an eighth daughter. She is to be called Albinia."<sup>2</sup>

Mrs. Calvert was undoubtedly a good hater. Writing from her sister's house in Grosvenor Street she remarks :

"Sir John Sebright<sup>3</sup> is a particular friend of Mr. C.'s, though very unlike him. He has some good qualities, but also a great many disagreeable ones. He has a violent temper and is very odd and strange. At times he is entertaining, but much oftener tiresome, a great egotist and an incessant talker. He is extremely attached to Mr. C. who of course cannot but have a regard for him, although fully aware of his faults.

"My poor Mother is very low, as she has heard that her only brother, Lord De Vesci, has had a paralytic stroke and is at the point of death."<sup>4</sup>

Informal visiting seems to have been a good deal the fashion at that time, the dinner hour being very early.

"When we were all sitting at our work, talking of a hundred things, Miss Conyers came in with her work to pay us an evening visit. She stayed the whole evening, which was a great restraint, and I really for a time felt quite out of humour with the poor woman."

This little picture puts us in mind of *Cranford*. The Diary goes on to describe a Mrs. Brownlow,<sup>5</sup> mother of Lady Darnley.

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Knox, eldest son of the Bishop of Derry, was drowned in 1804.

<sup>2</sup> She died young.

<sup>3</sup> Sir John Sebright, sometime M.P. for Herts, born 1767. He married 1793 Harriet, only daughter and heir of Richard Crofts, Esq., of West Harling, Norfolk.

<sup>4</sup> Lord De Vesci died October 13th, 1804.

<sup>5</sup> Wife of the Rt. Hon. William Brownlow, of Lurgan, an ancestor of the present Lord Lurgan.



HUNSDON HOUSE  
*From a photograph by the Hon. Mrs. Hewitt*



"We sat at our work and supped together. Mrs. Brownlow is an uncommon pleasing woman but bad tempered, which from her appearance, which is all softness, one would never suppose. It is a pity she ever gives way to it, as she is otherwise so charming—so like a gentlewoman in ideas and manner."

Mrs. Calvert mentions another friend of her mother's as being

"so gentlewoman-like, obliging and pleasing. She often puts me in the mind of my mother, but I don't believe she ever was so handsome."

A little gossip is by no means unwelcome occasionally.

"Lord Carhampton tells me that Lord and Lady Boringdon <sup>1</sup> are going to part—that she says he is so cross she can't live with him. They are only married a few months; what a pity it is that people don't consider more than they do their tempers before they marry!"

"Lord and Lady Lucan <sup>2</sup> are going to part, from her misconduct; wretched, silly, infatuated woman! Lady Spencer and Lady Ann Bingham <sup>3</sup> are to have the care of the children. They are fortunate, for they will now be brought up by respectable sensible women."

Mrs. Calvert was always fond of reading, and appears at this time to have been enjoying Scarron's *Roman Comique*.

<sup>1</sup> John Parker, 2nd Baron Boringdon, and afterwards 1st Earl of Morley, was born 1772, and married 1804 Lady Augusta Fane, daughter of John, Earl of Westmorland, which marriage was dissolved by Act of Parliament, 1809.

<sup>2</sup> Richard, 2nd Earl of Lucan, in 1794 married Lady Elizabeth Belasyse, third daughter of Henry, last Earl of Fauconberg. She was the divorced wife of Bernard Howard, afterwards Duke of Norfolk.

<sup>3</sup> Lady Ann Bingham, sister to Lord Lucan, died 1840.



"He certainly has a great deal of wit, but of too low a sort to please me much. However I shall read it through."

Her next book was Miss Lee's *Life of a Lover*, which also rather shocks her.

"It is very interesting and well written, but as far as I have read yet (which is only the first volume) the heroine gives herself up too suddenly to love, and too violently for a delicate, well brought up young woman, and when she discovers that he is a married man, I cannot conceive that she is not instantly cured of her passion."

What would Mrs. Calvert think of some of the heroines of modern fiction! The second volume of the *Life of a Lover* she found interesting, but the heroine decidedly too impassioned.

"Mr. C. and I went yesterday morning to visit Miss Grimston, Lord Grimston's eldest sister.<sup>1</sup> She is a good humoured woman, not genteel in either figure or manner, verging on being an old maid, but very good tempered and doesn't want for sense. She and her sister Charlotte (who is also nearly an old maid but don't think herself so)<sup>2</sup> live in a very pretty house in Chesterfield Street.

"Upon the whole they are friends and favourites of mine, though I can't help laughing in my sleeve at Charlotte's beauty, airs, and dress.

"Nov., 1804.—Bonaparte has been guilty of a most daring outrage. In the dead of night two hundred and fifty French soldiers crossed the Elbe and carried off our 'Chargé d'affaires,' Sir George Rumbold,<sup>3</sup> from Hamburg,

<sup>1</sup> Hon. Frances Cooke Grimston died 1848.

<sup>2</sup> Hon. Charlotte Grimston died 1837.

<sup>3</sup> Sir George Berriman Rumbold, 2nd Baronet, born 1764, married 1783 Miss Caroline Hearn. Sir George was Minister Resident at Hamburg, when he was seized, October 25th, 1804, by order of the French Government, and carried a prisoner to the Temple in Paris, but

and all his papers. It is a most unexampled event carrying off an ambassador from neutral ground, and I think it must rouse the powers of Europe."

There were no society papers a hundred years ago, and one wonders what people would have done without a fashionable doctor to bring tit-bits of gossip.

"Mr. Chilver, who was here yesterday, said he was just come from Lady Rumbold who was in great trouble. She had received a few lines from her husband, but of course being in the hands of the enemy, he could write no particulars. I almost wonder that they allowed him to write at all."

Mrs. Calvert writes from Hunsdon :

"I had a long letter from Mr. C. to-day. He has taken No. 5 Albemarle Street, which belongs to Mr. Cavendish Bradshaw. We have taken a lease of it and are to pay £350 a year, independent of taxes, coach houses or stables."

"*Hunsdon House, Nov. 12th.*—I have this morning inoculated twelve people. I hope I shall succeed. Mr. Hammond, a neighbouring Clergyman, paid me a visit this morning. I don't like him, he is not what a Clergyman ought to be—he attends Newmarket Races, etc., and is what I abominate—a Buck Parson.

"I hear that the King and Prince of Wales have had an interview and are reconciled. This is very good news."

Mrs. Calvert made an appointment with Mr. Gillow, the upholsterer, to meet her in Albemarle Street and settle what was to be done there. She then went to "chuse" furniture at this excellent and evidently old-established shop, one of the very, very few that have not changed hands since then.

was released after an imprisonment of three days. He died at Memel December 15th, 1807.

"At Curzon Street Chapel on Sunday I heard an excellent sermon from Mr. Coombe, junior. I met Mrs. Walpole <sup>1</sup> coming out, who told me that the reconciliation is perfect between the King and the Prince, and the Prince is in high spirits. Mrs. Walpole sees a great deal of him, being very intimate with Mrs. Fitzherbert."

There was in those days living in Devonshire Place, near the top of Harley Street, a certain Mrs. Devis, in whom the great Lady Salisbury took considerable interest. She recommended many of her friends to send their daughters to Mrs. Devis' school, and little Isabella Calvert was for some years a pupil there. Her mother now and then called to take her out, but one morning she says :

"I had the inexpressible mortification of hearing that she had been very pert to Mrs. D. who requested that I would not take her. I actually shed tears, I was so hurt, but I applauded Mrs. Devis for informing me, and I trust this will be a useful lesson to Isabella. She cried the whole time I was in the room."

Mrs. Calvert describes the Dowager Lady Rossmore <sup>2</sup> of that day as

"a most agreeable, chearful, pleasant, elderly woman. She has all the gaiety of youth in her conversation, without levity, and enjoys the world and her friends as much as if she were younger. She is rather too fond of cards—I quiz her for it—and she owns they are meat and drink to her.

"When I returned to Hertford Street <sup>3</sup> I found Lady

<sup>1</sup> Margaret, daughter of Sir Joshua Van Neck, Bart., and sister to 1st Lord Huntingfield, married, November 22nd, 1757, Hon. Richard Walpole, M.P. for Yarmouth, third son of Horatio, Lord Walpole of Wolterton. She died May 9th, 1818.

<sup>2</sup> Elizabeth, widow of the 1st Baron Rossmore, who died in 1801. She was a daughter of John Murray, Esq.

<sup>3</sup> Where she was staying with Lord and Lady Pery.

Crofton <sup>1</sup> paying a morning visit. What a trifling silly woman! Extravagant and unthinking—the mother of nine children, all grown up and some married with families. She was dressed yesterday like a girl, a small green velvet hat turned up on one side, and a long feather hanging down on the other; her meagre, wrinkled face forming a fine contrast to her youthful head-dress.

“Nobody dined with us, the Dowager Lady Lucan <sup>2</sup> and Lady Mornington <sup>3</sup> came in the evening. Lady Lucan is a very agreeable old woman, not a woman that I could either love or esteem (though she has always been strictly virtuous). She is insincere, satirical, violent and odd-tempered, but she is uncommonly agreeable—a great deal of wit, information, and words at command. She dresses in a costume of her own, and looks so like a little old witch that you can't help looking for her broom stick. However I like her dress infinitely better than poor Lady Crofton's attempt at youth.

“As for Lady Mornington, she is a common-place character, with soft, gentlewoman-like manners, and has that sort of conversation and manner which makes her please more perhaps than would a more learned woman, or one of more distinguished intellect. She is mother to Lord Wellesley, now Governor General in India.

“Lady Lucan gave us the whole account of her daughter-in-law's conduct. What a depraved horrid woman she is! Lord Lucan has been quite distracted by his wife's conduct. He actually idolized her.

“My dear father has made me a present of £400 to buy furniture for my new house. I have been to deposit

<sup>1</sup> Baroness Crofton, of Mote, Co. Roscommon. She died 1817, having married 1767 Sir Edward Crofton, M.P. His wife was elevated to the Peerage of Ireland 1797, an honour intended for Sir Edward, had he lived. Lady Crofton was the only daughter and heir of Thomas Croker of Baxtown, Co. Kildare.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Charles Bingham was created Earl of Lucan in 1795, and died 1799. He married in 1760 Margaret, daughter and co-heir of James Smith, M.P., of Cannonsleigh, Devon.

<sup>3</sup> Mother of the great Duke of Wellington, and daughter of the 1st Viscount Dungannon.



it at Bank Buildings. I then bought myself an Eight in the Lottery at Richardson's, a good luck number, 11,009.

"I have been reading the 'Memoirs of Agrippina' which are extremely pretty. They are written by Miss Hamilton, whom Lord Lucan has got for a governess. I hear he is to give her £200 a year."

We cannot help wondering whether the *Memoirs of Agrippina* was exactly the sort of book that one would expect an instructress of youth to write !

Felix Calvert was at Harrow, and his mother was somewhat disturbed at hearing

"a sad account of it. Mr. Sandford says they drink and game there. God preserve my darling Felix from those baneful vices !"

"Dec. 1, 1804.—Little Miss Seymour's family are endeavouring to get her from Mrs. Fitzherbert ; it is now being tried in the Law Courts, and they think they will gain their point. Mrs. Fitzherbert in consequence is in such grief that she keeps Her bed and is in strong hystericks."

Mary Seymour, the little girl in question, had been confided to Mrs. Fitzherbert's care by her mother, Lady Hugh Seymour, before her departure for Madeira. Lady Hugh was by birth Lady Horatia Waldegrave, one of the three lovely sisters immortalized by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Both she and her husband died young, and their child remained under the care of Mrs. Fitzherbert (who adored her), much against the will of her father's relations.

"I hear that the King and Prince of Wales are disputing which is to have the charge of Princess Charlotte's education. Six of the judges have given it in favour of His Majesty and six for the Prince. Tomorrow is the



day appointed by Bonaparte for his coronation. It is the idea, and I may say hope, of many that he will be assassinated on that day. Lady Lucan says, however, that he is very much beloved in France. They think an Emperor a much finer thing than a King, and delight in all the splendour and pageantry that Bonaparte is surrounded with."

Mrs. Calvert returns to Hunsdon House for Christmas, and resumes with great ardour the work of inoculation.

"But out of the fourteen I inoculated only Thomas Pigram has taken the infection! I am very unlucky."

Notwithstanding her excellent intentions, we cannot help suspecting that the tenants must have felt many a sick qualm of terror at the sight of the Squire's lady and her lancet!

Mr. Hammond, who was evidently no favourite, comes in for a word of disapproval:

"The gentlemen sat at their bottle till ten, which I laid to Mr. Hammond as he likes drinking too well for a Clergyman. I had a letter from my mother to-day. They have been settled a week in their new house, 110 Park Street.<sup>1</sup> Poor Theodosia Pery,<sup>2</sup> Lord Limerick's second daughter, is I fear, dying of consumption."

"1805, *Albemarle Street, Jan. 11th.*—Our house here looks delightfully, I think, and the furniture is beautiful indeed. I go about my rooms like a child admiring a new plaything. Mr. Addington is created Viscount Sidmouth and coming into office. It is said that Lord Buckinghamshire<sup>3</sup> is to go as Lord Lieutenant to Ireland. There are rumours of peace, but I fear unfounded."

<sup>1</sup> Both Lord and Lady Pery died in this house.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Theodosia Pery recovered and married, July 11th, 1811, Thomas Spring Rice, afterwards Lord Monteagle. She died 1839.

<sup>3</sup> Robert, 4th Earl of Buckinghamshire, born 1760, died February 4th, 1816.

## CHAPTER III

Lord Limerick—Death of Mr. Lamb—Princess Charlotte's governess—A dinner at Grillon's—Lucky at cards—Lady Almeria Carpenter—Mrs. Calvert at Court—A latter-day prophet—Death of Lady Maria Micklethwaite—Chapel Royal—A Scotch party—Lord Melville's impeachment—Installation at Windsor—Lady Derby—Lady Caroline Lamb—A ball at Hatfield—Bad news from India—Country neighbours.

“ 1805, *January 15th.*

**I** DINED in Park Street yesterday and Lord Limerick dined there too. He is an agreeable pleasant creature, but selfish and vain, and taken up with his own importance. I quiz him constantly. I must say he bears it very good-humouredly, though he can't like it—one can't help laughing at him. It does him good for a while, but vanity breaks out again, and in spite of his good sense he can't help boasting of his great acquaintance, fine invitations and the civil things people say to him. ‘Dear me!’ said I to him ironically yesterday (he had been telling me how Lord Hawkesbury and so many of the ministers has asked him to dinner), ‘what a fine thing it is to be so great a man!’

“ He told me an anecdote of Mr. Jekyll,<sup>1</sup> a great wit.

<sup>1</sup> Joseph Jekyll, born 1754, only son of Captain Edward Jekyll, R.N., educated at Westminster School and at Christ Church, Oxford. M.A. 1777. He was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn 1778. He transferred himself to the Inner Temple in 1795, and became in turn bencher, 1795, reader, 1814, and treasurer, 1816. His practice was not large, but his fame soon spread as a diner-out, a wit, and contributor to the newspapers. His contributions chiefly appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* and the *Evening Statesman*. On August 20th, 1787, he was returned, through the favour of Lord Lansdowne, M.P. for Calne, Wilts, and represented that constituency continuously until he resigned the seat on February 23rd, 1816. He married, August 20th, 1810, Maria, daughter of Hans Sloane, of Paultons, M.P. for Lostwithiel. He was

He was at a dinner where Toasts were given. One person gave the Duke of Bedford and the House of Russell, another Lord Lansdowne and the House of Petty, and so on. When it came to Mr. Jekyll's turn, he said, 'Well, gentlemen, I give you the twelve judges, and the House of Correction.'

"*January 20.*—Mr. C. and I dined at Lord Darnley's, Lord and Lady Charlemont <sup>1</sup> were there. Lord Charlemont seems a very good sort of young man, Lady C. a very pretty little woman.

"*January 23.*—We dined at Lord Carhampton's. Lord Loftus was there. Lord Loftus <sup>2</sup> is son to the Marquis of Ely—a little squat, ugly man, who fancies himself like the Prince of Wales, and dresses at him. He really accomplishes making himself a frightful caricature of His Royal Highness.

"*January 25.*—Mr. Lamb, <sup>3</sup> (Lord Melbourne's eldest son), is dead. He was member for Hertfordshire. We do not yet know who means to start. They talk of Mr. Brand. <sup>4</sup>

"*January 27.*—I went out visiting with my sister. We went to see Lady Rossmore, and met Lady Camden <sup>5</sup> there. How altered she is, from a very pretty, round-faced girl, which I remember her, with an elegant little figure, and beautiful teeth, she is now a little

elected a F.R.S. June 3rd, 1790, and F.S.A. December 16, 1790. He died 1837, leaving two sons.

<sup>1</sup> Francis William, K.P., 5th Earl of Charlemont, born 1775, married 1802 Anne, daughter and co-heir of the late William Bermingham, of Ross Hill, Co. Galway, and died 1863.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Loftus, afterwards 2nd Marquis of Ely, born 1770, married 1810 Anna Maria, daughter of Sir H. W. Dashwood, Bart., and died 1845.

<sup>3</sup> By the death of his elder brother William Lamb became heir to his father's title and estates.

<sup>4</sup> The Hon. Thomas Brand, born March 15th, 1774. M.P. for the County of Hertford. Married, December 4th, 1819, Barberina, relict of Valentine Wilmot, of Farnborough, Hants, and daughter of Admiral Sir Chaloner Ogle, 2nd Baronet of Worthy. He succeeded his mother in October, 1819, as 20th Lord Dacre.

<sup>5</sup> Lord Camden married 1785 Frances, daughter and heir of William Molesworth, Esq., of Wembury, Devon.

hump-back wizened woman, with black teeth, and yet she is not much above forty. We heard that the Dowager Lady De Clifford<sup>1</sup> is appointed governess to Princess Charlotte of Wales. She is Mrs. Fitzherbert's bosom friend, which I think makes the choice a very improper one, and is devoted also to the card table. I should think her but little calculated to instruct our future Queen in anything but a game of whist.

"I went afterwards to Lady Claremont's, as I was going out of the room in the passage I met the Prince of Wales coming in to visit Lady Claremont. He stopped me, and shook me by the hand in his usual gracious way, enquiring after all my little ones.

"*January 29.*—I went out yesterday morning, and called upon Lady Neave—she was obliging enough to tell me that when she lived in this house, it stunk of sewers.<sup>2</sup> She sent me home fretting myself to fiddlestrings.

"George Knox<sup>3</sup> was to be married yesterday to his cousin and mine, Anne Staples. We had not heard a word of its being about to take place till yesterday. She is an amiable good girl, but not pretty. George has taken a house in this street, which will be a great comfort to me, as I am very fond of him.

"*February 4.*—This is my birthday. I am thirty-seven, quite an old lady!

"*February 6.*—I dined at Grillon's Hotel in this street,

<sup>1</sup> Lady de Clifford succeeded Lady Elgin as governess to the Princess Charlotte. She was Sophia, daughter of Samuel Campbell, of Mount Campbell, Co. Leitrim, wife of the 20th Lord de Clifford, and died in 1828, aged eighty-five.

<sup>2</sup> Though sanitary inspectors were then unknown, it seems strange that a person so nervous about illness as Mrs. Calvert should not have satisfied herself as to the healthiness of the house before going into it. Two bad cases of fever occurred very shortly afterwards.

<sup>3</sup> The Right Hon. George Knox, fifth son of Viscount Northland, married 1805 Anne, second daughter of Sir Robert Staples, Bart. She died of consumption in 1811.

George Knox was called to the Bar in 1788, and subsequently represented the University of Dublin both in the Irish and Imperial Parliaments. He was for a short period a Lord of the Treasury, and was created a Privy Councillor in 1806. He was characterized by the Marquess of Lansdowne as "one of the ablest men that Ireland has ever produced."





HON. MRS. GEORGE KNOX





with Lord and Lady Cassilis.<sup>1</sup> Mr. C. was detained at the House of Commons. Lord and Lady C. are Scotch, and I think uncommonly pleasing. She is rather pretty, but looks very delicate ; he is a very well looking young man, lively, and gentleman-like in his manners. Lady Charlotte Lennox,<sup>2</sup> Lord Rosslyn, Lord Limerick, and Lord Archibald Hamilton<sup>3</sup> dined there. We did not dine till half-past seven. Lady C. Lennox is a daughter of the Duchess of Gordon. She is no great favourite of mine. However, she was better humored yesterday, and pleasanter than usual. Lord Archibald Hamilton is a handsome man, son to the Duchess of Hamilton. I don't believe he wants for understanding, but, being very deaf, though a young man, is I think, dull. Lord Rosslyn I have known for many years. He was Sir James St. Clair Erskine.<sup>4</sup> He is just come into his title, by the death of his uncle, and is a pleasant man. I went at night to a party at Mrs. Jones's, and played rubbers at casino. I won £2. There were three other card tables. Mrs. Fitzherbert was there, but not her Royal Lover. She looked very well. I felt rather cold to her, as I thought she was not civil to my Sister at Brighton, but she was so cordial in her manner to me that my coldness involuntarily vanished.

" *February 8.*—We dined in Grosvenor Street, at Mr. Knox's. I carried two Miss Bouveries there to dinner. Mr. Knox and I went at night together to Lady Almeria Carpenter's.<sup>5</sup> There were three card tables there ; I won £3.

<sup>1</sup> Archibald, 12th Earl of Cassilis, born 1770, raised to the Marquisate of Ailsa 1831. He married 1793 Margaret, second daughter of John Erskine, Esq., of Dun, Angus.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Charlotte married 1789 Charles Lennox, afterwards 4th Duke of Richmond, and died 1842.

<sup>3</sup> Lord Archibald, second son of the 9th Duke of Hamilton, born 1769, died, unmarried, 1827.

<sup>4</sup> Sir James St. Clair Erskine, Bart., succeeded his uncle as 2nd Earl of Rosslyn 1805. He was a general officer, Colonel of the 9th Regiment of Dragoons, and a K.C.B. He married 1790 Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Hon. Edward Bouverie, and died 1837.

<sup>5</sup> Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Gloucester. She was a daughter of Lord Tyrconnel. Her natural daughter by the Duke of Gloucester married in 1803 Godfrey, 3rd Lord Macdonald of Slate.

" *February 11.*—We payed a good many visits yesterday. We got in at Lady Charlotte Lennox's. I cannot, somehow, like her, and I can't say why. Her sister, the Duchess of Bedford,<sup>1</sup> was sitting with her. She is a pretty young woman, but I think there is a hauteur about her—a careless look of conscious superiority, of rank, which offends me, not but what she is civil enough in her manner, but she don't hit my fancy.

" We visited afterwards the Duchess of Athole.<sup>2</sup> She is a very pleasing woman, without the least height in her manner. The Duke was married first to a cousin of my Mother's, and has several grown-up children. We saw only two to-day; Lady Amelia,<sup>3</sup> and Lady Elizabeth,<sup>4</sup> both very ugly. Lady Amelia seems good-humored, but Lady Elizabeth looks very cross.

" In the evening, I wrote, played on the pianoforte, and read the 'Spectator' till eleven, when I went to bed.

" *February 14.*—Lady Limerick pretends to be in a great fuss at being invited by the Queen to the ball at Windsor. I think it all pretence, for nobody dislikes being distinguished by Royalty.

" *February 15.*—I went at night to Mrs. Fitzherbert's. There was an assembly there. I played at casino. The Prince shook me by the hand, but I did not think with the same cordiality as usual, nor did he ask for Mr. C. I attribute it to Mr. C. having voted with the Ministers a few nights ago. If that is the case, I must say it is a *littleness* in a Prince. But perhaps it is only my fancy.

" *February 19.*—We dined at Mr. Knox's. Lord Limerick told me that Theodosia was bled just before he came out. My sister had a party in the evening.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Georgiana, fifth daughter of Alexander, 4th Duke of Gordon, married 1803 (as his second wife) John, 6th Duke of Bedford, and died 1853.

<sup>2</sup> Marjory, eldest daughter of Lord Forbes and widow of Lord Macleod, married (as his second wife) 1794 John, 4th Duke of Athole, and died 1842.

<sup>3</sup> Lady Amelia Murray married Viscount Strathallan, and died 1849.

<sup>4</sup> Lady Elizabeth Murray married Sir Evan Macgregor, Bart., and died 1846.



DIANA JANE PERV, 1ST COUNTESS OF RANFURLY  
*From a picture at Dungannon Park, by permission of the Earl of Ranfurly*





I played at casino with Mrs. Malcolm, Lady Wentworth,<sup>1</sup> and Lady Harcourt, and won £5.

"This is fast day, and I have just come back from Church.

"*February 22.*—Mr. C. and I went to Court yesterday with Mr. K. and my sister. My dress (what signifies the dress of a woman of thirty-seven? but I will mention it, that many years hence my grandchildren, if I ever have any, may know the Costume of 1805) well! my dress was a crape petticoat, embroidered in stripes of purple velvet, trimmed with swan's-down—no ruffles, but two rows of very fine point, laid flat on the sleeves instead, my head without powder, hair turned up, in a bunch behind, with diamond comb, low on the forehead, in little curls, a wreath of diamonds with some purple velvet, and seven flat white feathers. This dress, some years ago, would have been too youthful for thirty-seven, but now there is little distinction in the dress of a woman of sixty and a girl of sixteen.

"The Drawing-room was very full, and the crowd, getting up to the Queen (who stood with her back to the wall, instead of walking about), was intolerable. Her Majesty received me most graciously, and said it was a long time since she had the pleasure of seeing me.

"I have not been at Court these two years. Four of the Princesses were there, Princess Augusta and Elizabeth spoke to me with great kindness, enquiring for my children, etc. The Princess of Wales was there, really looking handsome, but with a quantity of rouge. The Prince never went to the part of the room where she was. He shook me very cordially, twice, by the hand. The Duke of Cambridge also spoke very civilly to me. We returned home very much tired, at half past four. I went to dine with the Knox's, Mr. Calvert to the House of Commons. My sister and I sat for a couple of hours with my Mother, and then went to an assembly at Lady

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Noel, Viscount Wentworth, married Mary, daughter of Robert, Earl of Northington, but had no issue. He died 1815.

Headfort's,<sup>1</sup> where there were a great many fine people. The Prince was there, and spoke to me for some time with his usual cordiality. I invited him for my sister to an assembly on the 6th of March. I found Mr. Calvert returned from the House. It had been expected to be a very late day. Mr. Windham's motion on the Defence of the Nation, but it unexpectedly ended about ten o'clock. Mr. C. voted with the Opposition, so I suppose the Prince will ask for him when we next meet, which he did not last night, though so cordial with me, and yesterday at Court, he only nodded to him, and when I was at Brighton, he used to profess the most violent friendship for him. 'Put not your trust in Princes,' the Bible says, and a very true saying that is, for I believe there is no sincerity in them.

"*February 23.*—I dined alone, and in the evening went to a party at Lady Neave's,<sup>2</sup> where I played at Casino, with Mrs. Beadon, the Bishop of Gloucester's wife, Lady Francis Radcliffe, Mrs. Malcolm, and a terrible, disagreeable Miss Johnes—I lost £13.

"*February 24.*—There are great apprehensions of there being Yellow Fever among the Cadets at Woolwich, and they say there is a cordon of troops drawn round it to prevent any communication. I don't feel very comfortable about it, especially as I am a little superstitious, and I hear Brothers<sup>3</sup> prophesied some years ago that

<sup>1</sup> Thomas, 2nd Earl of Headfort, married 1778 Mary, only daughter of George Quin, Esq., of Quinsborough, Co. Clare.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Thomas Neave, Bart., of Dagnam Park, Essex, married 1791 Frances, daughter of the Rev. William Digby, Dean of Durham, who died 1835.

<sup>3</sup> Richard Brothers, born December 25th, 1757, in Newfoundland, sometime a lieutenant in the Navy. He became half crazy and the idea that he was charged with a mission from God grew upon him. Towards the end of 1794 he began to print his interpretations of prophecy, his first production being *A Revealed Knowledge of the Prophecies and Times* in two successive books. Before this he had prophesied the violent deaths of the King of Sweden and Louis XVI. In 1795 he was placed, by order of the Lord Chancellor, in a private asylum, under Dr. Simmons, at Fisher House, Islington. He was, however, released in 1806. He died from consumption in Upper Baker Street, January 25th, 1825. He left a widow and married daughter.

there would be a dreadful fever, and plague, in the year 1805 in England, which would sweep away thousands. To be sure, Brothers is a madman, and that is some comfort !

" *February 25.*—I hear the King has borrowed a great deal of plate for his ball at Windsor to-morrow, and from some people who are not invited there. I think that a comical circumstance.

" *February 27.*—I dined last night as did Mr. C. in Park Street, went at night to Mrs. Walpole's, where I played at Casino, and won £16.

" Poor Lady Waldegrave<sup>1</sup> has lost her only daughter, Lady Maria Micklethwaite,<sup>2</sup> in her lying in. She was a very amiable young woman. I hear she asked those about her if she was in danger. They at first hesitated, but, upon her urging them to tell her, saying she had a particular reason for wishing to know, they owned she was. Upon that, she requested to have the Sacrament administered to her, and expired as she was repeating the last prayer. What a glorious death ! I have been to Church to-day, being Ash Wednesday, and heard a most excellent sermon preached by the Bishop of London.<sup>3</sup> I hope I shall be the better for it.

" I don't think Lady Limerick and Mary were much delighted with the ball at Windsor. They say it was magnificent, but so crowded, that they hardly got a seat all night. I think it was a mad freak of the King's having eighty Eton boys there. Poor things ! They were shut up in a hot room to hear the Oratorio of Esther performed, and sent away without even being allowed a peep at the ball-room.

" *March 1.*—Lady Lucan came in the evening to see us. She told us that the King did not ask one of the foreign ministers to the ball, except Woronzow. I think

<sup>1</sup> George, 4th Earl of Waldegrave, married 1782 his cousin, Lady Elizabeth Laura Waldegrave, daughter of James, 2nd Earl.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Maria Waldegrave married Nathaniel Micklethwaite of Taverham Hall, Norfolk, and died February 20th, 1805, leaving a son.

<sup>3</sup> Bishop Porteous.



this was a most impolitic action, especially at the time when it is so much our wish and interest to conciliate the foreign powers. Mr. C. and I went, at ten o'clock to Lady Salisbury's.<sup>1</sup> It was very full. I played one rubber at Casino, and won £3.

"The Prince of Wales, Dukes of Cumberland, Cambridge, and Kent were there. I never saw the latter before—he is of gigantic stature, a very bad likeness of the Prince of Wales, and looks out of health. The Prince and Duke of Cambridge both spoke to me with great cordiality. The Duke of Orleans, Beaujolais, and the Duke de Berri, were also there. I got acquainted with Mr. Brand, and think him a very pleasing gentleman-like man. Mr. C. introduced him to me. We laughed about the report of my having canvassed for him. He had heard it, but said he knew I had not, but hoped I would another time.

"*March 2.*—Mr. Brand called on me yesterday morning. We had a long discussion on politics, but I don't approve of his political sentiments, and I am much afraid he has not much religion, from some expressions he dropped, when we talked of the question of Catholic Emancipation. Lord Marsham<sup>2</sup> called in soon after he went. He has a good benevolent countenance, without much animation, but is too fat for a young man.

"*March 3.*—I dined at Lord Kingston's.<sup>3</sup> Lady Kingston is a pretty, pleasing little woman. I met Prince William of Gloucester, a thin slim man, very well caricatured, in the shops, under the denomination of a slice of Gloucester cheese. I always think he takes more

<sup>1</sup> James, 7th Earl of Salisbury, married 1773 Mary Amelia, daughter of Wills, 1st Marquis of Downshire. She was burnt to death with the west wing of Hatfield House, 1835.

<sup>2</sup> Charles Marsham, Viscount Marsham, and eldest son of the 1st Earl of Romney. He was born 1775. The family derives its name from the village of Marsham in Norfolk, where it held a high station as far back as the twelfth century.

<sup>3</sup> George, 3rd Earl of Kingston, born 1771, married 1794 Helena, only daughter of Stephen, 1st Earl of Mount Cashel.

consequence on himself than the other Princes of the Blood, and from his Mother being a subject and a natural child, I look upon him as very trumpery Royalty.

"*March 4.*—I went to Chapel Royal yesterday, and heard a sermon badly delivered, by the Dean of Christchurch, Dr. Jackson. He is reckoned a very sensible man. At half past nine, I went for half an hour to sit with Lady Mildmay. The two Miss Grimstons, or as I call them, the old *Grimms*, to distinguish them from their nieces, were there. They are good-natured, good sort of old maids.

"Lord Petre's daughter<sup>1</sup> has run away with her tutor. I don't believe they are found yet. She is just eighteen. What a disgraceful thing! Oh, my dear girls! May you never do a thing of that sort! I believe it would break my poor heart.

"*March 5.*—I went at night to Mrs. Fitzherbert's, where there was a small party. The Prince was there, and I asked him to come to me Thursday, the fourteenth, when I am to have an assembly. He told me he should make it a point to come to it.

"*March 7.*—The House of Commons sat until past four in the morning; Mr. Sheridan's motion. Mr. C. voted with Opposition. He says Mr. Sheridan gave Pitt a fine trimming. I have had visits from Lord Grimston,<sup>2</sup> and Lady Hinchinbrook.<sup>3</sup> She is a sweet, pretty, pleasing young woman. She was educated at Mrs. Devis'. How delighted I shall be if my Isabella has such manners as she has!

"There is very bad news to-day, that the French have taken our Smyrna fleet of merchantmen, worth £700,000.

"*March 12.*—I visited, with my sister, the Archbishop

<sup>1</sup> Mary, daughter of Robert Edward, 10th Baron Petre, of Thornden Hall, Essex, married Mr. Stephen Phillips, her drawing-master.

<sup>2</sup> James, 3rd Viscount Grimston, born 1747, succeeded his father 1773.

<sup>3</sup> George John Montagu, Lord Hinchinbrooke, born 1773, married 1804 Louise, daughter of Armar, 1st Earl of Belmore, and succeeded his father 1814 as 6th Earl of Sandwich.



of Dublin,<sup>1</sup> and then the Dowager Duchess of Rutland.<sup>2</sup> The Duchess is still the finest woman of her age, and time does not alter her as fast as most people. I remember her twenty years ago the most beautiful creature I ever beheld. She is uncommonly pleasing, but her great beauty has been her bane. It led her into many, many faults (I am afraid indiscretions is too mild a word), and I am much mistaken now if feeling that it must be on the wane is not a source of misery to her. She is a very good mother, and, indeed, one cannot help exclaiming, with the poet, 'If to her share some female errors fall, look in her face, and you'll forget them all.'

"*March 13.*—I dined at home, and alone yesterday, and went at night to Lady Bulkeley's.<sup>3</sup> I played at Casino with Lady Harcourt, Lady Albemarle,<sup>4</sup> Lady Tancred, and Mrs. Walpole, and won £14.

"*March 14.*—Sir Walter Rawlinson, who is married to an aunt of Mr. Calvert's, died suddenly this morning—he has left his wife everything. We were in great trouble at the idea of my having an assembly to-morrow, and wished to put it off, but found it impossible from the numbers I have asked, and the shortness of the notice. Mr. C. don't mean to appear.

"*March 15.*—The first of my company came before nine. I had a most brilliant assembly of fine people, and my house and furniture extravagantly admired. The Duke of Cambridge,<sup>5</sup> and Prince William of Gloucester, were here, and told me they meant to come again on the 28th.

<sup>1</sup> Charles Agar, 1st Earl of Normanton, so created 1806. Bishop of Cloyne 1768, Archbishop of Cashell 1771, and in 1801 consecrated Archbishop of Dublin and Primate of Ireland. He married in 1776 Jane, eldest daughter of William Benson of Co. Down.

<sup>2</sup> Charles, 4th Duke of Rutland, K.G., born 1754, married 1775 Mary Isabella, youngest daughter of the 4th Duke of Beaufort. She died 1831.

<sup>3</sup> Emma, Viscountess Dowager Bulkeley.

<sup>4</sup> William Charles Keppel, 4th Earl of Albemarle, born 1772, married 1792 the Hon. Elizabeth Southwell, daughter of Edward, Lord de Clifford.

<sup>5</sup> H.R.H. Prince Adolphus Frederick, seventh son of King George III, born 1774; died 1850.

" *March 16.*—I dined at Lord Cassilis. The Duchess of Gordon<sup>1</sup> was there, uncommonly agreeable, and entertaining. She took a prodigious fancy to Mr. Calvert. She told me she thought him the handsomest man she ever saw. Mr. C. and I stayed after all were gone, and supped with Lord and Lady Cassilis. They are a very pleasing, hospitable couple, and really uncommonly kind to us.

" *March 20th.*—Mr. Butler has been with me this morning. The Governors' votes about choosing a master for Harrow School are divided. The casting vote lies with the Archbishop of Canterbury. I hope Mr. Butler may get it.

" Willy is far from well to-day. I think him worse and am quite miserable.

" *March 26th.*—I dined with Lady Cassilis. The company were Lord Montgomerie, Lord Douglas, and Lord Archibald Hamilton (sons to the Duke of Hamilton), Sir David Baird,<sup>2</sup> and Mr. Harry Erskine; the only woman, Lady Jane Montgomerie,<sup>3</sup> daughter to Lord Eglinton, a good humoured Scottish lassie. Lord Douglas<sup>4</sup> has lived a great deal abroad, and affects foreign manners. He is well-looking, but a great coxcomb. He was dressed in a long great-coat, boots (which he apologised for), the House of Commons having detained him, and rings on five fingers. Lord Archibald thinks himself irresistible. *I think him tout au contraire.* Sir David Baird, who is uncle to Lady Cassilis, seems a very pleasing, worthy man. It was he who took Seringapatam.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Jean Maxwell, Duchess of Gordon, married in 1767, and died in 1812.

<sup>2</sup> Sir David Baird, K.C.B., born 1757, entered the Army at the age of fifteen, and achieved high military fame. He was created a Baronet 1809.

<sup>3</sup> She married in 1828 Archibald Hamilton of Carcluie.

<sup>4</sup> Alexander, afterwards 10th Duke of Hamilton and 7th Duke of Brandon, was born 1767. He married 1810 Susan Euphemia, daughter and co-heiress of the late William Beckford of Fonthill Abbey, Wilts, and died 1852.

<sup>5</sup> Corunna was the last of Sir David Baird's battles. He could not serve under Wellington, who was his junior, and he never again com-

" *March 27th.*—Willy was not so well, and finding my spirits unequal to the idea of an assembly, I have determined to put off mine for tomorrow. I have had cards printed, 'Mrs. Calvert is prevented receiving company tomorrow by the indisposition of one of her children,' and I have written respectful notes to the Prince of Wales, Duke of Cambridge, and Prince William of Gloucester.

" *March 28th.*—Princess Sophia of Gloucester<sup>1</sup> has done me the honour of sending to enquire how Willy is.

" *March 29th.*—Willy continued to mend, though slowly. My knocker was never quiet all yesterday, with enquiries after him.

" *April 4th.*—Mr. C. and I went to Lady Limerick's Assembly, and stayed till one. Willy is, thank God, charmingly. The Duke of Cambridge, and Prince William were very civil about him. Mr. Butler is chosen Master of Harrow School.

" *April 8th.*—Mr. Calvert did not get home from the House of Commons till a quarter before six. It was Mr. Whitbread's motion, relative to Lord Melville,<sup>2</sup> who is accused of having embezzled the public money. The House divided 216 for him, and 216 against him. The casting vote therefore remained with the Speaker, who gave it against Lord Melville. He will, of course, be no longer in the Admiralty. The Prince of Wales told Mr. Calvert he wished it had been him instead of Mr. Whitbread who had brought forward the motion, as coming from such an independent man it would have had still more effect.

manded an army in the field. He was perhaps not a very great General, but he certainly was a most gallant soldier. There was about him a chivalry which made the old pun "Not Baird but Bayard" applicable to him.

<sup>1</sup> Sophia Matilda, only daughter of the 1st Duke of Gloucester and Maria, Countess of Waldegrave, was born 1773, died 1844.

<sup>2</sup> Henry Dundas, born 1742, youngest son of Robert Dundas of Arniston, elevated to the Peerage 1802 as Baron Duneira, and Viscount Melville. He was impeached by the House of Commons, and after a trial by his peers in Westminster Hall adjudged Not Guilty. He died May 29th, 1811.

" *April 11th.*—I am going to Islington Spa to drink the waters.

" *April 21st.*—We dined in Park Street yesterday ; in the evening came home and dressed, and had a party at home, about one hundred people. I gave the Company sandwiches, wine and water, and they stayed till between one and two.<sup>1</sup>

" *April 23rd.*—I went last night to Lady Affleck's,<sup>2</sup> where there was a card party ; I played at Casino, with Lady Albemarle, Mrs. Walpole, and Lady Tancred, and won £7. I am tired to death hearing of the installation. It takes place today at Windsor. There is to be a Drawingroom and Ball at the Castle in the evening—tomorrow, I believe, a review, and on Thursday a breakfast, and Fête Champêtre, at Frogmore. It will be a most expensive business, and I declare in these times quite shocking. The King must be very mad, or he would not enter into such extravagant plans.

" *April 24th.*—The papers today are entirely filled with accounts of the Installation.

" *April 28th.*—Lord Buckinghamshire<sup>3</sup> and Lord Sidmouth<sup>4</sup> have resigned their offices. Everybody is surprised, and do not know what this portends.

" *April 29th.*—I read Milton's 'Paradise Lost' all the evening. I never felt a colder day.

" *April 30th.*—Lord Sidmouth and Lord Buckinghamshire are reconciled to Mr. Pitt. I think they were very foolish to publish their quarrel.

" *May 2nd.*—Mr. C. and I dined with Colonel and Mrs. Hamilton ;<sup>5</sup> he is a cousin of mine. They are an elderly, worthy couple, but talk rather too much.

<sup>1</sup> Entertaining must have been less costly than nowadays, if people were satisfied with such simple fare !

<sup>2</sup> Sir Edmund Affleck, born 1735, a gallant naval officer, married first Esther, daughter of John Ruth, Esq., secondly Mary, widow of W. Smythies, Esq.

<sup>3</sup> Robert, 4th Earl of Buckinghamshire, born 1760.

<sup>4</sup> Henry Addington, Esq., born 1757, late Speaker of the House of Commons 1789, and Chancellor of the Exchequer 1801, created Viscount Sidmouth 1805.

<sup>5</sup> Mrs. Hamilton was a Miss Ewart.



" *May 5th.*—Mr. C. and Felix went down to Hunsdon in the buggy yesterday, to stay till Tuesday. Lady Cassilis called on me in the morning, as did the Dowager Duchess of Rutland, looking, though fifty years old, still most divinely handsome. At night I went to the Duchess of Bolton's,<sup>1</sup> played Casino, and won £6. Lord Cranley told me a piece of wit of Mr. Jekyll's. The King had a Baron of Beef, roasted at Windsor, on the day that Lord Melville was impeached in the House of Commons. Mr. Jekyll made the following lines on it :

"" Dukes, marquises, earls, look about you,  
Lest roasting be carried too far on.  
There's Parliament roasting a Viscount,  
And his Majesty roasting a Baron.'

" There are great apprehensions about the destination of the Toulon fleet ; it is a most anxious time indeed.

" *May 7th.*—Lord Melville erased from the Privy Council. I called for Isabella, and left her to dine in Grosvenor Street, as she was to go to the Play with her Aunt Knox, to see the King and Queen. Mr. C. and I went to dine at Lady Clare's.<sup>2</sup> I played at Casino, and won £16. Lady C. has been a beautiful woman. She is now about forty, and, with the help of a quantity of rouge, has great remains of beauty. She has very brilliant black eyes, which do not, I think, always glance modest looks. She is widow of Lord C. and during his lifetime her conduct was very far from correct, but as he chose to be blind, she continued to be received in Company. Since his death, she has been more circumspect, and seems to wish to establish her character—at the same time, there is a freedom in her conversation, and, had I a daughter, grown up, and going about with me, I should have declined my Lady C.'s invitation for yesterday.

<sup>1</sup> Catherine, daughter of Robert Lowther and sister of James, Earl of Lonsdale ; she married April 8th, 1765, Harry, 6th and last Duke of Bolton.

<sup>2</sup> Anne, daughter of Richard Chapel Whaley, of Whaley Abbey, Co. Wicklow. She became a widow in 1802.



She is certainly clever, but has a malicious tongue, and I own I should be sorry to offend her. She yesterday took away the character of a young woman, who, I always supposed, and do still suppose, to be virtuous. Her two boys are at Harrow, and great friends of Felix's.

"*May 11th.*—I went to dine in Park Street, and dressed in the evening, and went to a very fine Assembly at the Dowager Duchess of Rutland's. I never saw anything look so lovely as she did—no-one would have supposed she was grandmother to a little boy of near six years old, who was running about the room. She was most splendidly dressed, a gold coronet on her head, and a profusion of diamonds—she really looked like the Queen of the Company.

"*May 12th.*—I dined at my sister's; Lady Hardwicke,<sup>1</sup> Mr. Barnard and Lady Anne Barnard,<sup>2</sup> Lord and Lady Henry Stuart, Lord Enniskillen, and Sir Thomas Pechill dined there. Lady Hardwicke is a great favourite of mine; her husband is, at present, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Lady Anne Barnard is her sister, and a very agreeable woman. Lord Henry Stuart<sup>3</sup> is a younger son of Lord Bute's. He is going shortly, as Ambassador to Stuttgart. Lady Henry is a most amiable woman. She was Lady Gertrude Villiers, only daughter and heiress to Lord Grandison, and fell in love with Lord Henry, who is a very amiable young man, with very little fortune. I think she very wisely bestowed herself and her large fortune on him, and they seem a very happy couple. Mr. C. is just gone to Tittenhanger to pay Mr. Yorke a visit. He means to return tomorrow for the debate in the House of Commons on the Catholic business.

"*May 13th.*—The House sat till two this morning, and then adjourned. The Division, it is thought, will

<sup>1</sup> Philip Yorke, 3rd Earl of Hardwicke, born 1757, married 1782 Elizabeth, daughter of James, 5th Earl of Balcarres. She died 1858.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Anne Barnard was well known as the author of the song "Auld Robin Gray."

<sup>3</sup> Lord Henry Stuart, born 1777, married 1803 Lady Gertrude Villiers, and died 1809.

not take place till tomorrow. Mr. Grattan, Mr. Calvert says, made the most eloquent speech he ever heard. He paid my Father a compliment, saying that Lord Pery (referring to his formerly having favoured the Roman Catholics) was the wisest man Ireland ever possessed.

"*May 15th.*—Mr. Calvert did not come home till between five and six. The Roman Catholic question was negatived, the numbers for it 124, against it 336.

"*May 17th.*—I went to a great Assembly at Lady Derby's<sup>1</sup>—a very pleasing woman, and still very handsome. She was a famous actress, Miss Farren, but has always conducted herself remarkably well, and everybody rejoiced at her elevation.

"*May 21st.*—The papers announce today that Madame Jerome Bonaparte<sup>2</sup> is landed at Dover. The Monster, her brother-in-law, would not let her come to France, and they say, has put Jerome in prison, and all for marrying this pretty American. I should like to see her. The papers describe her as very handsome.

"*May 22nd.*—I had a visit from Colonel Vereker,<sup>3</sup> a handsome, vulgar, forward Irishman. He is Member for Limerick, and Lord Limerick's greatest enemy. I think it was rather impudent of him coming to see me, as I really scarcely know him. I believe I looked very cool at him, for he seemed confused, and said, 'I believe, Mrs. Calvert, you don't know me.' 'Perfectly, Sir—Colonel Vereker,' was my dry answer.

<sup>1</sup> Edward, 12th Earl of Derby, born 1752, married (as his second wife) Miss Eliza Farren, a celebrated actress, who died 1829. Walpole pronounces her "the most perfect actress" he had ever seen.

<sup>2</sup> Miss Betsy Paterson of Baltimore.

<sup>3</sup> The Rt. Hon. Charles Vereker, afterwards 2nd Viscount Gort, born 1768, whose gallant defeat of the French forces under Gen. Humbert, at Killala Bay, near Coloony, Co. Sligo, September 5th, 1798, was rewarded by the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, and by a grant of supporters, and other honourable augmentations to his family arms. He was Colonel of the Limerick Militia, Constable of the Castle of Limerick, M.P. for that city from 1790 to 1817, in which year he succeeded his uncle as 2nd Viscount. He became a representative peer for Ireland, and died November 2nd, 1842.

" *May 25th.*—Mr. C. and I went to an Assembly at the Marchioness of Hertford's,<sup>1</sup> the Prince and all the beau monde there—full and hot, and I was not sorry to get home ; I am grown very lazy about going out.

" *May 28th.*—I sent for Dr. Clarke yesterday, and he has ordered me to be bled, which I have just been, by Mr. Chilvers.

" Yesterday I went at eleven o'clock, to a ball at Lady Spencer's.<sup>2</sup> It was very splendid. Lady Sarah,<sup>3</sup> her eldest daughter, is just come out. She is not handsome, but has an interesting, pleasing countenance, a good figure and sweet, unaffected manners. I think her a charming girl. Lord Althorp the eldest son, is just grown up. He is not handsome, and don't look like a man of fashion, but he seems very good-humoured and pleasing.

" *May 29th.*—Mr. C. and I dined tête-à-tête. In the evening, I went to Lady Campbell's, where I played at Casino with Lady Douglas, Mrs. Butler, and Mrs. Walpole—won £17.

" Lord Cowper<sup>4</sup> is to be married directly to Miss Lamb, Lord Melbourne's daughter, and Mr. Lamb to Lady Caroline Ponsonby. There is a very odd story circulated in the fashionable world, which is that Mr. Cowper, Lord Cowper's brother, is going to *unlaw* him, but I believe this story is a fabrication of some ill-natured person, and indeed, I hear, Mr. Cowper goes about contradicting it."

Lady Caroline Lamb, one of the most remarkable figures of the early part of the last century, was born in 1785. The eldest daughter of the Earl of Bessborough, she married in 1805 the Hon. William Lamb, afterwards

<sup>1</sup> Isabella Anne Ingram, second wife of the 2nd Marquess of Hertford, who died in 1822.

<sup>2</sup> George John, 2nd Earl Spencer, K.G., married 1781 Lavinia, eldest daughter of Charles, 1st Earl of Lucan. She died 1831.

<sup>3</sup> Lady Sarah Spencer, married 1813 William, 3rd Lord Lyttelton ; died 1870.

<sup>4</sup> Peter Leopold, 5th Earl Cowper, F.R.S., born 1778, married 1805 Anne, daughter of the 1st Viscount Melbourne.

Viscount Melbourne.<sup>1</sup> Lady Caroline was small, fair and vivacious ; clever, impulsive, generous ; and now and then excitable to a degree that bordered on insanity. She was passionately infatuated with Byron. After their first introduction she described him in her Diary as a man who was " mad, bad, and dangerous to know." Her novel *Glenarvon* (the hero of which was supposed to represent the poet) was written in the middle of the night and published anonymously in 1816, after their final rupture. A dramatic incident took place when Lady Caroline accidentally met Lord Byron's funeral on its way to Newstead. Partly owing to the shock of this encounter, her mind gave way, and the following year (1825) she was separated from her husband. She died in 1828, aged forty-two, and was buried at Brocket.

" *June 3rd.*—This is the King's birthday, and I think I never saw such a crowd. This street is a continued line of carriages, and I don't envy my friends whom I see going by.

" *June 13th.*—Lord Melville is not impeached, but is to be tried by common law.

" *June 14th.*—Mrs. Plumer<sup>2</sup> visited me. She brought a beautiful little girl with her of six years old ; her niece,<sup>3</sup> daughter to Lady Cecil Copley, Lord Abercorn's divorced wife.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> William Lamb (1779–1848), afterwards Viscount Melbourne, Prime Minister. In after life he formed a connection with the Hon. Mrs. Norton, which in 1836 ended in divorce proceedings, and caused much scandal, although nothing was proved against them.

<sup>2</sup> Jane Hamilton, born February 26th, 1768, seventh daughter of the Rev. the Hon. George Hamilton, Canon of Windsor, son of the 7th Earl of Abercorn. She married first in 1791 William Plumer, M.P., secondly in 1825 Commander Richard John Lewin, R.N., and thirdly in 1828 Robert Plumer Ward. She died March 26th, 1831.

<sup>3</sup> Lady Cecil Frances Hamilton, born July 19th, 1795, married February 16th, 1816, William, 4th Earl of Wicklow, K.P. She died July 7th, 1860.

<sup>4</sup> Lady Cecil, eighth daughter of the Rev. and Hon. George Hamilton. She was born March 15th, 1770, advanced to the rank of an Earl's



" *June 15th.*—I have just had Mr. Blake, the famous hair-cutter, to make a smart crop of me. He is a great curiosity in his way, and the greatest coxcomb imaginable. I really do not look within ten years as old as I am, with my hair cut short.

" *June 16th.*—People came to my Mother's last night—too many to enumerate. We all supped there. There was a shameful riot at the Opera House on Saturday, occasioned by the curtain being dropped before the performance was concluded. The gentlemen broke the lustres, scenes, musical instruments etc., to the tune of £1,500. I hope sincerely they may be punished.

" *June 20th.*—I dined in Park Street, my sister and Lady Staples<sup>1</sup> there. I went at night to Mrs. Beadon's, where I played at Casino, with Mrs. Walpole, Mrs. Cussans, and Miss Jeffries. A nasty cross thing Miss Jeffries is—I declare I would rather not touch a card again than be at her party. I dare say she don't like me a bit better, for when she spoke very gruffly to me for some card I had played which she did not approve of, I very coolly answered, 'I should do exactly the same were I to play it over again.' She is toady to Mrs. Fitzherbert, and her bosom friend, so thinks herself, in consequence a very great personage. I lost £7. If I go on in this way, I shall soon cut cards, for I don't choose to lose my money. I went late to an Assembly at Mrs. Thompson's in Grosvenor Square. She is a good-humoured, vulgar woman of low extraction, but has wound herself into the first company by balls, concerts, suppers, etc., and nobody's house is more fashionably attended. I had intended to have gone also to Marlborough House, but was afraid of the fatigue.

" *June 24th.*—Mrs. Hamilton came in the evening. She says Lady Catherine Hamilton, Lord Abercorn's

daughter by sign manual October 27th, 1789, married on March 4th, 1792 (as his second wife) John James, 1st Marquess of Abercorn, K.G., who divorced her by Act of Parliament April, 1799. She remarried May 21st, 1799, Col. Sir Joseph Copley, Bart., and died June 19th, 1891.

<sup>1</sup> Sister to Lady Pery.



daughter,<sup>1</sup> is certainly to be married to Lord Aberdeen.

"*June 25th.*—Lord Grantham<sup>2</sup> has proposed for Lady Henrietta Cole. He will have an immense fortune. She is just twenty-one, very tall, a good figure on a large scale, and a pleasing face, clean, fresh and wholesome. He proposed at Lady Salisbury's concert on Monday night.

"*June 26th.*—The House of Commons sat till between two and three.

"It is now settled that Lord Melville is to be impeached, instead of being tried by common law, as had been settled by the House.

"*July 3rd.*—I went in the evening to Mrs. Butler's, played at Casino, and won £15. I don't mean to go any more into the gay world this year, so I close my card account. I am a winner of £11, though I can scarcely call myself that, as my cards have cost me between seven and eight pounds.

"*Hunsdon, July 7th.*—Isabella and I left Town yesterday, at three o'clock having dined at two. We drank tea while the horses rested at Waltham Cross, and arrived here about eight o'clock. This is an indifferent day, and I mean to keep quietly to my sofa, as I am a good deal tired coming down here.

"*July 8th.*—I spent yesterday reading and playing with my Darlings. I feel delighted to be settled quietly in the country.

"*July 14th.*—My dear Mother arrived from Town yesterday to spend a few days with me—you may imagine how rejoiced I am to have her with me.

"*July 18th.*—My Mother and I visited Mrs. Jocelyn. She is a melancholy looking woman, the old Captain deaf, and tiresome, and the two daughters bred at a

<sup>1</sup> By his first marriage to Catherine, daughter of Sir Joseph Copley, Bart.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Philip, Lord Grantham, born 1781, succeeded his aunt as Earl de Grey, married 1805 Lady Henrietta Cole, youngest daughter of the 1st Earl of Enniskillen.

Queen Square boarding-school, think themselves the pink of gentility, whilst the walls are covered with their daubs of paintings.

"*July 20th.*—A letter this morning from London, to say my father *insists* on my mother coming to London. He will not do without her any longer. I cannot express how grieved I am.

"*July 29th.*—Mr. C. went yesterday to Hatfield House. He was to sleep there. He stays for the ball, and I expect him tonight.

"*July 30th.*—Mr. C. came home at two this morning. There was a very large party at Hatfield, the brides, Lord and Lady Cowper<sup>1</sup> (she was Miss Lamb, Lord Melbourne's daughter, married about ten days), and Mr. Lamb and Lady Caroline. She is daughter to Lord Besborough. The ball, he says, was uncommonly full, and intolerably hot. I am very glad I did not go.

"*August 6th.*—We find building the new house so dreadfully expensive a job, that we meditate giving the matter up, though we have completed cellars, etc. We think of adding to, and repairing the old house instead, which we fortunately as yet, have not pulled down. It will cost half as much, perhaps only a quarter as much as a new house would. I am strongly for the prudential side of the question, and I think we shall certainly embrace it. Another inducement is, that Mr. Leach says we shall be able to get into it next July twelvemonth, whereas the new house would take years to finish.

"*August 10th.*—There are great hopes that Lord Nelson has fallen in with the combined fleets.

"*August 11th.*—Sir George Duckett, a smooth spoken old man, and a Mr. Glover, a prosing boring old bachelor, dined with us yesterday. I have been much shocked by hearing of the death of young Lady Sydney.<sup>2</sup> She was a sweet creature, and I have known her from a child. She

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Lady Palmerston.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Caroline Clements, third daughter of the 1st Earl of Leitrim, married (as his second wife) 1802 John Thomas, 2nd Viscount Sydney, and died 1805, leaving an only son, afterwards Earl Sydney.

was daughter to neighbours of ours in Ireland, Lord and Lady Leitrim. She died in child-birth, an hour after she was delivered of a boy. My Mother's letter and the newspaper are full of alarms about Invasion. She seems quite frightened.

" *August 16th.*—We have quite determined upon adding to the old house. I am delighted at it, as I think building the new one would have involved us deeply, and if anything happened to us soon, would leave Felix with too large a house for the property he would inherit.

" I am very low-spirited. Lady Sydney's death preys upon my mind. I try not to think of it, for it is no rule because she has died in her lying-in, that the same thing is to happen to me, but I can't banish the idea, and I feel most terribly frightened this time—however, God's will be done.

" The papers today speak in the most terrifying and certain terms of the approaching Invasion, and mention that Lord Keith<sup>1</sup> is so sure of its soon taking place, that he has removed his family from the coast. Our weather is very pleasant. I hope it may continue so for the harvest and that the odious French will not come to interrupt it.

" *August 18th.*—There is shocking news from India. Lord Lake<sup>2</sup> has been repeatedly defeated by Holkar, and a vast number of officers and soldiers killed. Stocks are down at fifty seven—in short public affairs look very gloomy.

" *Tuesday, 20th.*—We went yesterday to Mr. Giles's, Youngsbury, where we dined and slept. It is a very comfortable house, and pretty place. Mr. Giles is a

<sup>1</sup> George, Viscount Keith, G.C.B., Admiral of the Blue, married first 1787 Jane, daughter and co-heiress of William Mercer, second in 1808 Hester Maria, daughter and co-heiress of Henry Thrale. He died March 10th, 1823, without male issue.

<sup>2</sup> Gerard, 1st Viscount Lake of Delhi, born 1794. He received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament for the high military talents and personal valour he had displayed in the command of the army during the Mahratta War. He married in 1770 Elizabeth, only daughter of Edward Barker, of St. Julians, Co. Herts. He died in 1808, and was succeeded by his eldest son.

pleasant, hospitable bachelor, turned of forty. Mr. and Mrs. Caswall, and a Miss Pickford dined there, also Mr. and Miss Byde. Mr. Byde is a good sort of man, and would be pleasant, were he not very deaf. His sister is the image of him, has as much beard as he has, and is as deaf. Mrs. Caswall was a grocer's daughter, looks like a housekeeper, but has brought Mr. Caswall, I believe, nearly £200,000. He is handsome, but vulgar, talks loud and pompously. He is building a fine house, about ten miles from this, and values himself much on that and his riches.

" *Wednesday, 21st.*—Mr. William Calvert and Walter came in the evening—what dull company they are—God bless them ! They have no ideas beyond a crop of wheat, or field of potatoes.

" *Wednesday, 28th.*—An account today of the Duke of Gloucester's death.<sup>1</sup> I knew him very well, and some years ago we played many a rubber of Casino together. He was a man of amiable, mild, pleasing manners, no great brilliancy, but good-natured and humane.

" *Friday, 30th.*—I went yesterday to Hertford, Isabella with me. We visited Baroness Dimsdale,<sup>2</sup> and then went to buy mourning for the Duke of Gloucester.

" *Sunday, September 1st.*—I had a letter from my Mother today. She says there have been shocking reports about the King, and that he had cut his throat, and I know not what, but it turns out, thank God, untrue, and the papers today, in large characters, announce him as being *extremely well*.

" *Monday, 2nd.*—I had a visit yesterday from Captain and Mrs. Jocelyn and the two Miss Jocelyns. They looked a most dismal set, in the very deepest mourning for the Duke of Gloucester. I dare to say they would

<sup>1</sup> William Henry, born November 14th, 1743, third son of King George II, Duke of Gloucester and Edinburgh and Earl of Connaught, married 1766 Maria, Countess Dowager Waldegrave, and died 1805.

<sup>2</sup> Elizabeth, third wife of Baron Dimsdale, married 1779. A Barony of the Russian Empire was conferred on his father by the Empress Catherine of Russia 1762.



not for the world have put on an article that was not ordered in the Gazette. I am not quite so strict, and I dare say they thought me very ignorant and vulgar in my white gown, with only a bit of black round my head. In the country, I think one may indulge, and really black is so hot and dirty at this time of year, I can't bear it.

" *Monday, 9th.*—We went to Church at Curzon Chapel yesterday. Afterwards we went to see the Miss Anguishes. We only saw Miss Maria. Charlotte is gone out of Town, nearly cured of a very bad complaint in her stomach, by magnetism and warm ale. There was a funeral oration at Grosvenor Chapel, and fine anthems sung. The Chapel hung in black, and lit with tapers, the crowd and heat so dreadful, that people were nearly killed.

" *Thursday, 12th.*—I took my dear Isabella to Mrs. Devis yesterday, and left her there—her eyes overflowed when parting with me. A great number of the Guards are ordered abroad, and almost all the Cavalry. The idea of Invasion seems quite over, and we are going briskly to war on the Continent.

" *Hunsdon, Friday, 13th.*—I stopped at Waltham Cross for an hour and a half to rest my horses, as I came here all the way with them. I arrived to dinner at six, and found all well, and delighted to see me. Mr. C. had been to Mr. Brand's ball at the 'Hoo' seventeen miles from this. He says it was a very pleasant one, and all the County there—the beauty of the ball was the youngest daughter of Mr. Hale, only fifteen. He says she is beautiful, and she promised to be so when last I saw her.

" *Thursday, 26th.*—I had a letter to-day from my sister, mentioning that an account was come of the Russians having defeated Bernadotte and destroyed his whole army. I hope it may be true."



## CHAPTER IV

The Battle of Trafalgar—Death of Nelson—An unwelcome visit—Felix and Isabella—A penitent letter—Wars and rumours of wars—Lord Nelson's funeral—Death of Mr. Pitt—Lord Pery—His funeral at Pelham—A beautiful duchess—Lord Wellesley's engagement—Lady Lansdowne's masquerade.

1805.

**A**S Mrs. Calvert was driving through Ware one day early in November, she was met by heavy tidings.

“1805.—Lord Nelson had engaged the combined fleets, taken nineteen sail of the line and blown up one. But he has fallen in the action, which took place on the 21st of October.

“The latter part of this news has completely damped the delight which the first part would have created.

“The next morning's post brought a full confirmation of the news. Two of the nineteen ships made their escape. We have got the Admiral (Villeneuve) but alas! our gallant hero is too surely no more. He lived to hear victory proclaimed and was killed quite at the end of the action by a rifleman. Great and decisive as this victory is, the loss of that gallant man nearly annihilates the joy of everybody. The whole account of poor Lord Nelson's death is in the papers. I really could not read it without tears.”

We have said that Mrs. Calvert was a good hater. Her description of some unwelcome visitors—who happened also to be relations—is quaint enough to provoke a smile.

" *Hunsdon House, Nov. 19th.*—My head aches, and I am sick at the thoughts of my company. Mr. and Mrs. Tash <sup>1</sup> and Mrs. Winter are to dine with us and Mr. and Mrs. T. sleep here. I devoutly pray that they may go away to-morrow.

" *Nov. 20th.*—Alas, my prayers have been in vain ! They stay till Saturday, and heartily sick I am already of making the agreeable from morning till night. They arrived yesterday just before dinner.

" *Nov. 21st.*—I have got them all out walking at last, by which means I have a few minutes to myself. Never was I so tired of any people in my whole life.

" I had a letter from my sister to say that my Felix is in town with her. I would give anything to go and have a peep at him, but here I am, tied by the leg by these odious people. I am quite out of sorts. Yesterday evening I worked and played a little at backgammon with the agreeable Mr. Tash. Oh, what a *Beast* he is ! "

An interesting event was expected in the Calvert family, and Mr. Tash intimated to his nephew by marriage that he very much wished that Honor should be the name of the baby if it happened to be a girl.

" I actually screamed when Mr. C. told me this, and he has promised to tell Mr. Tash I cannot bear the name, especially as I have set my heart on calling her after my angel Mary. But if it gives him any pleasure, she shall be called Mary Honor."

Mr. Tash was evidently not satisfied with this concession, for a later entry in the Journal says :

" Of course he could not object, but declines having Honor as the second name, as he wished to keep it in reserve for another. So there it rests."

<sup>1</sup> Honor Calvert, sister to Mr. Felix Calvert, of Portland Place, married 1745 Thomas Tash, of Vale Mascal, Kent, son of Sir John Tash, Sheriff of London, who was knighted 1719.

It is impossible not to admire the delicacy and decorum with which this triangular discussion seems to have been carried on, as well as the *naïveté* with which Mrs. Calvert takes us into her confidence.

“ Mrs. Tash, whose name is Honor, is to be Godmother, and seems much pleased. Poor woman, she is dull and tiresome, but good natured. He is without exception the greatest HOG I ever saw—but he is rich, and the hope that he may consider some of my children keeps me in order and makes me civil. They seemed much pleased with their visit, and have just taken their leave, to my great joy. I feel like a boy out of school ! ”

Who does not know that delightful sensation of relief ? Mrs. Calvert joyfully hurried to London directly she had got rid of her unwelcome guests.

“ We found Felix in Park Street, looking very well and a good deal grown. I confess I was a good deal hurt at his not seeming the least glad to see us.”

Felix, who was then just fourteen, was probably not more demonstrative than most school-boys of his age, but evidently not wanting in filial affection, for the next morning his conscience smote him, and he ran off to Albemarle Street to see his mother, assuring her of his love for her,

“ which he did, poor fellow ! deluged in tears. We are too ready to believe what we wish, but at all events, it is a pleasing delusion.

“ Mr. C. and I dined in Grosvenor St. There was a good deal of company, Lady Headfort, General Hastings, Lord De Vesci and Sir John Doyle.<sup>1</sup> He produced, after dinner, a snuff box with the Seraglio represented on the

<sup>1</sup> Sir John Doyle, a general officer, G.C.B., was created a Baronet 1805, and died unmarried 1834.

lid in diamonds, a present of the Grand Vizier to him. There were some very sweet pastilles in the box, of which I much admired the smell. I think he might have given me a small one.

"*Nov. 27th.*—My Mother took me yesterday to see Isabella ; she looked delightfully. It went to my heart to be obliged to lecture her. She means nothing wrong, but the love of talking is so strong in her that I think it necessary to check it whenever I can."

Those were evidently the days when little girls were meant to be seen and not heard. A few days later her mother writes :

" I received a letter to-day from my dear Isabella, with which I was very much pleased indeed. It was beautifully written, and in a very good style, but what pleased me still more were the sentiments it contained—she acknowledges candidly her fault in talking too much, and in the prettiest manner assures me she will endeavour to correct herself of all her faults."

Isabella's pretty and penitent letter touched and pleased her mother so much, that she kept it until the day of her death. It was found amongst her papers, and ran as follows :

*Copy.*

" MY EVER DEAREST MAMA,

" I cannot tell you how sorry I am, I should have given you such just cause of displeasure, but I hope I shall never do so again, by talking less. Indeed, Mama, if you knew how perfectly unhappy I was before you wrote me that sweet letter, you would not doubt that I intend to correct myself of all the faults you point out to me. I will not attempt to justify myself, for that would be impossible. I know too well that I am too apt to talk much and by that led to say things that I ought not, but in-



deed, dear Mama, I will correct myself. I hope I shall never meet you again with that look of displeasure. I could tell by your face that I had been doing something wrong. Pray think no more about it, and you shall see me quite different when you come to town. My Aunt Knox was so good as to take me to the play, Wednesday, to see Henry the fourth, the Wild Islanders and Fortunes Frolic. I should have written to you before, but Saturday being the day the young ladies write, I hope you will excuse it. Pray give my best love to my brothers and sister with duty to Papa. Mrs. Devis desires her compliments.

“ Believe me, dearest Mama,

“ to remain your

“ dutiful and affectionate daughter,

“ ISABELLA CALVERT.

“ DEVONSHIRE PLACE,

“ *December 7th, 1805.*”

“ *Wednesday, 18th.*—I was so uneasy and uncomfortable all day that it was settled I should go to Town.

“ *Albemarle Street, Thursday, 19th.*—Felix and I left Hunsdon yesterday morning. Mr. C. was so careful of me that he went with me as far as Bonnington’s Hill, and walked up it with me as it was slippery, and he was afraid the horse might fall. Dear soul, how kind he is to me! We arrived in Park Street just before dinner. My sister and Mr. K. John and James dined there. John is grown a fine young man; he is going in March to a University at Leipsick. There has been a great battle between the combined armies and the French—great losses on both sides. The Emperor Alexander headed his army, and behaved with the greatest bravery. Mr. Chilvers has just been here, and bled me—I feel better already.

“ *Friday, 20th.*—I sent for Isabella and she dined and spent the day in Park Street with us—but before I went there to dinner, I had a great fright by my arm bursting out bleeding so violently that we in our flurry could not



stop it. Mr. Tupper was sent for, who bound it up, and stopped it ; but before he came I was much frightened, and so were my two children. Felix, especially, was as pale as a ghost, and indeed so anxious about me that I have no reason to doubt the darling boy's affection. This second bleeding, I believe, was favourable to me for the first had not cured my side, but this had quite.

" *Saturday, 21st.*—I am quite another creature since I was bled. The Russians beat the French on the Fourth—at least, so it is believed.

" *Monday, 23rd.*—I dined in Park Street. Mrs. Beaumont also spent the evening there. She is a great favourite of mine, only I wish she was not so fond of holding forth on her riches, establishment, etc. She is a sensible woman, and I am surprised she does not perceive the ridicule of it. It lessens one's opinion of her good sense, but nobody is wise at all times. I believe there is a Latin saying to that effect. Felix, however, knows I am not fond of Latin quotations, so if I knew it, I should not repeat it.

" *Sunday, 29th.*—I went with my Mother to see Anne Knox.<sup>1</sup> They were just arrived. George was gone out, but I saw Anne and their little boy, Thomas Pery ; he is ten weeks old, a fine child but not pretty.

" *Tuesday, 31st.*—Terrible reports of the Austrian and Russian armies having surrendered, and an armistice concluded by them with Bonaparte, and there are hopes that this is false, but we are all in a sad fright. I went with my sister to visit Lady Lucan, and Lady Clermont—we talked of nothing but the dismal news.

" *January 1st, 1806.*—I had a long visit from Colonel Hamilton yesterday, and was very tired of him, he is a good old man, but so dreadfully prolix that I thought he would never leave me. I went out afterwards with my sister. We drove into the city—coming back in the Strand we were stopped by a great crowd, which we found occasioned by a dreadful accident. A stage coach

<sup>1</sup> The Hon. Mrs. George Knox.

had broke down, and a woman had her arm shattered in a dreadful manner. A poor man was killed on the spot, and we had the horror of seeing him carried lifeless stretched out on a door. We dined in Park Street. My sister went to the Opera, and the Dowager Lady Kingston and Anne Knox spent the evening in Park Street. How Lady Kingston does talk ! And poor woman, how excellent does she think her own understanding and judgment. She really does not want for good sense, but by over-valuing it so much, one does not give her credit even for what she possesses.

“ *Friday, 3rd.*—Alas ! Alas ! All the bad news is true. That pusilanimous Emperor of Austria has made peace with Bonaparte, and the Russians are on their way back to their own country.

“ *Monday, 6th.*—Lady Headfort and Lady Mary Taylor<sup>1</sup> visited me yesterday morning. They are great favourites of mine ; Lady Mary is not handsome, but a sweet young woman.

“ *Wednesday, 8th.*—Mr. C. is gone with my sister to Thames Street to see the Procession of Lord Nelson's funeral by water as it comes from Greenwich. He is to be buried to-morrow at St. Paul's. Such a pretty letter from Felix to-day—so affectionate it brought tears to my eyes. God preserve him, and all my darlings to me ! They are wound and twisted round my heart.

“ *Thursday, 9th.*—The streets are all alive with people going to Lord Nelson's funeral.<sup>2</sup> I suppose I shall not be able to write again for some time—if ever.

“ If I die, my last prayer will be for my beloved husband and children. God grant me strength of mind and body to bear the pain I must necessarily endure ! ”

But it is pleasant to record that Mrs. Calvert's sad presentiments were not fulfilled. After the birth of a boy

<sup>1</sup> Lady Mary Taylor was Lady of the Bedchamber to H.R.H. the Princess Augusta. She died in September, 1843.

<sup>2</sup> It is not generally known that the black silk neckerchief worn by sailors first came into vogue at Lord Nelson's funeral.

on January 9th, she made a good and rapid recovery. He was baptised by the names of Richard Charles, but died in less than three weeks owing to some organic defect. His death was quickly followed by that of Lord Pery, who had long been in failing health.

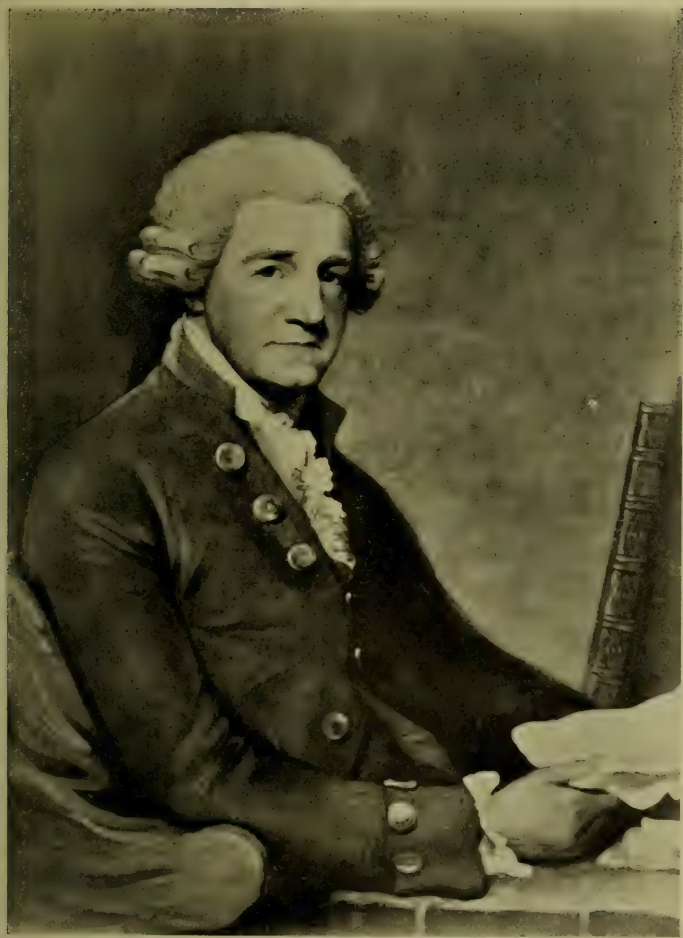
" 1806. *Jan. 15th.*—Mr. Pitt is dangerously ill ; nobody knows what will be the result, and everyone's mind is on the stretch of anxiety. Mr. Sheridan called here before Mr. C. came to Town, and was very anxious to see him. I find what he and the Opposition party wanted, was to have Mr. C. second Lord Henry Petty's amendment to-day, but now, were he inclined to do so, he would have no time to prepare a speech. It is very flattering to have him sought for on such an occasion.

" *Wednesday, 22nd.*—All opposition to the address was postponed till Monday, on account of Mr. Pitt's illness. Mr. C. a few minutes ago, came in to say he had just heard that Pitt is dead—if true, what changes this will produce !

" *January 23rd.*—No truth, as yet, as to Pitt's death. Yesterday the whole Town talked of nothing else. This morning the papers announce him as much better. If he really recovers I shall have my doubts whether he ever has been so ill. I have strong suspicions that it has been a party trick to put off the expected opposition.

" *January 24th.*—I wronged Mr. Pitt and his party by my surmises, for poor man, he expired yesterday morning at half past four. He died like a Christian,<sup>1</sup> and received the Sacrament. Lord Althorp and Lord Henry Petty have set up for the University of Cambridge in his place. Nobody knows anything yet of who are to form the Administration. There are numberless conjectures, bets, etc. The Knoxs had a great dinner last

<sup>1</sup> A public funeral was decreed to Mr. Pitt, and £40,000 to pay his debts. He was First Lord of the Treasury under his first Administration, from 1783 to 1801. The second Administration was formed 1804, and terminated by Mr. Pitt's death.



VISCOUNT PERY





night. The Duchess of Gordon was to have been of the party, but sent an excuse as her grief for Mr. Pitt was so great she could not quit her room.

"*Tuesday, Feb. 4th.*—My sister sat with me yesterday evening. She thought my poor Father indifferent. I fear he is fast declining. God grant he may not suffer in his last moments ! That is all we have to wish for him. He has long ceased to enjoy life, and he will exchange this for a blessed eternity. A better man never existed, and happy will it be for those he leaves behind, if they can die with as cheering a prospect.

"*Tuesday, 25th.*—At a little after twelve yesterday morning, my beloved Father breathed his last. I was sitting at his bedside, and he expired without a pang—nature completely worn out, for he wanted very little of eighty seven. I kissed his cold cheek soon after, and on my knees by his bedside vowed to Heaven to endeavour to correct all my faults. My dearest Mother has borne her loss with gentleness and resignation. He looks as if he were in a placid composed sleep. We have had a caste taken of him, and I trust my children will preserve it with care as a relic of the best of men, who has been an honour to his family.

"*February 26th.*—My beloved Father's will was opened yesterday. He has in it considered my sister a *great deal* more than me. I should feel infinite mortification if I thought it was from a greater affection for her, but, if he had a preference it was for me. I believe he was in the dark about his affairs from his great age, and thought he made it more equal as he often said that was his intention. I only regret it as it makes us less able, my children, to provide handsomely for you.

"*February 27th.*—There is a fine character of my Father in all the papers to-day, written by George Knox. I will copy it into my Journal at the first leisure moment.

"I have said nothing of public news lately—my mind has been too much occupied by private misfortune. I must now mention that we have taken the Cape of

Good Hope ; accounts came yesterday of the capture of it.<sup>1</sup>

“ I saw Lord Limerick for the first time yesterday, he being the heir to my Father’s estates, made him think we might feel more at seeing him than another person. He begged to kiss me, which I readily did ; but I could not look at his sable dress, without pain. We have not yet put on our mourning, and shall not till Tuesday, the day on which the beloved remains are to be consigned to our family vault at Pelham.<sup>2</sup> My sister and I intend going to the awful ceremony as mourners. It was my particular wish. I must say I dread it, but will not shrink from the trial.

“ *Monday, 3rd.*—This morning my lamented parent’s remains have set out on their way to Pelham. My sister and I leave Town at five to-morrow morning in order to overtake them. We shall sleep at Hunsdon.”

Extract from *The Oracle* of February 26th, 1806 :

“ Died on Monday last, at his house in Park Street, in the eighty seventh year of his age, Edmond Sexten Pery, Lord Viscount Pery. His Lordship was born April 3rd, 1719, and married first Martha, youngest daughter of John Martin, Esq., who died without issue. He married secondly Elizabeth, sister of Thomas Viscount de Vesci, and has issue, Diana Jane, born 1764, married Thomas, eldest son of Viscount Northland ; Frances married 1789, Nicolson Calvert Esq. His Lordship was chosen to the exalted station of Speaker to the House of Commons in Ireland, in three successive Parliaments. He resigned his high office, September 4th, 1805, with a farewell address, and afterwards received the thanks of the House of Commons, who moved an address to His Majesty of his faithful services, when His Majesty was graciously

<sup>1</sup> It was taken by Sir David Baird and Sir H. Popham January 9th, 1806, and finally ceded to England in August, 1814.

<sup>2</sup> Furneaux Pelham Hall, Herts, has been for over two hundred years in the Calvert family. Lord and Lady Pery are buried in the vault, also Lady Ranfurly, their elder daughter, who died in Paris 1839.

pleased to grant him a pension of £3,000 per annum. His Lordship dying without male issue, the pension, and his title become extinct. His Lordship's two surviving daughters are the Honourable Mrs. Knox, and the Honourable Mrs. Calvert, two ladies of amiable character, well known in the fashionable world."

In the next day's *Oracle* appeared the character written by George Knox.

" *The late Viscount Pery.*

" Perhaps no man ever passed through a long life with such universal approbation in the sister kingdom. The dignity with which he filled an important post for many years, his profound knowledge of the Constitution, his firmness, the mildness of his deportment, his independent spirit, and above all, his scrupulous impartiality, are still remembered with gratitude and admiration. In private life he was truly the idol of his relations and friends. The gentleness of his manners, the indulgence with which he received the opinions of others, and his freedom from every appearance of selfishness, procured from all around him an affection mingled with respect. It is with much pleasure that we can add that his life was as prosperous and happy as it was long ; his prosperity he owed, not to any efforts to promote his own interests, but to his well-earned reputation alone, and from the consciousness that he had merited the esteem and gratitude of all his contemporaries."

" *Wednesday, 5th.*—At six o'clock yesterday morning, my sister and I left Town. We arrived about half past eleven at Pelham. We saw my beloved Father's remains deposited in the vault. I went into it, and had my little angel's coffin moved, and put on his feet. As it was earlier in the day than we expected, we proceeded to Town, first stopping to rest the horses, and dine at Hunsdon. I have been to see my dearest Mother this morning. Our meeting affected her terribly, and I am glad it is over. I trust she will now get better.



"*Sunday, 23rd.*—Sir J. Duckworth<sup>1</sup> has captured the whole of the French fleet, which had gone to the West Indies. I have heard the guns firing since, in honour of it. The Duke and Duchess of Bedford are gone to Ireland. He is the new Lord Lieutenant. It is said the Ministry would not allow her Mother, the Duchess of Gordon, to go with her, as she is such a strange, flighty woman, and would set the country in a flame. She goes about abusing Ireland, and says going there is as bad as being banished to Siberia. It is said she made that speech to Lord Darnley, who coolly answered, 'Yes, Duchess, or to *Scotland*.'

"Poor George Knox has lost his office, one of the Secretaries of State for Ireland. They have given it to Mr. Parnell, who is married to Lady Caroline Damer,<sup>2</sup> Lord Portarlington's eldest daughter. I fear he will be obliged to let his house in this street, as his circumstances will be reduced so much.

"*March 24th.*—It was five sail of the line that Sir J. Duckworth defeated—three he has captured, and two burnt.

"*Sunday, 30th.*—The business in the House last night was the Budget. The Property Tax is raised to 10% from 5%. I wonder where our taxes will end! The Duchess of Devonshire<sup>3</sup> is dying. It was said yesterday she was dead, but that was not true. I have sent this morning to enquire after her.

"*March 31st.*—The Duchess of Devonshire died at half past three yesterday morning. Her debts, I hear, are immense. The Duke paid some years ago £120,000

<sup>1</sup> Admiral Sir John Thomas Duckworth, G.C.B., born 1747, was a distinguished naval officer. He, as Captain of the *Orion*, shared in the victory of the 1st June, 1794, and when Vice-Admiral signally defeated a French fleet near Ocoa Bay, 1806. He was made Baronet in 1813, and died 1817.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Caroline Damer married 1801 Sir Henry Parnell, Bart., M.P., afterwards 1st Lord Congleton, and died 1861.

<sup>3</sup> Georgiana, daughter of Earl Spencer, married 1774 William, 5th Duke of Devonshire. She was celebrated for her beauty and charm of manner; the Prince of Wales spoke of her as "the best bred woman in England."

for her. It is hardly credible how a woman could make away with so much money. But she lost a great deal gambling in the Alley.<sup>1</sup> She was unbounded in her charities, but as she paid no trades people, and borrowed money from everyone who would lend it to her, one must say her charity was at the expense of other people. Many, they say, have been ruined by her. She was a celebrated beauty, and had most captivating manners, was very good-natured indeed, and easy in her disposition. It is incalculable what mischief she has done in this Town, but I hear on her death bed, she was very penitent—may her penitence be accepted !

“ *Tuesday, April 1st.*—I went to my Mother yesterday evening. Lady Portarlington<sup>2</sup> and my sister were there. Lady P. told us that her brother-in-law, Lord Macartney, was dying, and this morning, I hear, he is dead. I knew him pretty well, and he was a very agreeable man. He had been ambassador at different Courts ; among the rest in China, and had a great many anecdotes and information, which made him a particularly pleasant companion.

“ *Wednesday, 2nd.*—I hear that the unfortunate Duchess of Devonshire asked if she were in any danger, and they assured her *not*. How barbarous to keep anyone in the dark on such a subject, and especially in such a case as hers—cut off in the full career of her folly, to use no harsher word.<sup>3</sup>

“ *Thursday, 10th.*—I had a visit from Captain Blackwood of the Ajax. He is an old friend of mine, and a very good sort of man. He was in the engagement when

<sup>1</sup> “The Alley” was at that time the usual way of alluding to Change (or Exchange) Alley in Cornhill, where stocks and shares were sold or gambled with. References to the Alley will be found in *Pope's Letters*, also in Gay and Swift.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Caroline Stuart, daughter of the Favourite, the Earl of Bute. Her sister Jane was wife of George, Earl Macartney.

<sup>3</sup> The Duchess was so adored by her daughters, Lady Carlisle and Lady Harriet Cavendish, who looked up to her as the most perfect of women, that one cannot but hope that Mrs. Calvert was mistaken.



Lord Nelson lost his life, and was the person who brought over the despatches with the account of it.

"*April 16th.*—I hear there is hardly a bit of old Hunsdon House left standing, so it is merely the name of adding to it—it will be nearly a new house.

"*Tuesday, 29th.*—This is the first day of Lord Melville's trial.<sup>1</sup> There will be a fine crowd there. I shall not attempt it.

"*May. Monday, 5th.*—Part of Sir John Borlase Warren's squadron have taken the Marengo—eighty guns—from the French, with Admiral Lenoire on board, and a frigate.

"I went to see my Mother and found Lady Wellesley with her. She is just married to Sir Arthur Wellesley. She was a Miss Pakenham, daughter to the late Lord Longford. It has been a ten years' attachment. He was abroad all that time, principally in India, where he has distinguished himself. He had proposed to her before he went, but was rejected by her family, as he had little or nothing, and they parted without any engagement whatsoever.

"During those ten years, they have had no sort of communication either directly or indirectly, but secretly nourished their attachment. The instant he landed from India he wrote to her to Ireland to propose for her, and was, of course, accepted. About a month ago, he got leave of absence for a few days only. He flew to Ireland, the settlements in the meantime had been drawn up. He landed on Tuesday, was married on Thursday, and the Friday sennight he and his bride found themselves in London. She is now about two or three and thirty, and he about seven and thirty. He must have found her sadly altered, for she was a very pretty little girl, with a round face, and fine complexion. She is now very thin and withered (I believe pining in his absence helped to make her more so). I think she looks in a

<sup>1</sup> Lord Melville, who was impeached by the House of Commons for embezzling the public money, was acquitted June 12th, 1806.

consumption, which idea, a short cough increases, and I know Sir Walter Farquhar has desired her to take great care of herself. She is gentle and amiable. I hear that when someone told Sir Arthur he would find her much altered, he answered that he did not care; it was her mind he was in love with, and that could not alter.<sup>1</sup>

"*Wednesday, 7th.*—I walked twice in Hyde Park yesterday—the weather very warm. My nephew Edmond Knox arrived to-day from sea. He is a sweet creature, and I was rejoiced to see him, after an absence of three years and a half. Mr. C. was in the House of Commons till between one and two this morning.

"*Saturday, 10th.*—I dined at Mrs. Wright's. In the evening came a parcel of vulgar people. I stayed till ten and played one rubber at Casino, and then was glad to make my escape home.

"*Friday, 16th.*—I dined at Lord Clifden's. The Mr. Howard, who will be Duke of Norfolk, (from whom Lady Lucan was divorced,) dined there. Lady Clifden is daughter to the Duke of Marlborough.<sup>2</sup> She has been, and is still, rather pretty, but she is shy, and seems so frightened in company, that she wants manner and ease; also, she is so afraid of catching cold, and so careful of herself, that from keeping herself quite in *cotton* she is very delicate. She is very cordial and kind to me, and I think has taken a fancy to me, perhaps from my talking to her of her children, of whom she is passionately fond.

"*21st.*—I went with Isabella yesterday morning, to see the Exhibition of pictures at Somerset House. Lady Headfort lent me her private box at Drury Lane. The Play was 'The Wonder Woman keeps a Secret,' and the 'Forty Thieves.'

<sup>1</sup> The marriage was only a moderately happy one. "Kitty Pakenham" died Duchess of Wellington in 1831.

<sup>2</sup> She was Lady Caroline Spencer, eldest daughter of George, 3rd Duke of Marlborough, and married 1792 Henry, 2nd Viscount Clifden. She died 1813.

"*Thursday, 22nd.*—A report of Jerome Bonaparte being taken prisoner. I hope it may be true.

"*Hunsdon, 24th.*—I feel so delighted to be in the country again. My Mother arrived about seven in the evening. How glad I am to have her!

"*27th.*—My Mother and I took a long drive in the evening in her landaulet. We went to Haileybury, where there is a College building for young men, who are to go out as Cadets to India. In the meantime, there is a school for little boys. If we hear good accounts of it, we think of putting Edmond there as it is a fine, healthy situation.

"*Saturday, 31st.*—I went to the school at Hunsdon Street for the poor people, and heard some of the girls read.

"*Friday, June 6th.*—Mrs. Devis gives Isabella an excellent character. She says she is open-hearted, honest, and true, and much loved in the house. To hear this, gave me inexpressible pleasure.

"*London, Thursday, 12th.*—This morning, at ten o'clock, I went with my sister and Lady Cassilis to Lord Melville's trial, and heard him acquitted. I cannot say he is acquitted in my mind. The Royal Dukes voted, but the Prince of Wales was not present.

"*Friday, 13th.*—I went for a few minutes to Lady Bridget Bouverie's yesterday evening. Her daughters were dressed for Lady Lansdowne's masquerade. Maria, in a Spanish dress of white and silver, and a large Spanish hat, really looked quite pretty, and little Emma as a fairy, which suited her diminutive figure, looked very well. But as I looked at them, I thought to myself, 'I will never take my girls to a masquerade. I think it an improper place for a young and delicate female.' When a woman marries she may very well go, under the protection of her husband, but not without him while very young. At my age, (if it amused me) I should have no scruple in going, but if I die while you my Isabella and Lavinia are under thirty, take my advice, and never go to a masquerade without your husbands.

"*Saturday, 14th.*—I went with my sister to Rossi, on the New road.<sup>1</sup> He is making a bust of my dear Father. I was much affected at the sight of the cast, which is strikingly like him."

<sup>1</sup> Now known as the Euston Road. It seems that sculptors preceded the monumental masons, who in later years have become very numerous in this road.



## CHAPTER V

Esther Acklom—Catalani—Sir Arthur Wellesley and his wife—Felix Calvert is confirmed—An all-night sitting—A practical joke—Lord Cochrane—Mrs. Fitzherbert's assembly—A lover and his mistress—Marlborough House—The Prince of Wales and Lady Hertford—The Pavilion once more.

1807.

**I**T was early in 1807 that Miss Esther Acklom was mentioned for the first time in Mrs. Calvert's Journal. She was the only child of Mr. Richard Acklom, of Wiseton Hall, Notts; a great heiress and a famous London beauty; at one time very intimate with the Calvert family. It is to be feared that Miss Acklom was somewhat of a flirt—though that word does not appear to have been invented a century ago. One evening in February Mrs. Knox, Mrs. Calvert, and Miss Acklom went to the Opera together, escorted by Mr. Charles Calvert and Lord Kinnoull, who is described as “a very disagreeable young man.”

“Catalani sang; she certainly has great powers of voice, but somehow, I do not extravagantly admire her.”

On her next visit to the Opera Mrs. Calvert tells us,

“Catalani displayed her full powers, but she is not to my taste; she screams so loud and I was glad to get home.”

In those days Catalani was, nevertheless, at the summit of her fame. Born at Sinigaglia in 1779, her success lasted



nearly thirty years. She was a magnificent-looking woman, of regal presence, and when she made her first appearance at Venice when only fifteen, her voice took the musical world by storm, so great was its compass, flexibility, and power. In 1804 her salary was £3000, but she had an extravagant husband who largely helped to dissipate her earnings. Catalani died at Paris of cholera in 1849.

“At Lady Mansfield’s Assembly I saw my old friend, Sir Arthur Wellesley. I don’t believe I had seen him for twenty years.”

Shortly afterwards she calls on Lady Wellesley and finds her at home.

“She has a nice little boy of three weeks old. Sir Arthur was there too, and Lady Salisbury and the Ladies Cecil came in while I was there. I never saw anything so pretty as Lady Emily in her mourning dress. She is like a pretty trinket to hang to one’s watch chain.”

The pretty Lady Emily married in 1812 George, 1st Marquess of Westmeath, and had one child, Lady Rosa Nugent.<sup>1</sup>

“We dined at Limerick’s to meet Sir Home Popham. He is at present under arrest and is to be tried for acting without orders, and going to Buenos Ayres, instead of remaining at the Cape. He seems most perfectly at ease on the subject and talks of it with the greatest unconcern. He seems a pleasant man, but a *dasher*. Lord Digby,<sup>2</sup> who was there, is a stupid, dull man, but Limerick thinks

<sup>1</sup> Rosa Emily Mary Anne, only child of the 1st Marquess of Westmeath, married April 28th, 1840, Col. Fulke Greville-Nugent, created in 1869 Lord Greville of Clonyn.

<sup>2</sup> Edward, 2nd Earl and 8th Baron Digby, of Sherborne, Dorset, was born 1773, succeeded his father 1793, and died unmarried 1856, when the Earldom became extinct.

him charming, because he is an Earl, and has a fine Castle and Estate."

"I really think Charles Calvert is in love with Esther (Acklom) and she certainly likes him. I should be delighted if it were a match, but as she is entrusted to my care, I don't think I ought to encourage it. Probably her parents look higher for her, and I would not have them think I had privately made it up. How rejoiced I should be to have her for my sister! And she dotes on me."

"All the fine world were at Lady Darnley's Assembly last night and the Prince was there too. He looks wretchedly, and is now a thin man.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Grimston, (Lord G.'s son) is to be married to Lady Charlotte Jenkinson.<sup>2</sup> I am sure he would not be to my taste. The Ministry is certainly to be changed, and a Dissolution of Parliament talked of. Heaven grant that may not be true!"

The love affair in the meantime was not going very well.

"Esther declares she would never marry a man over thirty. This augurs ill for Charles and I felt snappish and not of humour with her all the rest of the day."

A few days later Mrs. Calvert writes :

"All hope of that match is over, Charles is in despair. I felt provoked with Esther for she certainly gave him every reason to think she liked him. Mrs. Walpole tells me she has a bad opinion of the state of the Prince's health. She loves him much and watches him closely, and she thinks him in a very bad way.

"The Ministry is arranged—the Duke of Portland at the head of it, Lords Westmoreland, Camden, Hawkes-

<sup>1</sup> This recalls Beau Brummel's historic remark to Lord Alvanley, "Who's your fat friend?" after his rupture with the Prince of Wales.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Charlotte married on August 11th, 1807, the Hon. James Walter Grimston, who succeeded his father as 4th Viscount Grimston in 1809. He was created Earl of Verulam November 24th, 1815.

bury, Messrs. Perceval, Canning, Long, etc., compose it. There was a division yesterday on the propriety of Mr. Perceval having the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster for life. The present Opposition carried their point by a great majority.

"Yesterday was an important day for my Felix. I went with him to the Chapel Royal and he was confirmed by the Bishop of London.<sup>1</sup> I was much affected. It was an impressive, awful moment, and the Bishop of London delivered a short but excellent lecture afterwards.

"*April*, 1807.—The Duke of Richmond<sup>2</sup> tells me he goes to Ireland on Saturday as Lord Lieutenant and Sir Arthur Wellesley as his Secretary. The house did not break up till seven o'clock in the morning. I was in a grand fuss at Felix being up all night. Alas! the Opposition are beaten<sup>3</sup> two and thirty majority. There are a sad number of *rats*. I hear Mr. Brand<sup>4</sup> spoke very well, Mr. Lamb<sup>5</sup> still better, but Mr. Grattan<sup>6</sup> (who used to be a famous orator) very poorly."

Mrs. Calvert, still young, and full of fun like most Irish women, could not resist a practical joke at her cousin's expense.

"I have bought a yard of blue ribbon, the colour of the Order of St. Patrick, and a yard of green, (the Order of the Thistle,) which I have enclosed in covers, as from Lord Castlereagh, one to Limerick, and the other to Lord

<sup>1</sup> Bishop Porteous died 1809.

<sup>2</sup> Charles, 4th Duke of Richmond, K.G., born 1764. He became Governor-General of Canada, and died there in 1819 from the bite of a dog.

<sup>3</sup> On the Catholic question.

<sup>4</sup> Afterwards Lord Dacre.

<sup>5</sup> Afterwards Lord Melbourne.

<sup>6</sup> Henry Grattan, the celebrated Irish statesman (1746–1820), was a zealous Whig, but no revolutionist, and as a statesman his views were broad and judicious. After the dissolution of the Irish Parliament (1800) he was elected one of the Members for the city of Dublin, and represented that constituency until his death. He possessed none of the gifts of an orator, but few could equal him in fervidness and originality.

Cassilis, and I mean to have them brought in after dinner as a quiz, as it is supposed that they are looking out for these ribbons. Lord Castlereagh is at present with the Opposition, but there have been suspicions of his deserting. The Prince *has* deserted them—they say he wanted them to bring in a bill to separate him from the Princess while they were in power, but they refused to do his dirty work, and I think it speaks much in their favour. The present Ministry <sup>1</sup> are dirty fellows, and will do or promise anything to keep their places.

“We hear that Parliament is certainly to be dissolved on Tuesday. Sir John Sebright and Mr. Brand mean to stand for Brighton.”

Mrs. Calvert, at the end of April, took her children to this favourite watering-place. They established themselves at 17 Marine Parade, “a very comfortable house with a delightful view of the sea, and a large garden behind for the children to play in.”

The Pavilion had not long been finished, and immense sums had been spent by the Prince of Wales on it and its decorations. It was not until the year 1803 that he began to build the stables, which took six years to complete and cost over £70,000. “They are,” says Mrs. Calvert, “a most superb edifice, indeed quite unnecessarily so.”

“I hear that the Princess of Wales is to be received at Court on the 14th, I shall not believe it till I actually hear she has been there. A conversation took place between Lord Lauderdale <sup>2</sup> and the Duchess of Gordon. He asked her where her friend Lord Melville was.

“‘Dining,’ said she, ‘at the Princess of Wales’ at Blackheath.’

“‘Very good company for each other,’ remarked his Lordship, ‘two acquitted felons.’

<sup>1</sup> The Tory Government.

<sup>2</sup> James, 8th Earl of Lauderdale, 1759–1839.



“ ‘ Oh,’ replied the Duchess, ‘ had your correspondence with Brissot in 1783 been intercepted, you, my Lord, would not have been an acquitted felon.’ ”

Truly, people in those days were nothing if not outspoken !

“ Mr. C. writes that his election comes on tomorrow, and everything goes on quietly. But at St. Albans they are very riotous, burning the Pope in effigy. Mr. C. says that Lord Spencer will lose the election from having favoured the Roman Catholics. Lord Duncannon stands upon his interests. It is reported that Sir Frances Burdett <sup>1</sup> has been dangerously wounded in a duel with Mr. Paul.<sup>2</sup>

“ My sister is busy electioneering for Lord Cochrane.<sup>3</sup> I did not know that she knew him. My Mother writes that she can talk of nothing else. A cart full of sailors was driven up to Grosvenor Street and gave my sister three cheers ! My Mother is quite in a fright, lest she should get into the papers. For my part I believe she is crazy.”

To get into the papers was evidently considered a most “ ungentlewoman-like ” thing to do.

By the end of May the Westminster Election was over.

“ Lord Cochrane and Sir Francis Burdett are the

<sup>1</sup> He was a Member for Westminster, and the father of the late Baroness Burdett Coutts.

<sup>2</sup> On the death of Fox, Paul became a candidate for Westminster, and Burdett subscribed £1000 towards his election. He was, however, defeated, and the following year, owing to some misunderstanding, Paul challenged Burdett to a duel. Both were wounded, and they were conveyed to London together in Paul's carriage.

<sup>3</sup> Lord Cochrane, afterwards 10th Earl of Dundonald, was born 1775, and has left a name of high distinction in our naval annals, his career being one of brilliant exploit and daring. In 1809 his destruction of the enemy's ships in the Basque roads dealt a crushing blow to Napoleon's maritime efforts.



successful ones, but Mr. Sheridan<sup>1</sup> petitions against Lord Cochrane."

While spending a few days at her sister's home in Grosvenor Street, Mrs. Calvert had an encounter with Sir John Sebright on the subject of politics.

"He was, as he often is, extremely disagreeable and I was very warm. However we shook hands at parting. If I can possibly prevent it Sir John shall never represent our country again. A woman's talk can have great effect in a County Election, and I won't be sparing of mine!"

One cannot read her Journal through without being convinced that Mrs. Calvert was a very firm friend, and it is evident that she could also be a bitter enemy.

"Poor Lady Hardwicke<sup>2</sup> has entirely lost her voice. For these two months she has explained herself by signs, and had a slate and pencil in her hand, in case she had anything particular to say. I really feel afraid she will never recover her speech.

"*June 5th, 1807.*—My sister and I went late to an Assembly at Mrs. Fitzherbert's<sup>3</sup> where were all the fine world. The Prince of Wales, Duke of York, Dukes of Clarence, Cambridge and Kent were all there, dressed in full uniform. I had some conversation with the Prince and the Dukes of Clarence and Cambridge. The others I do not know."

Mrs. Fitzherbert seems to have been not only received by the Royal Family, but to have been very popular with them. After long hesitation she had consented to a secret

<sup>1</sup> Richard Brinsley Sheridan, born 1751 in Dublin. He had as a dramatist no equal among his contemporaries. He married Miss Linley, and died 1816.

<sup>2</sup> She was Lady Elizabeth Lindsay, daughter of James, 5th Earl of Balcarres, and married 1782 John Yorke, 5th Earl of Hardwicke. Lady Hardwicke died in 1858.

<sup>3</sup> Mrs. Fitzherbert then lived at 6 Tilney Street, Park Lane.

marriage with the Prince of Wales, and it took place on December 15th, 1785, at her house in Park Street. The Reverend Robert Burke, a young curate, who had not long been in Holy Orders, performed the ceremony, receiving as his fee £500. Mrs. Fitzherbert's uncle, Mr. Errington, gave her away, and he and her brother Jack Smythe acted as witnesses, the doors being locked and the greatest secrecy observed.<sup>1</sup>

"June 14th.—Mr. C. and I went to an Assembly at the Dowager Duchess of Rutland's.<sup>2</sup> I think I never saw anybody look so transcendently beautiful as she did. The Prince of Wales was there, and talked to us for a quarter of an hour."

In ten days or less Mrs. Calvert was back at Brighton with her children. She gives us a pretty little pen and ink sketch of a young couple in whom she is interested.

"I visited Lady Harriet Sullivan and found her at home, also Captain Stuart, who is to marry Miss Sullivan. He was standing by his mistress, talking to and admiring her while she worked.

"Mr. Abbot is again chosen Speaker. Mr. Yorke proposed him, and was seconded by Mr. Bankes. My sister writes that Esther Acklom has refused Lord Lindsay (of Balcarres) and Mr. Wynne—so poor Charles has companions in misfortune!"

In the meantime "Mr. C." keeps his wife posted up in political news. He had been the night before at Lord Howick's<sup>3</sup> and heard the amendment read.

<sup>1</sup> Taken from *Mrs. Fitzherbert and George IV* by Wilkins.

<sup>2</sup> She was Lady Mary Isabella Somerset, daughter of the 4th Duke of Beaufort, and married 1775 the 4th Duke of Rutland. She died 1831 at her house in Sackville Street, Piccadilly. She was a great beauty, painted four times by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

<sup>3</sup> Lord Howick was born 1764. He maintained for twenty-one years a leading position in the House of Commons, succeeded his father as Earl Grey November, 1807, and died 1845.

"It was temperate but strong, and entirely confined to one subject, namely the Dissolution of Parliament, ending with a slight reprobation of the 'No Popery' cry. Public opinion, (says Mr. C.) seems to anticipate the fall of the Ministry which he thinks they richly deserve, and adds that he would not partake of the sensations of His Majesty's present Ministers, for all that the King could bestow.

"I dined with the Poles yesterday. Sir Charles <sup>1</sup> is a good humoured pleasant man, but I do think Lady Pole is the most disagreeable little snuffling, grumpy woman I ever saw.

"Lady Anne Yorke is to be married to Lord Pollington (Lord Mexborough's son). He is an ugly little man, younger than herself, I should not like my daughter to marry Lady Mexborough's <sup>2</sup> son. Evil communications corrupt good manners and she could not avoid associating with her mother-in-law."

In Upper Grosvenor Street the following week, Mrs. Calvert writes :

"I had a visit from Sir John Sebright, who wants to make peace with me, but I am not peaceably inclined towards him. There was a great dinner here yesterday, some of the heads of Opposition, the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Lord and Lady Spencer,<sup>3</sup> Lord and Lady Grenville,<sup>4</sup> Sir George Shee and Mr. Brand. The dinner went off extremely well. Lady Spencer is agreeable and talkative. The Duchess of Bedford handsome and

<sup>1</sup> Sir Charles Pole was created a Baronet in 1791. He took the name and arms of Pole by Royal Sign Manual, having married Milicent, daughter and heir of Charles Pole of Holtcroft. He died 1813.

<sup>2</sup> John, 2nd Earl of Mexborough, married 1782 Elizabeth, only daughter and heir of Henry Stephenson, Esq., of East Burnham, Bucks.

<sup>3</sup> George John, 2nd Earl Spencer, K.G., born 1758, married 1781 Lavinia, eldest daughter of Charles, 1st Earl of Lucan. She died 1831.

<sup>4</sup> William Wyndham, brother of the Marquess of Buckingham, born 1759, a distinguished statesman elevated to the Peerage 1790 as Baron Grenville.

pleasant enough—at least she was in the humour to be so yesterday. Lady Grenville<sup>1</sup> is gentle and extremely pleasing. I never saw so silent and pale a man as the Duke of Bedford. Lord Grenville don't look very much alive."

The custom of inviting other people's guests or "running" a hostess seems to have been not unknown a hundred years ago.

"We went to an Assembly at Lady Kingston's. Then to a ball at Miss Noel's in Cavendish Square. We were invited to the latter by the Duchess of Rutland. Miss Noel having but few acquaintances, the Duchess asked most of the company. Lady Cork, I hear, had also liberty to ask people, so among them they made the ball a most amazing crowd.

"The Prince, Dukes of Cambridge and Gloucester were there. The garden, which was lit up like Vauxhall, looked very pretty and some danced there.

"*July 16th, 1807.*—We went to an Assembly at Marlborough House.<sup>2</sup> We visited Lady Clermont<sup>3</sup> yesterday and got in. What a disagreeable old woman she is!

"The Emperor of Russia and Bonaparte have made peace. We shall be left completely in the lurch. Mr. C. is going to Hatfield house to sleep there and meet the Judges as the Assizes are tomorrow. I think it very ill-bred of her Ladyship not asking me."

There was evidently not much cordiality between the families, perhaps owing to the fact that they differed in

<sup>1</sup> Lady Grenville, married 1792, was the Hon. Anne Pitt, sister of the last Baron Camelford.

<sup>2</sup> Marlborough House did not become a Royal residence till 1817, when it was purchased by the Crown as a residence for the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold.

<sup>3</sup> Frances, daughter of Col. John Murray, M.P. for Co. Monaghan. She married in 1752 William Henry Fortescue, Earl of Clermont. She died December 3rd, 1820.



politics. At the Hertford ball Mrs. Calvert met Lady Salisbury, who

"looked very foolish when she saw me, and mumbled something about thinking I was at Brighton. This by-the-bye was a great fib, for she saw me at Miss Noel's ball, and I told her I was come to stay some time."

"*July 25th.*—Last night we went to a ball at Lady Headfort's. The Prince was in high spirits and looks better. I think poor Mrs. Fitzherbert much deserted by him now. He has taken it into his head to fall desperately in love with Lady Hertford.<sup>1</sup> She is near fifty, has been and indeed still is beautiful, but on a very large scale. I think her, without exception the most forbidding, haughty, unpleasant-looking woman I ever saw. She seems to smile on his Royal Highness, at least she is flattered by his attention.

"Lady Anne Yorke introduced her *futur*, Lord Pollington,<sup>2</sup> to me. He is an ugly, insignificant looking little mortal, but appears good humoured. She seems as happy as possible. I hear the Russians are extremely dissatisfied with the Emperor Alexander for making peace with Bonaparte and it is quite likely he may be knocked on the head before six months are out.

"*August 5th.*—The Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert are expected here either to-day or to-morrow. It is reported that the King and Queen are to come to the Pavilion after the races. The Prince going to Cheltenham to be near his beloved Lady Hertford. Alas! poor Mrs. Fitzherbert!

"*August 8th.*—Today the Prince passed me close in his landau, and made me a low bow, taking off his hat, so the children had a full view of his face. Mr. C. and I

<sup>1</sup> She was Isabella, eldest daughter and co-heiress of Charles Ingram, 9th Viscount Irvine, and married 1776, as his second wife, Francis, 2nd Marquess of Hertford. She died 1836.

<sup>2</sup> John, Viscount Pollington, was born 1783, and succeeded his father as 3rd Earl of Mexborough 1830. He died 1860.



MARY SEYMOUR (HON. MRS. DAWSON DAMER)  
*From a miniature by Isabey*  
*By kind permission of Lady Constance Leslie*



visited Mrs. Fitzherbert. She seemed extremely glad to see us, and took us all over her house, which is a very pretty one. I think the Prince looks dismally. He has quite lost his affable smiling ways."

Mrs. Fitzherbert's house, on the Steine, was then lately furnished and is still in existence. It has a large verandah on which she and the Prince often sat. His Royal Highness was very fond of sending impromptu invitations. After an evening walk on the Steine with her husband, Mrs. Calvert returned home to dress, when a message came desiring her presence at the Pavilion,

"I therefore, in a hurry went to dress. The Prince was in good spirits and the Band played several pretty things.

"The next night we went to the Pavilion about ten. There was a conjuror who performed tricks. Miss Seymour was there, and a very nice little girl she is. They were all so ill-natured to the conjuror, doing everything they could to put him out and spoil his tricks. The Prince's manner was so different, and so good natured applauding whenever he could. I thought it very disrespectful of them, particularly as he two or three times said, 'Let the poor man alone.'

"*August 13th.*—Mr. C., Felix and I went to the ball in honour of the Prince's birthday. It was an immense crowd and dreadfully hot. Lady Gage and I kept together. The Duke of Clarence was so drunk, Charles was obliged to lead him home. He took a loving fit for Mr. Calvert, and told him he loved him drunk or sober in his heart. The house, lighted up, looked very pretty, but I was a good deal tired and not sorry when it was over."



## CHAPTER VI

Mrs. Calvert's Journal continued—Pavilion gaieties—Firle Place—Siege of Copenhagen—A visit to Paine's Hill—Bonaparte and Josephine—Felix enters the Army—Sir John Moore—Brighton gossip—A sad parting—*Une femme de quarante ans*—Death of Lord Thomond—Miss Hope Vere—A brilliant Soldier.

“ 1807. *Brighton, 17, Marine Parade, August 17th.*

**I** NOW enter upon the fifth volume of my Journal, or Mes Souvenirs. They are often scrawled in a great hurry, but I think when I am dead, they will prove interesting to my children, and I please myself in thinking that a hundred years or so hence (if they are preserved so long), when I have been long mouldering in the silent grave, they will be far from uninteresting to my descendants—at least I know I should be delighted if some of my Ancestors had written a Journal.

“ I don't know how much longer Mrs. Fitzherbert stays here. She has got her sister, Lady Haggerston<sup>1</sup> with her. Lady H. is very handsome still, though a grandmother, but this is the age for grandmothers to be handsome and admired. I suppose by the time I become one, I shall be a *great beauty*. Alas! however, I must own I pluck out many gray hairs every day, and my glass tells me I am altering fast. I feel a little mortification at it, but only a very little, and I shall be quite content now in

<sup>1</sup> Frances, younger daughter of Walter Smythe, and granddaughter of Sir John Smythe, Bart., of Eshe, Durham, married Sir Carnaby Haggerston, of Haggerston Castle, Northumberland, and left an only daughter, afterwards Lady Stanley. Lady Haggerston died in 1836.



LOUISA BRUNTON, COUNTESS OF CRAVEN



contemplating Isabella's improvement, which will completely obliterate all regrets at my own falling off.

" *August 18th.*—Last night at half past ten, Mr. C. and I went to Mrs. Fitzherbert's. We found two card tables and a few sitters by. Mr. C. and I played two rubbers at Casino, with Mr. Rycroft and Lady Haggerston. I think her remarkably pleasing, and she really is beautiful. Mrs. Fitzherbert has ordered a play for Friday, and she has begged I will go with her. I want to bespeak a play some night, which will amuse the children.

" *August 22nd.*—Last night I went to Mrs. Fitzherbert's box at the Play. Miss Vanneck (Lord Huntingfield's daughter), and Miss Jefferies were the only women, but there were a good many men. It was Miss Brunton's benefit. She is certainly a very handsome woman, but I don't think her looks pleasing. She has prodigious fine black eyes, but she rolls them about too much. Lord Craven is supposed to be very much in love with her, and many think he will marry her.<sup>1</sup> I have ordered a Play for Tuesday. It is to be 'The Provoked Husband,' and 'The Devil to Pay.' I have been sitting with Mrs. Fitzherbert this morning. She is to come to my box on Tuesday, and to bring Miss Seymour—nothing can be more cordial than she is to me. She asked me to come whenever I can of an evening with her. She told me the Prince had given them a great fright since he went away, having been one day very ill, but he is now well again.

"I had a letter this morning from Esther. She says she is persecuted by Lord Lindsay, and Mr. Walpole,<sup>2</sup> but she won't have either of them. She desires to be kindly remembered to Charles Calvert.

" *August 23rd.*—I dined and supped at Lady Rawlinson's. We played at Cribbage in the evening. I had a

<sup>1</sup> William, 1st Earl of Craven, born September 1st, 1770, married on December 12th, 1807, the celebrated actress Louisa, daughter of John Brunton of Norwich.

<sup>2</sup> Lieut.-Col. the Hon. John Walpole, fourth son of Horatio, 2nd Earl of Orford, born November 17th, 1787. He was Chargé d'Affaires in Chili, and died unmarried on December 10th, 1859.



visit in the morning from the Duchess of Marlborough,<sup>1</sup> and her only unmarried daughter, Lady Amelia Spencer,<sup>2</sup> who is rather pretty, but looks formal and not at her ease. They say the Duchess has always been a most disagreeable mother, indeed, some go as far as to say an unnatural one, but a common acquaintance as I am, can see nothing of it. She is the best bred woman I ever saw, and has great suavity of manners, but there cannot have been so much smoke without fire, and she is proverbial for unkindness to her family. Lord Francis Spencer,<sup>3</sup> her youngest son, is married to a daughter of the Duke of Grafton's, who seems an amiable little woman. They have four children, and the Duchess talked of them with great tenderness. They have a house opposite to Marlborough House, where they sleep, but the Duchess says they eat all their meals with her.

"*August 25th.*—There is an account in the papers of the death of the Duchess of Gloucester.<sup>4</sup> I wonder whether there will be a Court mourning. She never was received at Court, but as her children are acknowledged, I don't see how it can be avoided. At Mrs. Fitzherbert's last night, while I was out from cards, I read at least seven newspapers of the day. I said to Mrs. Fitzherbert, 'What a number of papers you take in.' She answered they were the Prince's, which he sends her.

"*August 27th.*—I went last night to the Play. It was ordered by Lady Charles Somerset,<sup>5</sup> and a more miserable House I never saw. I had the next box to

<sup>1</sup> George, 4th Duke of Marlborough, married 1762 Caroline, only daughter of John, 4th Duke of Bedford.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Amelia married 1812 Henry Pytcher Boyce, Esq., and died 1865.

<sup>3</sup> Lord Francis was created Lord Churchill on August 11th, 1815.

<sup>4</sup> Maria, Countess Waldegrave, illegitimate daughter of Sir Edward Walpole. Married in 1766 H.R.H. William Frederick, Duke of Gloucester and Edinburgh, brother of King George III.

<sup>5</sup> Lord Charles Somerset, second son of the 5th Duke of Beaufort, was born 1767. A general officer and Governor of the Cape of Good Hope. He married first 1788 Elizabeth, daughter of the 2nd Viscount Courtenay. She died 1815. His second wife was Lady Mary, daughter of John, 4th Earl Paulet, K.T.

Lady Charles. She is a civil, silly woman,—Lord Charles a haughty, disagreeable man. The Play was, ‘She Stoops to Conquer.’ I was very much diverted as to Isabella. She was in fits of laughter.

“*August 28th.*—The heat is intense. About half past ten, I went with Mrs. Fitzherbert, Lord Huntingfield, and Miss Vanneck, to the Master of the Ceremonies ball, and a more deplorable ball I never saw. The only thing to amuse was Lady Pomfret <sup>1</sup> (far from a young woman), curiously dressed, dancing away with all her fat loosely shaking like blanc mange. Her companion’s dress afforded us much fun. She was a little squab figure, with brilliant rings on every finger—diamonds—watches—bracelets all in profusion—her gown blue, and a blue ridicule to match, dangling on her arm. We stayed till twelve, and I took Mrs. Fitzherbert home. I am very sorry she is going away, for I like her extremely, and I find my Whist party very comfortable. I have declined going to-night, as I expect Mr. C.

“I never saw such a fool as poor Miss Vanneck is! She has a great hesitation in her speech, and the only words she articulates well, and those she uses every minute, are “My gracious.” I really was quite sick of “My gracious” last night. Poor girl however, she is very inoffensive. How unfortunate Lord and Lady Huntingfield are in their family. Their eldest son is a terrible gambler, and their youngest has epileptic fits. Their eldest daughter has most dreadful health, and their youngest Miss Caroline (the one above mentioned) is I think very few degrees removed from an idiot.

“*Firle, September 1st.*—Mr. C., Felix and I came here (Lord Gage’s) yesterday. We arrived in time to dress for dinner. The party in the house consists of themselves, and two sons, Lady Caroline Bertie,<sup>2</sup> and her brother

<sup>1</sup> George, 3rd Earl of Pomfret, married in 1793 Mary, daughter and heiress of Thomas Trollope Browne of Gretford, Lincolnshire.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Caroline Bertie married in 1821 Charles John Baillie Hamilton, Esq., M.P., and died 1870.

Mr. Peregrine Bertie.<sup>1</sup> These are near relations of Lady Gage's, and have, since the death of their parents, Lord and Lady Abingdon, lived with the Gages, who are their guardians. I do not admire Lady Caroline; she seems very silly. In addition to these, Mrs. Ogle,<sup>2</sup> one of Lord Gage's sisters, is here. She is a very pleasing woman, and I like Lord and Lady Gage much. Felix and the eldest boy have been out shooting all the day. Four officers also dined here yesterday; Colonel Fuller, Lord Gage and I played a rubber at Whist. This is an ugly place, an ugly country, and I think a disagreeable house, but I am partial to the family.

"*September 3rd.*—I walked yesterday morning with Lady Gage and Felix, to see a monkey. We sat at work the rest of the day. Colonel and Mrs. Vansittart<sup>3</sup> came before dinner and are still here. He is a plain, thin man; she (a daughter of Lord Auckland's) rather pretty and very pleasing, Lord and Lady Chichester,<sup>4</sup> and Lord Sydney Osborne, a youth of about eighteen, half brother to Lady Chichester, dined here yesterday, but went away before supper. Lord C. is a gentlemanlike pleasing man, Lady Chichester gentle, civil, and apparently amiable, but formal and stiff in looks and appearance. She looks at least ten years older than she is, and she dresses herself in a starched precise way. But there is something about her I like, and I am sure she is good.

<sup>1</sup> The Hon. Peregrine Bertie, son of the 4th Earl of Abingdon, was born 1790, and died 1849.

<sup>2</sup> Charlotte Margaret, daughter of General the Hon. Thomas Gage, Commander-in-Chief of H.M. forces in North America, and sister of Henry, 3rd Viscount Gage, married in 1802 Captain Charles Ogle, R.N., son of Admiral Sir Chaloner Ogle, Bart. She died in 1814. Her husband became acting post-captain at the age of nineteen, the youngest ever known. He succeeded his father in 1816 as 2nd Baronet, and became Admiral of the Fleet in 1857.

<sup>3</sup> Col. Arthur Vansittart of Shottesbrooke, Berks, married in 1806 the Hon. Caroline Eden, daughter of the 1st Lord Auckland.

<sup>4</sup> Thomas Pelham, 2nd Earl of Chichester, born April 28th, 1756, represented the county of Sussex for many years in Parliament, and was Secretary to Lords Northington and Camden when they filled the office of Viceroy in Ireland. He married 1801 Lady Mary Henrietta Godolphin, daughter of the 5th Duke of Leeds, and died 1826. Lady Chichester died 1862.



" I am rather hurt by Felix behaving in a cross sort of way to me. I think he cannot be sensible of the unpleasantness of his manners, or he would endeavour to correct them. I cannot express how it frets me ; I could have cried with vexation last night, for it makes him appear to such disadvantage. This morning he never even said ' Good morning ' to me, and yet I have stayed on purpose to-day to give him another day's shooting. When I am no more, he will read this, and will know how much I felt his conduct, but I trust he will have corrected himself long before that.

" *Brighton, September 4th.*—We took our leave of the family this morning, and a more amiable, worthy family I never met with. I delight in both Lord and Lady Gage. Felix has never spoken a word to me since the night before last. What can possess him, for I am sure he loves me ? I hope he won't go away, without making me an apology, for I think I ought not to speak to him till he does, and yet I shall not like to let him go without blessing him. He and Mr. C. are to set out to-morrow on a tour to Portsmouth, and divers places.

" *September 5th.*—My beloved Felix made me an apology yesterday. If he knew how my heart yearned to forgive him, he would never put it off. I cannot think what possessed him to behave so, indeed, I believe he does not know himself, but I trust in God it never will occur again.<sup>1</sup>

" This morning, soon after nine, Mr. C. and Felix set out on their tour. They go on Monday, to Portsmouth.

" *September 6th.*—We have landed our forces in the Island of Zeeland—we have invested Copenhagen, and begun a regular siege. Bloody work is expected, as the Danes seem determined on resistance. Stralsund has surrendered to Bonaparte.

" *September 11th.*—I had a letter from Mr. C. from Portsmouth. He and Felix had met Sir Charles Hamil-

<sup>1</sup> On April 27th, 1808, Mrs. Calvert wrote in her Diary : " It never has, God bless him ! "

ton,<sup>1</sup> who had shown them the Docks, and taken them on board his ship, the *Téméraire*.

"*Paine's Hill*,<sup>2</sup> *September 20th*.—On Friday morning, Isabella, Timewell [her maid], and I set off from Brighton, and arrived here soon after five. We found nobody here in addition to Eliza Luttrell<sup>3</sup> (who lives here) but Miss Canning. Mr. Secretary Canning came here in the morning. I don't like the Secretary. I thought he made me a very uncivil bow, when his niece, Miss Canning, introduced me. We have been to Church to-day, and since then, I have been with Lady Carhampton in her little phaeton. We went to see Lady Tankerville.<sup>4</sup> We drove home through Oatlands Park, the Duke of York's. This place is beautiful, and the weather is delightfully fine, but cold enough to have good fires.

"*September 23rd*.—Lady Tuite,<sup>5</sup> who lives near this, dined here yesterday—she is a widow, entertaining, but very eccentric. She is more like a man than woman in her pursuits, but she rather amuses me.

"*September 25th*.—Miss Canning, Isabella and I drove yesterday to Hampton Court to see the Palace, and were very well amused.

"Bonaparte I hear told the Queen of Prussia that, when he was at Warsaw he had fruit constantly brought there from Paris, for his beloved Josephine."

On returning to Hunsdon Mrs. Calvert heard to her grief and surprise that her son Felix had made up his mind to choose the Army as his profession.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Charles Hamilton, 2nd Bart., K.C.B., Admiral of the Red, married 1803 Henrietta, the only daughter of George Drummond. He died 1849.

<sup>2</sup> Paine's Hill, Cobham, Surrey, the seat of the Earl of Carhampton.

<sup>3</sup> Elizabeth, eldest daughter and co-heiress with her sister, Honora, Countess of Cavan, of Sir Henry Gould, one of the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas in England. She married April 26th, 1778, the Hon. Temple Simon Luttrell, third son of Simon, 1st Earl of Carhampton. He died February 14th, 1803, without issue.

<sup>4</sup> Emma, younger daughter and heiress of Sir James Colebrooke, Bart.; died 1836.

<sup>5</sup> Elizabeth, widow of Sir Henry Tuite, daughter of T. Cobbe, Esq., of Newbridge. She died in 1850, aged eighty-five.



“ His father neither approves nor disapproves, but says that if he is in the same mind at Christmas, he shall not prevent him.”

A few days later, however, we find Felix, who evidently knew his own mind, calling on his cousin, General Calvert, who at that time was Adjutant-General, and likely to be a very useful friend to him. Those were not the days of stiff examinations. In another month Mr. Calvert had decided on purchasing an ensigncy in the 52nd Regiment for Felix.

“ General Sir John Moore is the Commander, and they say he is a remarkably good one, and very strict in his regiment. The first battalion, in which Felix is to be, is just returned from Copenhagen.”

Mr. Creevey, who was not given to indiscriminate praise, speaks thus of Sir John Moore :

“ Of all the men I have ever seen, General Moore is the greatest prodigy. I thank my good fortune to have seen so much of him—such a combination of the most touching simplicity, and yet most accomplished manners, the most capital understanding captivating conversation, and sentiments of honour as exalted as his practice.”<sup>1</sup>

When Mrs. Calvert went back to Brighton she called on Mrs. Fitzherbert, who took her all over her new house, kitchen, etc. “ It is very compact and comfortable,” she says.

There was a certain Lady Winchester<sup>2</sup> with whom she was also very friendly.

<sup>1</sup> *The Creevey Papers*, chapter 1, page 11.

<sup>2</sup> Charles Ingoldsby Paulet, 13th Marquess of Winchester, married 1800 Anne, second daughter of John Andrews of Shotney Hall, Northumberland. She died 1841.

"She really is a good humored, pleasant creature, but often indelicate in her conversation, which puts me to the blush. She dotes on her husband and children, of whom she has six—fine, chubby red-headed ones, the eldest six years old.

"*Nov., 1807.*—Lady Winchester tells me she has heard, from very good authority that the Prince don't mean to return any more to Brighton, that he is completely tired of Mrs. Fitzherbert and means to spend his Christmas at Ragley<sup>1</sup> with Lady Hertford."

Miss Esther Acklom, to Mrs. Calvert's great annoyance, embarked about this time on a flirtation with her sailor nephew, Edmond Knox.<sup>2</sup>

"I am sorry to say poor Edmond has been feeding himself with false hopes for she has not the least thought of him. She has a way of encouraging men, without meaning to have them, and I gave her a good lecture on the subject.

"*November 30th.*—Mr. C. and I went at night to Mrs. Fitzherbert's. I think she looks ill, and out of spirits.

"*December 12th.*—Glentworth<sup>3</sup> has followed Felix's example, and is going into the ninth foot. I am sure it is necessary we should have a great many military, for we are now at war with nearly all the world. Russia has declared war against us. Sir John Moore with seven thousand troops is gone from Sicily to the Tagus, to co-operate with Sir Sydney Smith. These are indeed, perilous times!

"*December 14th.*—Miss Brunton was married yester-

<sup>1</sup> Ragley Hall, Warwickshire, was built about the middle of the eighteenth century by Lord Conway, an ancestor of the present Marquess of Hertford. It is a fine house, of noble size and proportions, and stands high. The park, which is very large, contains some splendid oaks.

<sup>2</sup> The second son of the Hon. Thomas Knox.

<sup>3</sup> Eldest surviving son of the 1st Earl of Limerick, and father of the 2nd Earl.

day to Lord Craven—another actress is become a Countess. She has a very good character.<sup>1</sup>

"*December 15th.*—I went to Mrs. Fitzherbert's last night, and played *five* rubbers at Whist. I never was more tired, but they could not make up the table without me, so I would not break it up. John Knox has got a Lieutenancy in the sixty-sixth Regiment.

"*1808. Jan. 3rd. Albemarle St.*—Felix dressed himself in his regimentals to-day for me, and really looked very handsome.

"*January 6th.*—My beloved Felix sets off this evening in the mail, to join his Regiment. I am very low.

"*January 7th.*—Mr. C., Felix, and I dined together. At half past six the dear boy took his leave of us. I shed many tears, and his own eyes were far from dry. I was low and wretched all the evening. God Almighty protect him, and spare him to us.

"*January 8th.*—I have received a letter from my Felix to say he was arrived safe at Deal—had been to call on his commanding officer, Major Arbuthnot, and had been introduced to twenty brother officers.

"*January 9th.*—Our wedding day—nineteen years. I believe I may safely say we are both even fonder of each other, than we were then.

"*January 10th.*—Doctor Knighton<sup>2</sup> has ordered me to be bled to-morrow, and keep very quiet for a few days.

"*January 13th.*—Glentworth has just left me. He is grown tall and thin, and is a gentlemanlike young man, but a great puppy, and no great conjuror. Felix says all

<sup>1</sup> Miss Louisa Brunton was a celebrated actress, the daughter of John Brunton of Norwich. She died 1860, leaving three sons and a daughter.

<sup>2</sup> "Sir William Knighton (1776–1836) was Keeper of the Privy Purse to George IV, who created him a baronet because, as His Majesty remarked to Sir Walter Farquhar, 'he was the best-mannered doctor he had ever met.' As one of the King's physicians he possessed an authority over his weak mind which few of his ministers enjoyed. He attended him in his last illness, honestly fulfilling the duties of a very delicate position" (*Dic. Nat. Biography*).

the officers are very kind and civil to him. They are to march to-morrow to Sandwich, six miles, and the next day twenty two miles to Ospringe, where they are to remain.

"*January 15th.*—*I am as cross as a cat*, for Miss Acklom has just called, and sent me word she would come and sit with me. I can't refuse her, but I can't bear her, as she behaved so ill to Charles, and Edmond. She persecutes me with her visits.

"*January 16th.*—Lord Winchester paid me a visit yesterday, as did Lady Normanton, the Archbishop of Dublin's wife. She is a pious and good-humored everlasting chatterer. Charles Calvert, and all the Knox boys visited me. Edmond fortunately escaped Esther, and so did Charles, but the latter says he don't care a farthing about meeting her. I never felt anything so cold as the weather. I can scarce sleep at night for cold.

"*January 18th.*—This is the Birthday, and my sister has just gone by to Court. I hear that poor Mr. Barnard, who was married to Lady Hardwick's sister, is dead at the Cape.<sup>1</sup>

"*January 19th.*—I dined in Grosvenor Street yesterday. In the evening, there was a very good Assembly. Miss Acklom has at last found out, I believe, that I don't like her, for she was as cold as an icicle to me. I think Glentworth is smitten with her. He was there in his regimentals, as he had been to Court in the morning.

"*January 21st.*—Poor Edmond Knox came to take leave of me, as he was to set out at night in the mail for Plymouth. He is appointed to the Princess Charlotte frigate.

"*January 26th.*—I had a long letter from dear Felix yesterday. He was in a great fuss, poor fellow, having

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Andrew Barnard was a son of the Bishop of Limerick. He was appointed Colonial Secretary to Lord Macartney at the Cape of Good Hope, and died there without issue 1807. He married 1793 Lady Anne Lindsay, a daughter of the Earl of Balcarres, and the authoress of "*Auld Robin Gray*." After her husband's death Lady Anne returned to England, and lived with her sister in Berkeley Square, where they entertained Burke, Sheridan, and other celebrities.



lost £20 out of his pocket. He gives me a whole account of his military duties and seems very happy. John Knox has just been here. He has got his lieutenancy in the twenty seventh foot, Lord Moira's Regiment, and is to go out in a month to the Mediterranean. He is in high delight.

"*January 31st.*—Colonel Eustace paid us a visit yesterday. He is just returned from abroad, with Lord Hutchinson, whose aid-de-camp he is. They were a long while at Petersburg, and lived a great deal in the most familiar way, with the Emperor Alexander, who, he says, is a prodigious fine young man. He was very favourable to us, till our attack on Copenhagen, which Eustace says has set the whole Continent against us.

"1808.—Poor Lord Gage is no more. Indeed, I am most sincerely grieved for him.

"*February 2nd.*—At Lady Bulkeley's last night the thermometer was at seventy, too warm for the first of February.

"*February 4th.*—To-day I am forty years old—a fine old lady. Mr. C. was not home from the House of Commons till near seven, and obliged to be up again at nine to attend his committee. John Knox, to his great joy, is going to Sicily instead of to Ireland.

"*February 6th.*—We dined in Park Street. Colonel and Mrs. Hamilton, her niece Miss Hope Vere, and the Knox's dined there.

"*February 11th.*—Poor Lord Thomond<sup>1</sup> (past eighty years old) was killed yesterday in Grosvenor Square. He fell from his horse and an errand cart going by ran over him. He died almost instantly, so I hope, poor man, he did not suffer.

"*February 20th.*—Colonel Hamilton and Miss Hope Vere<sup>2</sup> (Mrs. Hamilton's niece) called on me yesterday.

<sup>1</sup> Murrough O'Brien, Earl of Inchiquin, was created 1800 Marquess of Thomond and Baron Thomond of Taplow. He married first 1753 his cousin, Mary, Countess of Orkney, and secondly Mary Palmer, niece of Sir Joshua Reynolds. At his death, February 9th, 1808, the Barony of Thomond became extinct.

<sup>2</sup> Miss Hope Vere afterwards married Edmond Knox.

The latter told me that Captain Ewart of the 52nd had written to his sister from Ospringe, saying he had found many fine young men there, but none equal to young Calvert. How proud I felt of my Felix ! Poor Lord Lake<sup>1</sup> is dead, of an inflammation on his lungs.

<sup>1</sup> He was by birth Gerald Lake, of Aston Clinton, Bucks, born 1744, a brilliant and distinguished soldier. He was Commander-in-Chief in India (1800-1805), and in conjunction with Lord Wellington brought the Mahratta War to a successful close, after the battles of Delhi, Assaye, and Laswary. He received the thanks of Parliament, and was created Lord Lake of Delhi and Laswary. He married 1770 Elizabeth Barker. Being an inveterate gambler, Lord Lake died in great poverty 1808.

## CHAPTER VII

Princess Amelia and the measles—Lady Caroline Lamb—Melbourne House, Hamilton Place—Felix is ordered off—Caractacus—Death of Mrs. Forde—Lady Sarah Spencer—The Princess of Wales—Engagement of Lord Tavistock—The Smiths of Parndon—Good news from Spain—Birth of Mary Felicia—*Le Malade Imaginaire*—Felix in Spain—Burning of Covent Garden Theatre.

1808.

IT so happened that that Spring there was a great epidemic of measles. Princess Amelia,<sup>1</sup> who had the greatest dread of them, was seized while at church with this childish but troublesome complaint. Mrs. Calvert, at her house in Albemarle Street, was enjoying various London gaieties.

“My sister and I went together to Lady Caroline Lamb’s Assembly at Melbourne House. It is a very fine house, and the crowd was immense, but by walking to the carriage we got away very well.”

Melbourne House, originally owned by Fox, stood next to Burlington House in Piccadilly, and was bought by Lord Melbourne in 1770. “The Courtyard in front was at that time enclosed by gates, and the space now covered by the chambers of the Albany was a garden having an entrance opposite Savile Row. On its adornment large sums were lavished by Lady Melbourne with no ordinary taste and skill. Cipriani undertook to paint

<sup>1</sup> Princess Amelia was the youngest daughter of George III, and his favourite child. She died unmarried in November, 1810, and grief at her death brought on his last attack of madness.

the ceiling of the ball-room. Wheatley embellished several of the other apartments, while to Rebecca<sup>1</sup> fast rising into note as a humorist in fresco—the remaining decorations were assigned.”<sup>2</sup>

One is inclined to think that the craze for flowers is quite a modern one, but Mrs. Calvert mentions having gone “to Tubb’s Nursery Garden in the King’s Road to buy some flowers for my room.”

She visited Lady Harriet Sullivan in Hamilton Place, “a new street nearly at the top of Piccadilly, opening with gardens into the Park—a most delightful situation.”

In a charming little book called *Wanderings in Piccadilly*, Mr. Beresford Chancellor says that the above street was so named after the Hamilton who was Ranger of Hyde Park during the reign of Charles II. “The houses in this street were rebuilt by Adam in 1809 (?), but it was not until sixty years later that the street was carried through to Park Lane, and became its chief outlet into Piccadilly.”

“*Hunsdon House, April 19th.*—It is snowing as hard as possible. A letter from General Calvert with the unwelcome news that my beloved Felix is ordered upon immediate service, under the command of Sir John Moore. It is a great shock to me, but God’s will be done. Their destination is Sweden.

<sup>1</sup> *Memoirs of Viscount Melbourne*, by W. M. Torrens, chapter 1, page 12.

<sup>2</sup> Biaggio Rebecca (1735–1808), a well-known painter and Associate of the Royal Academy, was a native of Italy, and excelled in decorative painting. Together with Cipriani and J. F. Rigaud, he obtained a large practice, this style of ornamentation being much in vogue in most important houses towards the end of the eighteenth century. Rebecca was employed in work of this kind at Windsor Castle, where his eccentricity and quaintness caused much amusement to the Royal Family. He died, aged seventy-three, at his lodgings in Oxford Street.



“ Sir John Moore kindly gave leave to Felix to come up and see us for a day or two. He arrived by the night coach, looking remarkably well. He delights in going this expedition, the only drawback to his happiness is my not liking it. He says I was his first thought when he heard of it. Dear boy, he is everything I can wish. He went yesterday with James Knox to Englehart,<sup>1</sup> the painter, as he is getting his picture done for me.

“ *April 25th.*—My spirits are much depressed at my beloved boy's going. Dr. Butler<sup>2</sup> visited me this morning; he spent yesterday in company with General Moore, who is a most charming, amiable man. He asked Dr. Butler a great many questions about Felix. I have not seen him this morning, as he went at nine o'clock to Englehart about his picture. I hope it will be like. It will be such a comfort to me in his absence.

“ *April 27th.*—Yesterday was indeed a most dismal day to me, as I parted with my beloved Felix. He brought me his picture which is the very image of him. We dined at half past four, as he was to set off at six. A most dismal dinner it was indeed. I will not dwell on that, or our leave taking—indeed, words could not express what I felt.

“ We talked of nothing but him yesterday evening, and agreed that there never was a boy so improved in every respect. His picture was under my pillow last night. I must take it to Englehart to be finished. I hope he will not keep it long, for it is my greatest comfort, and I look at it five hundred times a day.

“ *April 29th.*—I continued very melancholy all Wednesday, and indeed I am not over and above gay now, though everyone says it is a most desirable expedition, and attended with hardly any risk. Never was any-

<sup>1</sup> George Engleheart, a celebrated miniature painter, exhibited at the Royal Academy from 1773 to 1812, close upon forty years. In 1790 he was made miniature painter to the King, who greatly admired his work. He sometimes painted in enamel, but his principal works are on ivory, well drawn and coloured, and full of power (*British Miniature Painters and their Works*, J. J. Foster).

<sup>2</sup> Head Master of Harrow.

thing like my dear husband's attention and affection to me.

"The accounts in the papers from Sweden are good. They say the Russians are retreating.

"*April 30th.*—I got in yesterday at Lady Limerick's. She is dreadfully out of spirits. Glentworth is behaving as ill as he possibly can, and they are much afraid of his making a most dreadful match. Limerick has solemnly sworn that in that case, he will never see him more. I had a letter from Felix this morning, saying they were to embark to-day from Ramsgate, a most delightful day—wind quite fair. May he come back soon, safe and covered with glory!

"*May 3rd.*—Limerick has set off for Ireland to bring away Glentworth if he can. They hope he is not married, but if he is, he will break it if possible. The young lady, I hear, is beautiful and pleasing, and only seventeen. I rather pity the poor girl.

"*May 4th.*—I begin a new Science to-day—shoe-making. It is all the fashion. I had a master with me for two hours, and I think I shall be able to make very nice shoes. It amuses and occupies me, which at present is very useful to me.

"I went last night to Mrs. Beadon's, a dull enough party, but in truth I am not in spirits to be amused anywhere.

"*May 5th.*—At half past ten last night, I went to Lady Eliot's, who was to have an Assembly. Upon driving to the door, the servants informed me that something had happened, which prevented her seeing Company. I could not find out *what*, but this morning I find there are great fears that Lord Royston is lost, coming from Russia; he is her nephew, Lord Hardwicke's son, an uncommon clever young man.<sup>1</sup> I have just finished a shoe by myself.

"*May 8th.*—Took the children with me in the open

<sup>1</sup> Philip, Viscount Royston, was lost in a storm off Lübeck, April 1st, 1808. Lord Hardwicke's two remaining sons died young.

carriage to Kensington Gardens, where they walked and I sat. My sister and I went to the Play. It was 'Caractacus,'<sup>1</sup> a Ballet—very stupid, and I think very improper to represent on our stage at present—an English King going conquered in chains to Rome! All the fighting made me melancholy, and I went home at night quite dispirited.

"May 9th.—I do not like the accounts to-day from Finland. My mind is in a constant state of anxiety, and it is so hard to arrive at the truth. I am amusing myself at present reading Voltaire's 'Life of Charles the Twelfth,' everything relating to Sweden interests me.

"May 11th.—I received a letter yesterday from Yarmouth Roads, from my beloved Felix. He says they are very tired of being detained, and a senior officer had come on board and deprived him of his cot, so that he was obliged to sleep on the floor in a tiny cabin. My Mother called on me yesterday morning to tell me of the death of poor Kitty Forde, Lady Darnley's sister.<sup>2</sup> Her death was very sudden. She appeared perfectly well, dined out—went to a Ball, and while playing at cards, was taken ill, and died in the carriage going home. She was expecting a child for the *six and twentieth time*!<sup>3</sup> She is universally regretted, being a most amiable woman.

"May 12th.—I went to see my Mother in the evening, and stayed a short time, but was forced to return, for my coachman nearly tumbled off drunk, from the box. I insisted upon getting out in Park Lane, and walked back to my Mother's, and my sister's carriage took me home. I have forgiven my coachman this once.

<sup>1</sup> *Caractacus*, by W. Mason, was published 1759. It was styled by Horace Walpole "a barbarous exhibition." Dr. Doran, on the contrary, pronounces it "a noble effort."

<sup>2</sup> She was Catherine, eldest daughter of the Rt. Hon. William Brownlow of Lurgan, and married in 1782 Matthew, eldest son of Matthew Forde of Seaforde, by his wife Elizabeth Knox, sister of Thomas, 1st Viscount Northland.

<sup>3</sup> In twenty-six years! She married in 1782, and died in 1808. But I am assured by her grand-daughter that she only had in all twenty-one children.



" *May 14th.*—Glentworth is, I believe, certainly married. Lord Limerick insists on their not being admitted into the house should they come to London. What a feeling for a mother to be obliged to turn from her door a beloved, though offending child !

" *May 18th.*—I took my children to see my sister's supper tables and rooms laid out, as she was to have a ball at night. I went home and dressed, and then went with Mr. C. to Grosvenor Street. It was a very smart, good ball, but what made it particularly pleasant to me was that I heard an excellent character of my Felix. Captain Ewart saw him go off in his transport, which happened to be the first, and led the way. He stood upon deck, throwing up his hat and cheering, and the people on shore gave them three cheers. I slept in Grosvenor Street last night, and did not get to bed till near four. My Mother was there till past one. The ball was led off by Lady Sarah Spencer,<sup>1</sup> to whom my sister, in fact, gave the ball. The Duke of Gloucester was there, but the Prince did not come.

" *Hunsdon, May 21st.*—The accounts from Sweden are very unpleasant ; the Russians are succeeding in Finland, and the Swedes in Norway have been repulsed everywhere. Alas ! I tremble for what may happen when our troops arrive there.

" *Albemarle Street, Tuesday 24th.*—My Mother, sister and Mr. Knox visited me yesterday ; they have consented to James going into the army, and mean to get him a commission if they can in the 52nd.

" Felix writes that they fry everything *in oil*. Neither he nor Lord Wellington<sup>2</sup> much relish that. He says he thinks they are coming back to England, which he says would be an expedition *worthy of our present ministry*.

" We dined on Tuesday at Mr. Knox'. Lord and Lady

<sup>1</sup> Lady Sarah, daughter of the 2nd Earl Spencer, married 1813 William Henry, 3rd Lord Lyttelton, and died April 13th, 1870.

<sup>2</sup> This must have been a slip of the pen. Sir Arthur Wellesley was not created Viscount Wellington until September 4th, 1809.





MRS. FORDE OF SEAFORDE  
*From a miniature*



Rosslyn,<sup>1</sup> Lord and Lady Winchester, Lord and Lady Bulkeley, Mr. Jekyll (considered a great wit), Mr. Lyttleton (Lord Lyttleton's son), and Lord Gower (Lord Stafford's son) were the Company. I liked Lord Rosslyn very much, and, being one high in the army, I wish to cultivate his acquaintance on my Felix's account.

"Yesterday, Mr. C., Isabella, and I went to dinner at Limerick's. We found Limerick just arrived from Ireland. He vows vengeance against Lord Glentworth, who he has not seen, and declares he *never* will see him, but I hope he will relent. I am not for implacability.

"I have just had a letter from Edmond and Nicolson. Two Spanish grandees arrived yesterday to solicit our aid, they say, and it is also added that they bring word that several of the provinces in Spain are in a state of insurrection against the French, but there are so many lies, one does not know what to believe.

"*Hunsdon, Sunday evening, June 4th.*—On Friday in the evening I went to a concert at Lady Salisbury's. Catalani, Seboni, Naldi, and many others sung, but I believe I have not a *musical soul*, for I was very tired of it, and nearly asleep once or twice.

"This morning brought me a letter from my beloved Felix, still cooped up, as he says, on board their transports in Gottenburgh Roads.

"Isabella, Lavinia, and I went to Church to-day. I dined at three with them, and at five we went to pay Edmond and Nicolson a visit at Haileybury. I never saw anybody in such spirits as Nicolson. They got into the carriage with us; his little tongue ran incessantly; he is delighted with school. He has, he says, 'licked' some boys, and has been 'licked' himself, but he don't mind it.<sup>2</sup> I thought Edmond seemed very grave, but he assured me he was quite well.

<sup>1</sup> Sir James St. Clair Erskine, Bart., succeeded his uncle as 2nd Earl of Rosslyn 1805. He married 1790 Henrietta, eldest daughter of the late Hon. Edward Bouverie. She died in 1810; Lord Rosslyn in 1837.

<sup>2</sup> One hardly thought that "licking" was so archaic an expression.

*“Upper Grosvenor Street, Sunday, June 19th.*—On Friday I left Town with Mrs. Robinson, for Blackheath, soon after two, and in about an hour arrived at Lady Saltouns, where most of the Company were assembled. The Princess of Wales, and her mother, the Duchess of Brunswick,<sup>1</sup> were there. The Princess has certainly a handsome face, but she wears too much rouge. Her person is bad, being short and fat, and she had on a quantity of lace, ill put on, and some looking not too clean. She wore silver tipped boots, and was altogether rather a singular figure. She has no dignity of manner, and lets herself down very much by her giggling ways, dancing about wherever she is asked. The Duchess of B. is the image of her brother, the King—voice, face, and manner are so alike, you could not fail knowing that she belongs to his family. She kissed the Princess when she came into the room. Between four and five we went to breakfast, or rather, dinner. It was very handsome—a profusion of fruit, etc. etc. They began dancing on the Lawn behind the house. The Princess did not dance while I staid, but I heard she intended doing it later. At a little before eight Mrs. Robinson and I left Blackheath, and she set me down here. I was a good deal tired.

*“Tuesday, June 28th.*—Mr. C. and I dined at half past three on Sunday, and I took him to Waltham Cross in the evening on his way to London. He and Sir Joseph Yorke went on together. Isabella and Lavinia were with me. We got home about nine. Yesterday evening my Mother arrived to tea, and this morning she brought me a letter from my beloved Felix—still in Gottenburgh Roads. He is completely tired of being cooped up in a transport—their destination still unknown.

*“Upper Grosvenor Street, July 3rd.*—My Mother and I dined at three o'clock at Hunsdon on Friday, and set out in the evening for this place, where we arrived to tea. We found Mr. C. and Lord Carhampton had dined here, and

<sup>1</sup> The Duchess of Brunswick was by birth Augusta, eldest daughter of King George II, and married 1764 Charles William, Duke of Brunswick Wolfenbüttel.



Lady Arlington came in the evening. There is great news from Spain, and we are in hopes we are in possession by this time of the French fleets at Cadiz. I had a letter from my beloved Felix—perfectly well thank God, but still cooped up in their transports, and their destination unknown. We all went yesterday morning to a breakfast, or rather, cold dinner at Lord Spencer's at Wimbledon. Mrs. Beaumont went in the carriage with us. It is really a beautiful place, and the day being very fine, and an immense concourse of people all walking about gaily dressed in groups was very pretty. The Spaniards, who are come Ambassadors from the Patriots, who have risen to oppose Bonaparte, were there. They have not *l'air noble*, and I do not believe *are* people of rank, but two of them have rather interesting, sensible countenances, in spite of *olive* complexions. The Duchess of York was there—she is a poor little dab of a looking thing. The Dukes of Cambridge and Gloucester were the only other Royals present. Everybody was in high spirits at the Spanish news.

“Lady Anna Maria Stanhope received joy upon her approaching nuptials with Lord Tavistock. It is a monstrous match for her, and I should suppose that the Duke of Bedford must dislike it—Lord Tavistock is barely twenty—Lady Anna Maria *eight and twenty*. She is well spoken, and very pretty, but I think the connection (independent of the disparity in years) a very exceptionable one. It is said Lord Hartington<sup>1</sup> is to be married to Lady Augusta Greville,<sup>2</sup> Lord Warwick's daughter. He is, I believe, not older (at least very little older) than my Felix. I think it a terrible thing these boys marrying so young, but this match as yet, is only report. He certainly is very attentive to her. She is a very pretty girl, but I should imagine she is twenty, which is older than him by above two years.

<sup>1</sup> This match never took place. Lord Hartington, afterwards 6th Duke of Devonshire, died unmarried 1858.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Augusta Greville married 1821 Heneage, 5th Earl of Aylesford, and died 1845.

“ There is a report in ‘ The Observer,’ that Joseph Bonaparte (whom Napoleon had sent to be King of Spain) is killed. I hear the Duke of York has applied to be the Commander in Chief of the Forces going to Spain, that Council has sat upon it, and that he is to be refused, which I sincerely hope will be the case, he being by far the most unfit person to send.

“ *Hunsdon, July 4th.*—I mean to stay here as long as I have courage to remain, as I am to move to Town to lie in, but shall put off leaving the Country as long as I can.

“ *Tuesday evening, July 5th.*—Collings is just arrived from Town on her return from Brighton, and she brings me word that the 2nd Battalion of the 52nd are under orders for Spain. My poor sister, she says, is in despair, as James, who is just gone into the 52nd is to go with them. I pity her from my heart. The news from Spain continues to be good, but alas, there is a great deal to do yet !

“ *Thursday evening, July 7th.*—Yesterday morning we received a letter from Walter, stating a melancholy event. Poor Tom Calvert (son to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Calvert) dropped down dead on Monday night, or rather, Tuesday morning, while dancing a reel at Lady Campbell’s ball. Baillie<sup>1</sup> was sent for directly, who said he was dead actually before he fell. He added that it might be a satisfaction for his family to know that he could not have lived a year, his frame and constitution were so delicate. He was just twenty. I saw him, poor boy, apparently in perfect health at Lady Spencer’s breakfast. How much to be pitied his poor parents are to have him brought home a corpse to them !

“ Walter, who is returned from Town, has sent the

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Matthew Baillie, morbid anatomist, and brother to Joanna Baillie, was Physician Extraordinary to George III and lived in Grosvenor Street. He was a man of great talent and acuteness, and made some valuable medical discoveries. His health was ruined by overwork, and he died of phthisis September 23rd, 1822, at the age of sixty-two.

Morning Post here of to-day. There is no fresh news—I begin to long for a letter from Felix.

“*July 10th.*—Mr. C. received a letter from General Calvert to inform us that the Brigade under Sir John Moore is returning directly from Sweden—that they were to sail the 2nd so we may now hourly expect to hear of them being landed. I have not been so pleased as I otherwise should at my beloved Felix returning home, as I feel quite certain that they will be sent *directly* on some other Service. The accounts from Spain continue very favourable. I have driven most days to Hoddesdon to read the papers that come down by the coaches, to receive besides the one by the Post in the morning, a paper by the Hadham Coach at seven in the evening. We are at present *ravenous* after News.

“I had a letter yesterday from my Mother, who is settled very comfortably at Tunbridge, and expected Miss Flint and Fanny that day. I got a letter from my sister to-day from Tuxford on her way to Ireland. She is, poor soul, wretched at parting with James. He was gone (the day she left Town) to Ramsgate to join the 2nd Battalion of the 52nd. Poor Tom Calvert was opened. It was his heart, they say, and he could not have lived many months. He was dancing with Miss Walpole (Lord Walpole’s daughter) who fainted from the shock, and was carried home in a dreadful way. It must have been a terrible scene.

“*Tuesday, 12th.*—They have got excellent accounts from Spain. They have got possession of the French fleet in Cadiz—Sir John Moore not yet arrived. The King of Sweden and he had a quarrel—no particulars have, however, as yet transpired.

“*Thursday night, 14th.*—Very good accounts still from Spain. Sir John Moore not arrived yet, but a ship is arrived which passed through the fleet within a day’s sail of England, so they may be expected every hour.

“*Sunday evening, 17th.*—Bob (who is at the Parsonage; he came last night) visited me, and tells me that, just before he left Town yesterday, an account had come



to the Admiralty that Sir John Moore and his transports were arrived in the Town. I should be in the *transports* at it, only I feel certain that they will be sent directly somewhere else. Mr. C. has written to General Calvert to know if there will be any leave of absence given to officers; if not, he will go himself to see our darling. I have written to him to-day, and hope on Tuesday to receive a letter from his dear self. Mr. C., Isabella and I have been this evening first to call on the Burgoynes, who were not at home, and then to Mrs. William Smith's, Parndon.<sup>1</sup> We found *them* at home, and staid there till nine. He is a very sensible, pleasant man, and she is not unentertaining, and seems a good sort of woman. She is a little of a *blue stocking*, but really not unpleasant. They have ten children, five of each sort, and we were introduced to Patty's, Joanna's Julia's, Octavia's etc. etc. till I thought there was no end of them.

"I see by the papers that the 2nd Battalion of the 52nd are embarked for this new expedition. I am quite provoked with James for not writing to me before he embarked, as I wanted to know something about him, and their destination is unknown.

"*Albemarle Street, July 20th.*—Yesterday morning Mr. C. received a letter from General Calvert to tell him that the transports were gone to Spithead to re-victual preparatory to going to the coast of Spain, upon which Mr. C. resolved to go there to see our beloved Felix. We dined yesterday at three (as I determined to come this far with him) and left Hunsdon a little after five. We stopped coming into Town at Lord Limerick's. They made me stay and sup with them, and sent me home at night. Mr. C. had business, so could not stay, but met me here soon after eleven.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. William Smith was the father of Mrs. Nightingale, and grandfather of Florence Nightingale. The Smiths of Parndon were country neighbours. He was Member for Norwich and a pronounced Abolitionist. He was also a connoisseur of painting, and bought a good many pictures at Antwerp.



“ Mr. C. and I breakfasted at eight, and he set off soon after in a chaise with Byrne for Portsmouth. God preserve him ! He is the tenderest and kindest of husbands. I believe it is better for me not to see Felix ; the taking leave of him now, would be too much for me. The accounts from Spain and Portugal continue to be excellent, but where, alas, is anybody safe ?

“ I have ordered my bed to be put in the back parlor, against I come back, being the only quiet cool place in the house. Limerick is more outrageous than ever about Glentworth. Poor Lady Limerick is very low.

“ *July 24th.*—I have received a letter from Mr. C. from Portsmouth. He was writing with dear Felix sitting by him. He says he is very much grown, and delighted at the idea of going to Spain. The only melancholy moment he ever has is when he thinks of me.

“ *Hunsdon, July 27th.*—Mr. C. arrived last night, having left Portsmouth on Monday. Our beloved boy was just gone on board his transport and they were on their way to Portugal. Mr. C. says he believes Felix loves me better than everybody put together. He saw Sir John Moore twice ; he spoke very familiarly and kindly to Felix, who seemed quite at his ease with him.

“ *July 30th.*—I see by the papers that Sir John Moore is still at St. Helen’s from contrary winds.

“ *Albemarle Street, August 2nd.*—On Sunday I arrived at Hatfield House in time to dress for dinner. There were above ninety guests. The Judges, Lord Ellenborough,<sup>1</sup> and Chief Baron Macdonald were there. It was very hot, and I was very tired, otherwise I really should have liked it. I left Hatfield for Town soon after two. I sleep in the back parlor, which is a quiet, cool room, and I have not to go up and down stairs.

“ *August 6th.*—The Duke of York is certainly not to go to Spain. The idea of his commanding our forces has

<sup>1</sup> Edward Law, born 1750, soon attained eminence and celebrity as a lawyer. In 1801 he succeeded Lord Kenyon as Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King’s Bench, and the following year was raised to the Peerage as Baron Ellenborough. He died 1818.

created universal dissatisfaction. The Ministers even say they never thought of it, and that it was only an ill-natured story of the Opposition.

"*August 9th.*—Yesterday, hearing that there was great news from Spain, I drove to the Horse Guards, and General Calvert was so good as to come down to the carriage to me. He did not believe it, however, it turned out that he was mistaken. General Dupont has surrendered, after an engagement. All his troops are prisoners of war, and all his baggage is taken. His army consisted of twelve thousand men, and there was a reinforcement of eight thousand more coming to him, which are included in the capitulation, but they are to evacuate Spain, and return to France by sea. This news, General C. writes me word, must have the most favourable effect upon the operations in Portugal. How cheering this is! God grant this horrid Bonaparte, the oppressor of mankind, may be hastening to his destruction.

"My sister is very low at not hearing from James or Thomas, indeed, her sons are very negligent of her—how unlike my precious Felix! I don't think Lucy Pery mends; she is sure there is another needle in her leg, and, poor soul, she must dread it, for the pain of cutting it out is excruciating. How the needles got in, nobody can conceive—the one in her side was two inches deep.

"*August 10th.*—I drove with Mary Pery about the Town to shops, till near dinner time. There was a good deal of thunder, but from the rattling of the carriage, we never heard it.

"*August 11th.*—Lady Anna Maria Stanhope was married to Lord Tavistock<sup>1</sup> two days ago. The Prince of Wales gave her away, and brought her a present from the Queen, of a superb diamond cross. He gave her himself some fine ornaments of precious stones. The Duke of Bedford tied his mother's pearls round her neck, and

<sup>1</sup> Lord Tavistock succeeded his father as 7th Duke of Bedford 1839. He died 1861.

somebody gave her a fine lace gown. She was loaded with ornaments, and had a wig on, cried all the time, and looked very ill. But at seven o'clock, when she was going out of Town, she changed her dress, came down in a round muslin gown, with her own hair, a cross, and without ornament, and looked very pretty. She is at least six or seven years older than Lord Tavistock, who is not quite twenty <sup>1</sup>—foolish boy!!!

"*August 12th.*—I was bled yesterday, and felt remarkably well all day. My beloved husband arrived about four o'clock. Joseph Bonaparte has made a precipitate retreat from Madrid and carried off all the Royal treasures. I hope he may be intercepted.

"*August 24th.*—Thank God, I have a lovely little girl, whom I trust Providence will preserve to me. Mr. C. left Town last Friday, but I expect him to-morrow, and he is to bring Isabella to visit me.

"*August 25th.*—My little woman and I continue very well. Very good accounts in the papers. We have liberated Spanish prisoners from the Island of Funen to the amount of ten thousand, and are sending them to Spain.

"I was taken very ill last night, and thought I was dying. I sent up for Mr. C. and for Dr. Knighton, who gave me port wine, and cordial. I am now hourly mending.

"*August 30th.*—Mr. William Calvert came on Tuesday and churched me, and at five o'clock he came and christened the dear little woman. Her names are Mary Caroline Anne Felicia, after my beloved Felix, who is her god-father.

"On Friday the glorious news of Sir Arthur Wellesley's victories over Junot on the 17th and 21st arrived. I was very nervous till I got a note from General Calvert, assuring me that the first Battalion of the 52nd had not arrived in time. Poor Captain Ewart is wounded, but I

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Calvert makes a slip here, for Lord Tavistock was turned twenty when he married. He was born on May 13th, 1788, and married on the 8th not the 9th, as Mrs. Calvert states, of August, 1808.



hope not badly, and I trust James Knox is safe ; they expect hourly to hear that Junot has surrendered. I trust in Heaven there will be no more fighting. I have seen nobody for some days, but Lady Templetown for a few minutes. Isabella reads to me, and Mary Caroline Felicia smiles and grows, and with my great and little girl, I am very comfortable.

" *September 7th.*—Isabella read Molière's ' *Malade Imaginaire*,' to me—she laughed so heartily she could scarcely read. This morning I had a visit from Lord Longford, who is brother-in-law to Sir Arthur Wellesley, and has had two letters from him. They hourly expect despatches to announce the surrender of Dupont. Sir A. W. is now superceded ; there are so many Generals arrived in Portugal above him in rank (though probably not in merit) that he is only 7th in command. There has been no account of our troops being landed, but the transports were lying safe off the coast of Portugal. Lady Clare called to see me this afternoon. Her daughter, Lady Isabella Fitzgibbon was with her—a genteel, slim looking girl, of not quite thirteen. I don't think she will ever be as handsome as her mother.

" I hear Glentworth has been very ill, and I think there is a chance that Limerick will forgive him in time.

" *September 16th.*—The Easts came to me on Monday evening, Mrs. E. vulgar and loud as usual—Mr. E. quiet and gentlemanlike. Miss Anne Eliza the ditto of Miss Jenny Wronghead—pert and talkative—and Mr. Jeremy East a chattering pert Jackanapes—so much for my Company.

" Junot and his army are to evacuate Portugal and the Russian Fleet is to be in our possession till six months after peace is concluded between England and Russia. These terms are not as favourable as we were led to hope, but I must consider them good, as there has been no fighting.

" Felix writes from the Camp near Cintra that he is sleeping on the ground under tents made of the boughs of trees, which neither keep out cold nor wet. He was sorry



he had not brought his Camlet cloak, as his blanket did not half cover him. He regretted much not having been in the engagement, and envied James, who, he says, carried a soldier's firelock, and I don't know how many ball cartridges, and fired away at the French. He says that grapes are growing quite ripe on the road-side, but that he eats sparingly of them. He says the people in the villages they pass through, are very fond of them, and cry 'Viva, viva, en Angleterra and Portugal.'

"*September 18th.*—General Calvert paid me a visit this morning. He says that the greatest dissatisfaction prevails about the terms that have been made with the French—the King is very much displeased, and the Generals who signed it, will certainly be brought to an account. I took General Calvert back in the carriage with me to Kensington. When I came home I had a long visit from that everlasting gossip Lady Crofton. My Felix is now a lieutenant.

"*September 20th.*—Covent Garden Theatre is burnt down,<sup>1</sup> and many lives lost.

"*September 25th, Hunsdon.*—We left Town on Thursday to my great joy. Isabella, Mary Felicia and I. We found Mr. C. and the children in perfect health, and delighted to see us.

"*September 28th.*—Isabella and Lavinia read Homer's 'Odyssey.'

"*October 1st.*—A letter on Friday from Felix in perfect health. They had got into tents, but had neither got bedding nor baggage. James Knox had been ill from eating too many grapes, but is now quite well again.

"*October 2nd.*—Mr. C. and I are to set out to-morrow on a round of visits. We go first to Gaddeston Park, Mr. Halsey's.

"*October 6th.*—We arrived soon after six, dressed after dinner, and there was a great ball at night, and a large

<sup>1</sup> Covent Garden Theatre was destroyed by fire on September 20th, 1808, but as the managers opened the Opera House six days afterwards, the performers suffered little loss.

party in the house. Mr. Henry Brand<sup>1</sup> is very well looking and pleasing.

"It is a thousand pities that he is married to the divorced Lady Gordon. I like the Halseys much; he is a very well conducted man; she a good-tempered, merry little creature, but would not set the Thames on fire. Mrs. Halsey and I went in the donkey cart yesterday to visit the Miss Greens. I think the donkey cart the most disagreeable equipage I ever was in. I begin to be very impatient to get home, if only to kiss my dear little Mary Felicia.

"*Beechwood, October 10th.*—We found in the house Mr. and Mrs. Martin; he is a good sort of man, but vulgar. He made his fortune in the East Indies, and is now a banker. Mrs. Martin, though an apothecary's daughter, is elegant in looks and manners, and extremely pretty. Mr. Brown is a great astronomer, and mathematician; always wrapt up in the clouds, and consequently not particularly agreeable. There was also l'Abbe Vincent, who teaches the girls Geography and French. But I think *all* foreigners detestable. We played Commerce at night, and in the morning Lady Sebright and I drove to visit Lady Bridgewater.<sup>2</sup> We are going to the Hoo (Mr. Brand's) but Lady Sebright don't go.

"Oh, how I should hate to be married to Sir John!! He is, I think, the most disagreeable husband I ever saw. He was very cross to her this morning when she cried. I long for Thursday, the day we intend going home.

"*Hunsdon, October 13th.*—We arrived at Mr. Brand's about five o'clock on Monday, and found his mother, Lady Dacre there. I like her very much. She is about fifty seven, very pleasing, cheerful, and gentlewoman-

<sup>1</sup> The Hon. Henry Otway Brand, C.B., a lieut.-general and colonel of the 31st Regiment, who distinguished himself in the Peninsula War. He married Pyne, second daughter of the Very Rev. and Hon. Maurice Crosbie, Dean of Limerick, divorced wife of Sir John Gordon of Park, Bart., and sister of William, 9th Lord Brandon. He succeeded his brother in 1851 as 21st Lord Dacre, and died in 1853.

<sup>2</sup> Charlotte Catherine Anne, only daughter and heiress of Samuel Haynes, married 1783 General the 7th Earl of Bridgewater.

like. I have seldom been more pleased at anyone. Miss Brand is a sensible, pleasing woman, but plain. We left the Hoo this morning, and I was rejoiced to see my darlings again.

"*October 16th.*—My beloved Felix's 18th birthday. Heaven bless and preserve him. I have ordered the servants punch to drink his health to-night."

## CHAPTER VIII

Invalids at Madeira—Country visits—A famous brewer and politician—Affairs in Spain—Mrs. Calvert's anxiety—Death of Sir John Moore—Good news at last—Return of the troops—A happy meeting—The Duke of York and Mrs. Clarke—Burning of Drury Lane Theatre—Sir David Baird—Sydney Smith.

1808.

**I**N those days Madeira was supposed to be the only cure for consumption, but, it is to be feared, by no means a certain one. Mrs. Calvert mentions that Lord Claud Hamilton <sup>1</sup> died there (probably of consumption) and her cousin George Knox <sup>2</sup> had gone there with his wife, who was threatened with the same disease.

“1808.—A Russian and a French messenger are arrived from Tilsit <sup>3</sup> where Bonaparte and Alexander are. I dare say it is some insidious overture of the latter.”

At Paine's Hill, where Isabella Calvert and her mother went on a short visit in October, the company come in for a certain amount of criticism.

“On Wednesday morning Lady Clare<sup>4</sup> and I were mostly

<sup>1</sup> Second son of the Marquess of Abercorn; he was born 1787, and died 1808.

<sup>2</sup> The Right Hon. George Knox, D.C.L., fifth son of Viscount Northland, married 1805 Anne Staples, who died 1811.

<sup>3</sup> The Peace of Tilsit had been concluded on July 7th of the preceding year.

<sup>4</sup> Anne, daughter of Richard Chapel Whaley of Whaley Abbey, married 1786 John Fitzgibbon, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, created in 1795 Earl of Clare. He died 1802. His countess lived till 1844.



together. She *makes the good* amazingly before me, and really is very pleasant. She takes great pains with Lady Isabella's <sup>1</sup> education. In the evening a Mrs. Gunn, with three daughters arrived. I never saw such girls as the Miss Gunns! <sup>2</sup> They sing divinely and are very entertaining, but they are very impudent young women, setting their caps at every man they meet."

Their next visit was to Lord Limerick.

"On Sunday the clergyman of the parish dined and supped with us, an elderly man named Pettingall, and the greatest curiosity I ever saw. He does not want for information, but talks more nonsense than anybody I ever met with. He is too familiar, and too fond of wine for a clergyman, though he was not actually drunk."

A long drive of thirty-four miles took Mr. and Mrs. Calvert to Southill Park in Bedfordshire. Mr. Whitbread, their host, was Member for the County, and a very wealthy man. He was born 1758. His father, the elder Samuel Whitbread, had entered the Brewery as clerk, and by dint of hard work and good luck had become its owner before his death. His son married in 1789 Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir Charles, afterwards Lord Grey. It was perhaps partly owing to the rise in his social position that Mr. Whitbread was elected as Whig Member the following year. He was an eloquent speaker, and from the year 1809 till that of his death spoke more frequently than any other Member of the House of Commons. Latterly his mind became unhinged, and in 1815 he committed suicide at his town house, 35 Dover

<sup>1</sup> Lady Isabella FitzGibbon, born January 10th, 1796.

<sup>2</sup> The daughters of George Gun, afterwards Gun-Cuninghame, of Mount Kennedy, by Jean Gordon, his wife. They were at one period the most admired belles of the Viceregal Court of Ireland, one of them married Francis Jack, 2nd Earl of Kilmorey.

Street. Mrs. Calvert remarks in her shrewd way on the occasion of this visit.

“He is certainly a clever man, but I cannot help thinking that he and his wife Lady Elizabeth place themselves on *too high a form*.<sup>1</sup>

“I never was much more tired of being anywhere, or where, without rudeness, there was so little pains taken to amuse you. Lady Elizabeth has been, I believe, pretty, though there is an expression about her mouth particularly disagreeable to me. She is civil enough to me, but does not hit my fancy, and I dare say I do not her’s.

“The eldest daughter is just seventeen, but never appears except for a short time of an evening. She is always *educating*—understands Latin, mathematics, etc., but appears a modest unassuming girl, plain, with red hair, and a good figure.<sup>2</sup> I never saw so attentive a husband as Mr. Whitbread appears. Lady Elizabeth has a beautiful suite of apartments dedicated to herself, in fact she and her daughters inhabit a wing entirely to themselves. We go home to-morrow, to my great joy. My sister sent me a letter from James, who writes in very good spirits. He says the females are very handsome in Portugal—with beautiful eyes. James is very fond of the fair sex!”

Admirers of old miniatures may be interested to hear of

“a very beautiful one of Sir Walter Farquhar, beautifully finished, and a striking likeness. It is done by a man called Saunders,<sup>3</sup> but however much I may admire

<sup>1</sup> This is a curious but expressive phrase, which I do not remember to have seen elsewhere.

<sup>2</sup> Miss Whitbread married in 1812 William, 8th Earl Waldegrave, and died 1843.

<sup>3</sup> John Sanders or Saunders, born 1750, son of John Saunders, a pastel painter. He was a well-known portrait painter, and gained the silver medal of the Royal Academy in 1770, and was an exhibitor there the following year. He is mentioned by Madame d'Arblay in her Journal as painting a portrait of Princess Charlotte of Wales. He married about the year 1780 at Norwich a Miss Arnold of that town, and died in 1825, leaving five daughters and a son.

his work, I am not likely to employ him, as his price is a hundred guineas.

“ There are very proper orders in the papers from Sir John Moore, commanding good behaviour on the part of the troops. When they get on the frontier of Spain, they are to add the Spanish cockade (which is red) to the English.

“ The news from Spain improves. It is hoped now that a junction between Sir John Moore and Sir David Baird may be effected.

“ *Dec. 10th.*—Alas ! the various reports are enough to terrify one. I believe that our troops are retreating to Portugal, and Sir David Baird about to re-embark.

“ Mr. Warre called on us on Saturday. He has a nephew in Spain, aide-de-camp to General Ferguson. It seems we have been much deceived in supposing the Spaniards are so bitter against the French. On the contrary the peasantry say that if they are to be plagued with soldiers they would just as soon have the French as us !

“ *Dec. 18th, 1808. Three days later.*—The ‘Globe’ announces in the French papers that the French are in possession of Madrid. General Hope has joined Sir John Moore, and there is an easy communication between him and Sir David Baird. Moore, with his army is to march to the borders of Portugal, and by that means secure a free communication for provisions and troops to reach them. They say we shall have in all 80,000 men.

“ It said in one of the papers that when Sir John Moore was on the march several of the officers when passing through towns went off and danced till summoned by the bugle. I don’t imagine Felix was of the dancing party !

“ Lord Liverpool is dead. Lady Liverpool has been nearly burnt to death, but the papers say she is recovering.

“ 1809. *January 3rd.*—From the papers it seems likely that Sir John Moore and the French will soon have a battle. May God preserve my darling.

"Yesterday there was a report in London that the King was dead, but for this there appears to be no foundation.

"I have had a letter from my beloved Felix from Salamanca. He and James were in high spirits, and longing to march against the French, who they felt confident of beating.

"Lord Grimston<sup>1</sup> is dead. He has left £30,000 apiece to his daughters.

"*January 11th.*—At length there have been despatches from Sir John Moore. He had been obliged to retreat in consequence of Bonaparte coming suddenly from Madrid with such a force that he could not possibly have withstood them. He was arrived at Astorga and was to retreat to Villa Franca and if necessary to the coast. Mr. Knox writes to say that he had been at the Foreign Office, and they assured him that the Ministers were under no apprehensions for Sir John Moore's army. The Spaniards seem very slack in their own cause."

Unable to bear the suspense of waiting for news, Mrs. Calvert left Hunsdon for her house in Albemarle Street, where she writes :

"This is a most critical anxious time and I was much agitated all yesterday. I visited my Mother, and there met my sister, who astonishes me by her composure. She was going to the Opera, and wanted me to accompany her, but indeed I am in no *Opera humor*.

"*January 23rd.*—I have been so agitated to-day! Mr. C. heard the news last night, but kindly concealed it from me. He himself passed a wretched night. The first thing I saw in the papers to-day was that on the 14th the French had attacked our troops that were not embarked. The French were repulsed, but alas, alas! our gallant General Sir John Moore was killed, and Sir David Baird, I fear, mortally wounded. At first we knew not but that

<sup>1</sup> James, 3rd Viscount Grimston, married Harriet, only daughter of Edward Walter of Stalbridge, Dorset, and left two unmarried daughters.



the same might be the fate of our beloved boy. Mr. C. wrote at once to Lord Paget,<sup>1</sup> who is just arrived, to know if he could tell us anything of Felix or James. His answer was that *he was certain* their names were not amongst the killed or wounded.

“ Soon after General Calvert kindly wrote us word that the 52nd had marched to Vigo and there embarked, therefore our dear boys were not in the action. Poor General Moore! from my heart I lament. A cannon ball carried off his arm and shoulder and half his breast, yet he lived I believe an hour and spoke. He was carried into Corunna. Sir David’s arm was shot off by a cannon ball, and afterwards amputated to the socket of the shoulder, and it is feared that he cannot live.

“ *January 25th.*—The Gazette was published yesterday—Sir David Baird there are hopes of. He is, I believe, arrived in the Ville de Paris along with the remains of the lamented Sir John Moore. Sir John Moore, I have since found, was buried at Corunna.<sup>2</sup> General Hope<sup>3</sup> took his command. He is a remarkable brave officer, and his dispatch does him honor. Our troops behaved with unparalleled bravery, and the French could not stand them; had it not been for their immense superiority, we should have beat them to atoms. As it is, they had above double our number it is supposed killed.

“ Mr. Peter Moore,<sup>4</sup> a violent oppositionist, gave Mr. C. a horrible fright in the House of Commons. He told

<sup>1</sup> Lord Paget, afterwards 2nd Earl of Uxbridge, created Marquess of Anglesey 1815, a most distinguished officer, was born 1768. He was the gallant leader of Sir John Moore’s cavalry brigade in the Peninsula, and mainly contributed to the glorious result of Waterloo. He was twice Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He was a Field Marshal, K.G., G.C.B., G.C.H., and died 1854.

<sup>2</sup> The 9th (now the Norfolk) Regiment had the honour of carrying him to his grave.

<sup>3</sup> Sir John Hope, K.C.B., who for his gallant services in the Peninsula War was raised to the Peerage (1814) as Baron Niddry. He married 1798 Elizabeth, daughter of the Hon. Charles Hope Vere of Craigie Hall, and succeeded his half-brother as 4th Earl of Hopetoun 1817. He died 1823.

<sup>4</sup> Mr. Peter Moore was a brother of Sir John Moore, and Member for Coventry. He had three daughters, all noted for their beauty.

him there were *no* transports at Vigo, and that the troops that were there must be abandoned to their fate, and left behind ! Mr. C., in an agony, called Lord Castle-reagh aside, who assured him that there were two men-of-war, and plenty of transports for them at Vigo. This relieved his mind, in addition to Admiral de Courcy's gazette, announcing that he had left the Alfred and Endymion, and transports at Vigo, to bring away 3,500 men who had marched there under Generals Alten and Crawford. Oh, how I long to hear of their arrival ! Edmond Knox wrote a few days ago to a friend of his at Plymouth, and received per post this morning, the following answer, ' This instant (3 p.m.) I received your letter, and have made a few enquiries, such as time would permit, after your brother and cousin, as the army officers are now landing from Corunna. They are in the most miserable state, some without hats or shoes, so that should I see your relations, perhaps I may be of service to them. If I can, you may be sure they may command me. I will enquire of all the officers that land, and hope to be able to get scent, not only for the regard I have for you, but in hopes of assisting two *brave fellows*.' It is very comfortable to think that when our dear boys, please God, land, they will meet with a friend. Mr. Chilver told me to-day that Lord Paget told him that if he had an army of 50,000 men, ten of them cavalry, he would undertake to march all through Spain, and never enquire *how* many French there were in it. *What a pity that Ministers sent so few with Sir John Moore, and scattered those about. It seems to have been sadly mis-managed.*<sup>1</sup>

" *January 27th.*—I had yesterday a note from Mr. Ward of the Admiralty to say that they had received a letter from the Captain of the Alfred, dated Vigo, the 18th, saying the troops had all arrived safe there without any interruption from the Enemy. So far, so well, but alas ! the dangers of the sea, and there have been terrible

<sup>1</sup> How history repeats itself !

winds—every blast nearly kills me. One transport is lost with some of the 7th. A son of Lord George Cavendish, Lord Waldegrave's younger brother,<sup>1</sup> and others. Oh! Heaven preserve my boy!!! Sir Harry Bernard's son, aide-de-camp to General Moore, is dead of his wounds—in short, nothing but disasters.

“*January 30th.*—One transport with troops from Vigo has arrived at Portsmouth with the German Legion, but alas! alas! the 52nd are not arrived, and no one knows where they are. All we know is they were embarked altogether in a very large ship on the 13th but had not sailed on the 21st—when the transport which is arrived cut her cables and was forced to sea. They may be still there, and God grant they may! Otherwise, they must have been exposed to these dreadful gales. I have been this morning, first to the Admiralty—Mr. Warre came out to me—and then to the transport office, where I went into Sir Rupert George's who is at the head of it, to make enquiries. They all say they are not uneasy, but they would not tell me if they were. In short, I am at present, the most miserable of creatures—the wind roaring hideously. I must lay my pen down.

“*February 3rd.*—Yesterday relieved me from the greatest state of suffering. I had been in a state almost bordering on distraction since I wrote last—in addition, yesterday morning's paper announced the loss of a transport off Plymouth with troops on board, but two hours after I had read this, I had the inexpressible delight of receiving a few lines from my beloved Felix *himself* written on board a transport, the day before, off Dover, in which he said they were proceeding to Ramsgate. At the same time I received letters from Ramsgate written that evening from Esther Acklom, and another from Miss Bouverie announcing that he was actually in the harbour, quite safe, and that Lady Bridget had written a note to him to ask him to dinner the next day,

<sup>1</sup> Hon. Edward Waldegrave, born 1787, son of the 4th Earl Waldegrave, was unfortunately drowned on his return from Spain January 22nd, 1809. He was a lieutenant in the 7th Dragoons.



for he could not be allowed to leave his transport till then. I happened to have Esther's letter put into my hands before Felix's, so hers was the first to announce me the thrice welcome news. This has quite reinstated her in my affections. I hardly knew all yesterday whether I was on my head or heels. My friends joined in to congratulate me.

"My sister had a letter from James who was safe at Portsmouth, but I am sorry to say was to sail instead of marching to Ramsgate. The wind blew a good deal in the night, which made me feel very uneasy about him; that together with my flurry of spirits, would not let me sleep.

"*February 7th.*—My mind is all chaos. I have been so happy—so flurried. I dined with my sister on Friday, and Mr. Acklom came in the evening. He brought me a letter from my darling boy, and a most excellent account of his health, etc. as he had seen him at Ramsgate the day before. On Friday he marched to Deal, and getting permission from Lieutenant Colonel Ross to come to Town, stepped instantly into a postchaise with a brother officer, and was at my bedside at eight o'clock in the morning. I cannot describe my transports at seeing his beloved face—at seeing him escaped in health and spirits from all his perils and dangers. He is grown, and though thin, looks in most perfect health—very much sunburnt, which does not misbecome him. He was a most dismal figure as to clothes, as he had scarcely a rag to his back. I took him as soon as he was cleaned, dressed and breakfasted, to see my Mother, and then my sister. Poor fellow, he was nearly lost on the Needles in the Sunday night's storm, and I have since found that at Portsmouth their transport was given up as lost, but God Almighty was merciful, and spared him to me."

There is, surely, something of the joy of Heaven about the exquisite happiness of such meetings as this one.

"Yesterday James arrived in perfect health from



Portsmouth. I never saw him look so well. He had given Felix up. Mr. C., Felix and I dined and spent yesterday evening comfortably together. I am never tired of asking him questions. Colonel Ross only gave him leave to stay till yesterday, but General Calvert, with whom he was yesterday, got him leave from the Duke of York to stay till Monday.

"*February 9th.*—James and Felix amused us much with their accounts of Spain. They were in high spirits, and have not, thank God, suffered by all they have gone through. Felix was two days without eating, except a little bit of biscuit which he begged from one of the soldiers. Yesterday Mr. C., Felix and Edmond went to Hunsdon. I went to the Chapel Royal as it was fast day. The Duke of Cambridge and Princess of Wales were there. The latter looked like a *bundle of dirty clothes*. I dined and spent the rest of the day at home.

"I hear poor General Moore's conduct is much blamed. I dare to say Ministers would like to lay their own faults at his door. There is a great piece of work going on at present in the House of Commons. An examination of Mrs. Clarke, a mistress of the Duke of York's, who has been selling commissions in the army, with, as they say, the consent of the Duke. I trust it will prove that the latter part is untrue, and that she and her accomplice will be punished.

"*February 11th.*—I went out in the carriage with my sister. We visited the Limericks who are come to Town, and got in there, and at Lady Clermont's and Lady Rawlinson's. Sir James is with her. They all expressed the greatest interest about Felix and compassion for me during my anxiety. Indeed, Lady Clermont quite gained my heart, she appeared so sincerely interested. I must say I have met with a great deal of kindness on the occasion.

"*February 12th.*—Mrs. and Miss East sat with me some time. I feel great compassion for them, as they are reduced to very confined circumstances from the West India estates yielding nothing, and have been forced to

give up their carriage, which, poor people, they have done with a very good grace.

“*February 14th.*—We dined at four o’clock, and set off about five. Mr. C. went then to the House, and was not home till three. It was upon the Duke of York’s business, and he thinks it going very much against him.

“*February 22nd.*—Nothing talked of but Mrs. Clarke and the Duke of York.<sup>1</sup> At night I took Isabella to a dance at my sister’s. I felt very anxious about her appearance. I was rather disappointed; at the same time she looked very well, but her want of height is a great disadvantage. She danced tolerably with young Wingfield of the Guards, and young Hornby. We went home at two.

“*February 26th.*—I dined at four o’clock with Mr. C. that he might go to the House—Mrs. Clarke’s business still—God knows how it will end! I went at night to Mrs. Chaplin’s, and then to Lady Salisbury’s, where I staid till one in the morning. Yesterday I dined at home, and took Miss Graham at night to sit with my Mother. Mr. C. did not come home from the House till half past six in the morning. It was upon the Convention, and he voted against the Ministers—Opposition had a prodigious fine minority. A few more *such*, and Ministers cannot stand.

“L’Abbé Vincent says Isabella reads and writes French incomparably.

“*February 27th.*—My sister and I went to an Assembly at Lady Camden’s; the Duke of York, with a letter to the Speaker of the House of Commons, declaring to the House upon the *honor of a Prince* that he is innocent of

<sup>1</sup> This was one of the great scandals of that period, and led to the Duke of York’s resigning his office as Commander-in-Chief. Mrs. Clarke, his mistress, was accused of obtaining money unfairly by using her influence with H.R.H. She was a person of humble origin, but considerable fascination. She had a large house in Gloucester Place, and her extravagance was unbounded. It is said that her wine glasses cost four guineas a-piece, that she kept ten horses and twenty servants, and ate off the plate that had belonged to the Duc de Berri. She died in 1852 at a very advanced age.



MRS. MARY ANNE CLARKE





the charges against him, and wishing for a fair trial, and the witnesses to be examined on oath, which they have not yet been. This day week the discussion on that subject is to take place.

"I dined at my sister's, and went at night with Thomas and Edmond to an Assembly at Lady Carhampton's.<sup>1</sup> About a quarter of an hour before we went home, we were told that there was a dreadful fire in Piccadilly. I felt rather fussed lest it should be near me, but I soon found it was Drury Lane Theatre. I went up upon the top of the House when I got home to see it, and a most awful and beautiful sight it was. The whole sky was on fire, and I could see the building quite plain, the arches of the windows beautifully illuminated. Mr. C. did not get home from the House till near four, and was obliged to get up in three hours to go to Hertford to a meeting of Deputy Lieutenants.

"*March 5th.*—In the evening my sister and I went to an Assembly at Lady Salisbury's, where we staid till one in the morning. There I heard a great deal of conversation about the burning of Drury Lane. It seems to be a general idea that it was done on purpose. It is reported that the Prince of Wales had received some time ago an anonymous letter telling him that all the public buildings and great places should be burnt one after the other. They say the Theatre was set on fire on purpose. There is scarcely a night, but there is not a fire somewhere or another, and last night there came up an account from Oxford that Christ Church is burnt down, but no lives lost. Lord Limerick, who has been just here, tells me that Mr. Perceval told him yesterday that he received many threatening letters. It is said that a train of gunpowder was found under the Opera House. I know I feel so nervous about it, that I requested my Felix not to go to the Opera, as I expect to hear every night of its being burnt.

"On Wednesday Felix and I dined tête-à-tête, and went at night with Isabella to a dance at my sister's, where we

<sup>1</sup> Lord Carhampton lived at what is now Crewe House.

staid till past two. Felix did not dance. Isabella danced with Mr. Hornby, Mr. Walker, and Mr. Campbell. It was a great trouble to both her and me, her being obliged to dance with little Walker. He is such a comical, smirking little thing, and so forward that everyone was laughing at him. I feel a good deal disappointed and mortified about Isabella. I expected her to be prettier and more admired. If she did but take to growing, *all would yet be well.*

"Lady Somers<sup>1</sup> and her daughter have been here, and poor dear Edmond Knox to take leave of me as he goes tonight to Portsmouth to embark for the West Indies. God Almighty preserve him, and send him back safe from that horrible country!!!

"*March 10th.*—Mr. C. came to Town on Monday as I expected, and was in the House of Commons till near seven. The House sits every day now on the Duke of York's business. God knows how it will end! Lady Charlotte Wellesley, the wife of Mr. Henry Wellesley, and mother of four children, has run away with Lord Paget, also a married man with a lovely family. The Town rings with it. Indeed, it is too shocking to think of.<sup>2</sup>

"The Duke of York's business not yet over. It creates great ferment in the public mind. We have made peace with the Porte of Austria, and I believe are certainly going to war with France.

"Isabella and I went to-day to see the British Gallery of Pictures in Pall Mall. There is a picture there of Thomson's Lavinia, the image of Isabella, only handsomer.

"*March 19th.*—Mr. C. went down to the House at nine—still the Duke of York's business. There have been since that, several late days, and divisions upon it. Court and

<sup>1</sup> Anne, daughter of Reginald Pole-Carew, married in 1772, as his second wife, Charles Cocks, 1st Lord Somers. Her only daughter, Anna Maria, married 1797 the Rev. Philip Yorke, Prebendary of Ely.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Paget's first marriage having been dissolved by the laws of Scotland, he married in 1810 Lady Charlotte Cadogan (Wellesley), who died 1853.

Ministerial interest procured him majorities against the Sense of the country, but he *has resigned* as Lord Limerick informed me a little while ago. He certainly (I am afraid) knew of Mrs. Clarke receiving money, but at the same time he has been a most excellent Commander in Chief—more owing to the merits of those about him, than to any of his own, but he must be allowed merit for choosing them well. I am truly sorry he is turned out, and I hope in God it may not affect General Calvert.

“ I went at night to sit with my Mother, and afterwards Felix and I went to an Assembly at Mrs. Thompson’s. He looked very handsome. Yesterday I dined at Sir John Sebright’s. Mr. C. dined at Lady Cassilis’s—Felix at Colonel Beaumont’s. I went at night to Lady Cassilis’s. There I found Sir David Baird,<sup>1</sup> who had dined there. Poor man, I could not bear to see him without his arm. He is a charming man—so manly and placid in his manners, and very pleasant. His wound is healed, but his lungs appear affected, and I fear much he will never quite recover the dreadful blow he had. I hear it took three hours—the operation of extracting out of the pan of the shoulder the shattered remains of his limb.

“ Isabella and I have been this morning to Berkeley Chapel, where we heard Sidney Smith preach. He is reckoned a famous preacher. He is going to quit London, having got a living somewhere in the country.<sup>2</sup> This was his farewell sermon. Upon the whole I liked him, he commanded my attention, but I was disappointed in him—I had heard so much of him.

“ *March 23rd.*—On Tuesday and yesterday, Isabella went to Grosvenor Street, to be prepared with Fanny Knox for Confirmation. Mr. Butler, a clergyman, came for that purpose.

<sup>1</sup> Sir David Baird, K.C.B., was born at Newbyth December 6th, 1757, entered the British Army at fifteen years of age, and achieved high military honours, distinguishing himself repeatedly in India, at the Cape of Good Hope, and at the bombardment of Corunna, where he lost an arm. He was created a Baronet 1809, and died 1829. He has been called a good, but not a great, commander.

<sup>2</sup> Foston, in Yorkshire.

## CHAPTER IX

Influenza—Sir David Dundas—Vapour baths—Revolution in Sweden—Bishop Porteous' last confirmation—Lady Sarah Napier and her son—Mrs. Calvert on her travels—Lord Cochrane and the Varsovie—Isabella's first ball—The European Museum—Taking of Oporto—Lady Wellesley's anxiety—A false report—A famous victory—Haileybury School—The beautiful Lady Haggerston.

1809.

**T**HAT spring, Mrs. Calvert informs us, there was a visitation of influenza, and the Duchess of Bolton was one of its first victims. It was of a serious kind, though not perhaps so deadly as the Russian influenza of 1891.

A new Commander-in-Chief was appointed.

“Sir David Dundas<sup>1</sup> who is seventy-six, but I believe an able man. Many think that it is only temporary and that they mean to bring back the Duke of York. We have taken Martinique, and they say the news from Spain is favourable. But I fear poor Saragossa has at last fallen,<sup>2</sup> and Palafox is dead.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Sir David Dundas, born in 1735, was a collateral descendant of Sir James Dundas, 1st Lord Arniston. He was an able and distinguished soldier, constantly on service during the French War. In 1809 he became Commander-in-Chief, and held that appointment two years. He died in 1820. His portrait by Raeburn hangs on the walls at Arniston—not the least valuable of the treasures that most interesting house contains.

<sup>2</sup> The French took Saragossa February 21st, 1809.

<sup>3</sup> Don José de Palafox (1780–1847), the intrepid defender of Saragossa, lived for many years afterwards.



"My sister took me to Mr. Basil Cochrane's<sup>1</sup> in Portman Square. He is a man of large fortune—uncle to Lord Cochrane. He is civil and good humoured, but entirely engrossed with inventing Baths. He took me over his. They are Vapor Baths, and he sadly wanted me to go into one, saying it would infallibly cure my cold.

"There is a revolution in Sweden. The King<sup>2</sup> is deposed and the Duke of Sudermania,<sup>3</sup> his uncle, is appointed Regent. Whether this has been effected by French influence or not, time will shew."

Isabella Calvert and her cousin Fanny Knox were about this time confirmed at St. James's Church by the Bishop of London.

"Poor man, I believe it is the last time he will do it, for he looks dying. It was very affecting."<sup>4</sup>

In the meantime Felix and his cousin James had been recruiting near Battle, but not very successfully, for they only managed to get five men between them.

The next entry in Mrs. Calvert's Journal carries us back quite half a century, to the days when "lovely black-haired Sarah Lennox, about whose beauty Walpole has written in raptures, used to lie in wait for the young Prince, and make hay at him on the lawn of Holland House. He sighed and he longed, but he rode away from her."<sup>5</sup>

"On Friday I went to an Assembly at the Duchess of Leinster's, and chaperoned Miss Calthorpe, Lady Calthorpe's daughter. Lady Sarah Napier,<sup>6</sup> who I have not

<sup>1</sup> The Hon. Basil Cochrane died in 1816.

<sup>2</sup> Gustavus IV.

<sup>3</sup> He ascended the throne under the title of Charles XIII, but was deposed in his turn by Bernadotte.

<sup>4</sup> Bishop Porteous died on May 14th, 1809.

<sup>5</sup> Thackeray's *Four Georges*.

<sup>6</sup> Lady Sarah Lennox, fourth daughter of the 2nd Duke of Richmond, married in 1762 Sir Thomas Bunbury, and afterwards in 1781 the Hon. George Napier, who died 1804.

seen for years, was there. She is now an old woman, but really very pretty, and looks most interesting. She is stone blind, which misfortune happened to her since we met, and I really felt so affected when her sister Lady Louisa Conolly<sup>1</sup> told her who I was, that for a minute, I could only return the pressure of her hand, and falter out my congratulations on the safety of her son, Major Napier, who was also there, and who I had known as a boy. He was supposed to be killed at the Battle of Corunna, and his family had mourned for him. About six weeks ago it was reported that he was a prisoner and not dead. Lady Bathurst, who is niece to Lady Sarah, persuaded Lord Mulgrave to send a flag of truce to Soult to enquire about him, the result of which was their allowing him to come over here himself. It may readily be imagined, the transports of his poor mother. He is an excellent young man, and the best son that ever was, but very plain. Never was anything like the kindness he met with from the French Generals. It was a drummer saved his life when the French soldiers were going to kill him. Soult handsomely rewarded the drummer. Soult is going to erect a monument to Sir John Moore's memory. I think it is a fine reproach to our Ministry who are endeavouring to blacken his memory, instead of celebrating it. I hear his noble-minded mother has refused a pension on that account. People seem a good deal frightened about the times. This business of the Duke of York's has created such a ferment. I hear Lords Grenville, Buckingham, Grey, and the Duke of Devonshire, the heads of the Opposition, have grown frightened, and mean to retire from Opposition, and it is said Lord Grey has quarrelled with his brother in law in consequence, who is a terrible violent man. I hear they are going to bring charges in the House against Lords Sidmouth, Hardwicke, and *Mr. Yorke*.<sup>2</sup> God knows how it will all end!!!”

<sup>1</sup> Lady Louisa Lennox married 1758 the Right Hon. Thomas Conolly, of Castletown.

<sup>2</sup> The Right Hon. Charles Philip Yorke was born in 1764, and

Mrs. Calvert is never more amusing than when she is severe upon her own sex.

"*April*, 1809.—Miss Bouverie is going to be married to Mr. Forbes. She is terribly in love. He has very little, I believe, but a good character. They are to go to India, where he has some appointment. Lady Cassilis told me yesterday that she never saw anything like Miss Bouverie's transports at her approaching marriage. Whatever she may feel, I think it very indelicate for a woman to show such joy."

Our heroine was undoubtedly a nervous, highly-strung person, and the terrors that she suffered—sometimes quite unnecessarily—were to her very real. It so happened that early in April Mrs. Knox's eldest son fell ill at Dungannon of a fever, and Mrs. Calvert on the impulse of the moment started for Ireland with her sister. Although Mr. Calvert was the most indulgent of husbands, this seems to have been a step which, in a calmer frame of mind, she would not have dared to undertake without his sanction. The ladies travelled sixty miles without stopping; but by the time they reached Grantham Mrs. Calvert felt that she had not the courage to proceed further, and very unwillingly allowed her sister to go on without her. The agony of mind she suffered would have expiated a much worse crime.

"Here I am, quite alone—without even a servant! I have written for Timewell and James Knox to come for me in the mail, but they cannot be here till the day after to-morrow. What a dismal time I must spend—afraid of everything and everybody. I have sent to a library

was at one time of the Tellers of the Exchequer, and some time First Lord of the Admiralty. He was a friend of Mr. Calvert's, and his tenant at Boningtons, near Hunsdon. He died 1834; had he lived eight months longer he would have been 4th Earl of Hardwicke.

to see if I can get any books, though God knows I shall attend very little to what I read. There is a fair in the street. I have put down the blinds in order to exclude it and also to prevent myself being seen, for I should be quite shocked if any common acquaintance were to go by and see me here unattended. It would have such an extraordinary appearance.

"I trust Mr. C. will not be angry, but I do dread seeing him. If he is not angry, I shall not tell him I was afraid he would be, lest I should put it into his head.

"The noises of the Inn quite distract me. Yesterday was Quarter Sessions, and I had the Justices dinning and roaring in the next room to me. And to-day the Mayor and Corporation are to dine here."

This last prospect proved too much for the unhappy lady's nerves, and she took refuge in her bedroom, where she bolted herself in. Too terrified even to go to bed that night, she lay down without undressing.

"The good landlady is very attentive to me, and visits me whenever she has a moment to spare. Two of her maids sleep in the next room to protect me, and yet I can't be easy. What am I afraid of? I believe of my own shadow."

One feels quite relieved to hear of the arrival of James Knox and the faithful Timewell, who brought better accounts of the invalid, and a few kind lines from Mr. C. His wife reading between the lines felt sure, however, that he was "not pleased with her." He received her kindly when she reached Albemarle Street, but did not conceal the fact that he had been much displeased.

"There is bad news from Spain, and also great uneasiness about our Army in Portugal. Vigo has, however, surrendered to the British ships and Spaniards.

"*April 21st.*—A few minutes ago I heard the Park



guns firing, and I sent to enquire the reason. They have just brought me word that it was because Lord Cochrane had entirely destroyed the French fleet."

Later news affirms that.

"*April 25th.*—Lord Cochrane complains sadly at not having been seconded properly in his attack on the French.

"The French captain, whom he had taken prisoner, expressed a great wish to go on board his ship <sup>1</sup> in order to save his papers and charts. Lord Cochrane represented to him the great danger of doing this, as the ship might blow up at any moment. He seemed so anxious about the matter, however, that Lord Cochrane, willing to gratify him, ordered his boat to be lowered, and got into it with him. He called out 'Well my lads, who will volunteer to go with us?', and four or five sailors did so.

"When they got near the ship owing to the heat, which was very great, one of the guns went off, killing the French captain on the spot. At the same time, a little dog, terrified at the noise, jumped through one of the port holes into the sea. 'Damn it, Captain,' exclaimed the sailors, 'though it is a French dog we will try and save its life.' And in spite of the imminent danger they rowed up to the little dog and saved him. He proved to be a beautiful little creature, and Lord Cochrane has brought him to London. I wish he would give him to my sister, she would like it so much.

"*April 26th.*—There was an attack in the House of Commons on Lord Castlereagh for having bartered a writer ship for a seat in Parliament. The House sat till four this morning.

"*April 28th.*—I went in the evening to my Mother's. The Dowager Lady Lucan <sup>2</sup> and Lady Harberton <sup>3</sup> were

<sup>1</sup> The Varsovie.

<sup>2</sup> Margaret, daughter and co-heiress of James Smith, M.P., of Cannons Leigh, Devon, married 1760 Sir Charles Bingham, created in 1795 Earl of Lucan. He died in 1799, and was succeeded by his son.

<sup>3</sup> John, 4th Viscount Harberton, in Holy Orders, married October 31st, 1785, Esther, daughter and co-heiress of James Spencer.

there. Lady Lucan was uncommonly agreeable. She told me that Lord Spencer received from Paris a month ago the Memoirs of the great Duke of Marlborough, most magnificently bound, published in Paris, with a note saying that it was sent to him from the Author by order of the Emperor Napoleon.

"She says the Duke of Marlborough is Bonaparte's great admiration, and that he says there never has since the time of Caesar been a real good General, but him.

"At Lady Stronge's Isabella and I met Miss Cochrane, who is first cousin to Lord Cochrane and had got in her arms the little dog that he saved. They have named it Varsovie after the ship it jumped out of. It is a nice little pug.

"After that I called on Esther Acklom, and took her to Lady Somers' assembly. There was a very great crowd, and I really was tired of my young lady. She is such a flirt, there is no getting by any men, and she shakes hands and is so intimate with all the young men that I think it a most terrible style."

Poor Mrs. Calvert ! What would she think of present fashions? Isabella's *début* was naturally a matter of great interest to her mother. At sixteen she went to her first party, but, being then raw and unformed in spite of her good looks, the result was not altogether satisfactory.

"Isabella vexes me amazingly, she will not take any pains to hold up her head, and it really mortifies me exceedingly to see what a dowdy thing she looks. My expectations were, I believe, too high wrought about her, and my disappointment is proportionately great.

"*May 1st.*—Isabella promises me faithfully that she will take pains with her carriage, and I hope she will. It will just make all the difference of her being a fine looking girl, or one quite the reverse.

"*May 8th.*—Isabella and I have been this morning to see Sir John Sebright's daughters take their lessons in

dancing. They dance, I believe, remarkably well, but to see great tall ugly girls kicking and dancing about like Opera Dancers is, I think, disgusting."

Perhaps a classical dance, *à la* Maud Allan, would have been more appreciated !

"The Austrians have had a most dreadful beating.<sup>1</sup>

"Oh that horrible Bonaparte ! I really believe he is invincible.

"*May 20th.*—I took Isabella, Lavinia and William yesterday to the European Museum.

"There is a beautiful picture of a Duchess of Mansfield [Mansfeld],<sup>2</sup> who lived in the time of Elizabeth, and was reckoned the image of Mary Queen of Scots. I never saw so lovely a countenance. We saw the cap Charles I was beheaded in with several stains of blood on it, also two chairs belonging to Oliver Cromwell, and many other curiosities.

"I hear that Lord Hamilton, Lord Abercorn's son is very ill in the North of Ireland with a fever. Dr. Pemberton set off yesterday for Baronscourt. It is odd that he and Thomas should be ill at the same time. They are rival candidates for the next election at Tyrone.

"*May 23rd.*—Mrs. Campbell<sup>3</sup> has been sitting with me, very miserable, poor soul, about her husband who is with Sir Arthur Wellesley in Spain. I hear there is a report that Sir Arthur has taken Oporto, in which case there has probably been an engagement, but this of course I did not name to Mrs. Campbell."

The news was confirmed the next day.

"A dreadful disorder has broken out in the North of Ireland. They die as in the plague, in twenty four hours. It is really frightful, but people here seem to think of

<sup>1</sup> The French took Vienna in May, 1809.

<sup>2</sup> Mansfeld was only a Comte.

<sup>3</sup> Mrs. Campbell was the widow of Colonel Thomas Knox, and married secondly Colonel (afterwards Sir) Henry Campbell, K.C.B.

nothing but amusement. If Bonaparte was at their very doors, and plague, pestilence, and famine raging, I believe they would still go on in a round of dissipation.

"*May 26th.*—Yesterday I was awoke at half past eight by the Tower and Park guns being fired. It turned out to be for Sir Arthur Wellesley's having beat Soult and taken possession of Oporto.

"General Paget has lost an arm. He wrote to his mother, Lady Uxbridge.

" 'Dear Mother—You will hear that I have lost *a fin*, but I am very well.' The French cavalry could not stand five minutes before ours; we took them so by surprise that the English actually eat the dinner which was prepared for Soult.

"Last Wednesday the Ministers were beat by five on Colonel Shipley's motion concerning Lord Burghersh, who has been promoted contrary to the regulations. Though they were beat again by four last night, I dare to say they will not resign. Lord Cranley's *bon mot*, that they are like horses in a stable on fire, who won't stir out of their places, is an excellent simile.

"*May 29th.*—I had a great many visitors after Church. Lady Wellesley among the rest. She told me they were in momentary expectation of very interesting news from Portugal. Poor little woman! She is very much attached to Sir Arthur, and must be very anxious, but she carries it off very well. She brought two nice little boys with her. There are no hopes of Lord Hamilton, Lord Abercorn's only son.

"*May 30th.*—It was reported yesterday (for what reason I do not know) that Mr. Tierney<sup>1</sup> had shot Sir Francis Burdett in a duel. I hear there was a crowd all

<sup>1</sup> George Tierney (1761–1830) was elected Member for Southwark in 1796, and at once plunged into active opposition to Pitt, who accused him (1798) of want of patriotism, and for many years they fought a bloodless duel. Had Tierney been the contemporary of men less brilliant than Pitt, Burke, Fox, and Sheridan, his reputation as a debater would have stood very high, for his logic was strong, his wit ready, and his sagacity great. Like Whitbread, he sprang from the mercantile class.



the morning before Sir Francis' house to enquire after him.

" *June 2nd.*—An express had come to Dungannon to beg that Dr. Saunders might come to see Lord Hamilton as he was very bad, thought himself going, and had received the Sacrament.

" *June 7th.*—Last Monday was the King's birthday. It was the most crowded that has been seen for years. My room and balcony were full all the morning, and in the evening I drove about the town to shew the children the illuminations. I afterwards went to an assembly at Mrs. Fitzherbert's. The Prince, Dukes of Clarence, Cambridge and Kent were there. The Prince received me most cordially, shaking hands in his usual gracious way. I had a great deal of conversation with the Duke of Clarence. He spoke of Mr. C. in the highest terms of commendation, and said he was "a fine, noble, gallant fellow." Lord Hamilton is recovering.

" *June 25th.*—I have had a great shock—the 52nd are under orders for foreign service. The place of destination is unknown. Dr. Knighton is going to Spain for two months with Lord Wellesley, as physician to the Embassy. He is to receive £5000 from him and a guinea a day for life from the Government.

" Lord Stuart<sup>1</sup> is staying in Grosvenor Street. He is a very ugly, but I believe, a very good young man. He married without his father's consent three years ago, and has never been forgiven by him. He is only allowed £500 a year.

" *July 9th.*—A dreadful fire broke out last night in Conduit Street at a Miss Sturke's—a milliner. Her house and Mr. Frederick North's were burnt. The best part of his valuable library was saved, but all his beautiful furniture and curiosities from Ceylon were destroyed.

" Lady Catherine Stewart has just heard from her husband who is with Sir Arthur Wellesley. She says the

<sup>1</sup> Robert, Lord Stuart, married in April, 1806, Jemima, the only daughter of Colonel Robinson, R.A. He succeeded his father August 26th, 1809, as 2nd Earl of Castle Stewart.

Portuguese Generals are much surprised at seeing him and Sir Arthur riding about without a servant, for they never stir themselves without twenty or thirty. He gives a curious account of Chesta (?) who heads the Spanish forces. To begin with he is eighty-three. He is very methodical, and most superstitious, and sometimes so desponding that he won't speak for days. He never will mount his charger except on the field of battle and always crosses himself before he mounts.

"*July 18th. Hunsdon.*—Felix was to embark at Deal yesterday and James (Knox) was going also. I met Mr. Luscombe who took us all over Hertford Castle where the Haileybury School is to remove on the 1st of August.

"I never have Felix out of my head. His picture has taken its usual station when he is on active service—under my pillow.

"*July 25th.*—At half past one Mr. C. and I set out for Hatfield House. We went in a little German barouche which we have just got—the lightest thing imaginable. Mr. C. and I inside, and on the box (which is part of the carriage) Timewell and my footman.

"We dressed at Hatfield and went to dinner about half past four. The judges and about eighty people dined there. Miss Hale is to be married on Thursday to her cousin Cholmeley Dering,<sup>1</sup> which was the reason they did not come.

"The Austrians have concluded an armistice with Bonaparte for a month, and seem to be prostrate at his feet.

"*August 15th. Albemarle Street.*—We came to Town yesterday in the Barouche. On arriving we found that the Tower guns had fired on account of Sir Arthur Wellesley having beat the French, headed by Joseph Bonaparte. They had 45,000—we under 20,000. We have taken twenty pieces of cannon, and remained

<sup>1</sup> Cholmeley Dering, second son of Sir Edward Dering, born 1785, married 1809 Charlotte, eldest daughter of William Hale, Esq., of King's Walden, Herts.

masters of the field of battle, but I am sorry to say we have lost a dreadful number of men—5,367 killed, wounded and missing—an infinite number of officers. The French are supposed to have lost 10,000, but a few such victories would soon annihilate our army. Mr. C. went to Brooke's to get particulars, and to procure, if he could, an account of the killed and wounded (the Gazette was not published till this morning). He got what he thought an accurate list, and finding General Campbell's name not among them, I instantly wrote off to my poor friend Mrs. Campbell to tell her so, when, alas! the Gazette announces him this morning as severely though not dangerously, wounded. I am sincerely grieved for her, and quite vexed that I should have written, but I did it for the best. Bonaparte was forty yesterday. There has long been a prophecy that after that age he would not prosper. God grant it may be true!

“Mrs. Campbell has had a letter from her husband assuring her that his wound was not dangerous. A musket ball entered his nose and passed through his ear, which it tore in a dreadful way. But he declares that neither his sight nor hearing are affected. No fresh news, but the surrender of Flushing is hourly expected. I had a visit on Thursday from Lady Haggerston, Mrs. Fitzherbert's sister. I enquired after Mrs. F. but from the coolness of her answer, I fancy they are not on good terms. What a beautiful creature Lady Haggerston still is!”

## CHAPTER X

The Walcheren Expedition and its result—A ball at Hatfield House—Arrival of Felix—Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning fight a duel—Riots at Covent Garden—Professor Malthus—A visit to Ramsgate—Jubilee of George III—Lord Cranley as a poet—The fair Francesca—A Royal divorce.

1809.

THE object of the Walcheren Expedition, as we need hardly remind our readers, was to destroy Napoleon's fleet and arsenals on the Scheldt, the troops that usually defended them having been withdrawn in order to take part in the Austrian campaign. The attacking force—nearly 40,000 strong—was commanded by the Earl of Chatham,<sup>1</sup> while Sir Richard Strachan, with thirty-five ships of the line was to co-operate with the land forces. Owing to a want of energy or initiative on the part of its general, the expedition was a miserable failure.

"Great Chatham, with his sabre drawn,  
Stood waiting for Sir Richard Strachan,  
Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em,  
Stood waiting for the Earl of Chatham."

The above epigram probably describes the situation. The disastrous result was predicted by Napoleon, who, however, afterwards admitted that Antwerp could have

<sup>1</sup> John Pitt, 2nd Earl of Chatham, K.G., born September 10th, 1756. He married July 9th, 1783, the Hon. Mary Elizabeth Townshend, daughter of Thomas, 1st Viscount Sydney. He died September 24th, 1835, when the Earldom became extinct.



been captured by a sudden assault. But the French were given time to escape to Antwerp, and a glorious opportunity thus lost. The expedition was withdrawn almost directly, but the garrison of 15,000 men, who were left to defend the island of Walcheren, suffered most severely from its pestilential swamps. Chatham's failure provoked a storm of recrimination from Parliament. He was nevertheless promoted to the rank of general in 1812, and on the death of the Duke of Kent in 1820 he was made Governor of Gibraltar. He held that appointment until his death in 1835, which took place at his house in Charles Street, Berkeley Square.

"*August 28th.*—I had the delight of getting a letter from my beloved Felix from South Beveland. He says 'it is not known whether they are to proceed or retreat, but it appears that at Antwerp there is a great force to resist them. There is a great deal of sickness in the army, and the climate—particularly in Autumn—is a most unwholesome one. This business seems to have been most miserably conducted, so much delay that the French have had time to collect a large force at Antwerp, and it would be madness for us to attack them.' Sir Arthur Wellesley is made Baron Douro and Viscount Wellington of Talavera. I cannot say I think he has done anything to deserve such promotion."

We wonder how long it was before Mrs. Calvert changed her mind !

"*September 5th.*—A letter from Edmond Knox from on board the *Félicité* at Antigua written in the highest health and spirits. Sir Alexander Cochrane had appointed him to the Pull tusk <sup>1</sup> Brig, and had promised

<sup>1</sup> Pulltuska is a town in Russia, where a battle was fought December 26th, 1806, between the Russians and the French, under Lannes. In allusion to his brig and its singular name, Edmond Knox wrote

him a fine sloop soon.<sup>1</sup> He says the West Indies are perfectly healthy but very expensive."

In the midst of her anxiety, Mrs. Calvert received an invitation to a dance at Hatfield House, and "bespoke" for Isabella a very

"pretty muslin dress with fine lace let into it. I am going there as I don't like to disappoint her. Otherwise, alas! I am not in the humor for a ball."

The entertainment was, however, a great success. Isabella

"looked very well, and danced very well, and really was very much admired. I never saw anyone so happy as she was in my life, and indeed I was very much gratified and pleased."

"*September 21st.*—Just as we had left the parlor yesterday evening my beloved Felix unexpectedly arrived. He looks extremely well, is grown tall, and, in short, I was enchanted to see him. He has only got leave of absence for three or four days.

"*September 27th.*—Poor Mrs. Campbell is low about the General, and talks of going out to Lisbon to him. The wound don't heal, and the muscles of his jaw are quite immovable. They can just force a teaspoon with a little liquid into his mouth.

"The Ministry are, I believe, certainly to be changed, but nothing is yet arranged. Mr. Canning and Lord Castlereagh fought a duel a few days ago. Mr. Canning has been wounded in the thigh, but is doing well. It is supposed to have been occasioned by this late expedition.<sup>2</sup>

long afterwards: "I was appointed in 1809 to the command of the *Pull-tusk*. Charles Napier had her before me; he had on the men's hats a Russian drawing a Frenchman's tooth!"

<sup>1</sup> Captain Knox, though a keen sailor, retired from the Navy when peace was proclaimed in 1814.

<sup>2</sup> "Believing that Canning had been intriguing against him behind his back, Lord Castlereagh demanded satisfaction. Such events

“Covent Garden, which opened last week, has been a scene of terrible confusion owing to the price of admission being raised, and also objecting to Catalani’s performing.<sup>1</sup> In consequence she has relinquished her engagement and the Theatre is shut up until some arrangement is made about the prices. They performed, I think four nights, during which time not a word could be heard of the performance.

“*Hunsdon, October 8th.*—On Friday I went in the barouche to Hertford to make some visits. We got in at Mrs. Malthus’; she seems a pleasant woman. She is married to Mr. Malthus, one of the Professors of the College, a very clever man, who has written upon population.”

It was in 1798 that Mr. Malthus published anonymously his first Essay on Population, which affirmed that if population were permitted to increase at its natural rate, it would soon overtake the means of subsistence. Malthus was born in the county of Surrey in 1766. He was ordained and afterwards travelled much in the North of Europe, making notes of whatever he saw. A very clever man, of great accuracy and knowledge of human nature, he exercised much influence over public opinion, and his books were largely read even by those who differed from his principles. He was appointed Professor

provoked little censure in those days, but their enmity broke up the Government” (*The Political History of England*, by William Hunt and Reginald Poole, M.A., Vol. XI).

<sup>1</sup> “In ten months a new Covent Garden Theatre had arisen, built by Smirke, on the model of the Acropolis of Athens, at a cost of £150,000. The expense being so heavy, the proprietors raised the price of admission to the boxes from 6s. to 7s., and to the pit from 3s. 6d. to 4s. The house opened on September 18th, 1809, with *Macbeth* and *The Quaker*. The audience was dense and furious, and sat with their backs to the stage, or stood on their seats to hiss and hoot the Kemble family especially, and not a word of the performance could be heard. Such was the first of nearly seventy nights of riot, called the O.P. (old price) Riots” (*Their Majesties’ Servants*, Dr. Doran).

of Political Economy at the College of Haileybury in 1805, and remained there until his death in 1836. He married in March, 1804, Harriet, daughter of John Eckersall of Claverton House, St. Catherine's, near Bath, where he died suddenly of heart disease on December 23rd, 1834, and he was buried in the Abbey Church at Bath.

A Captain Gosselin, a sailor, whose acquaintance Mrs. Calvert made about this time, told her that he had taken Sir John Moore to Sweden, and was to have brought him back from Spain. He was in the room with him when he died.

*" Albemarle Street, October 15th.*—The riots at Covent Garden still continue. I hear that when Lord Mulgrave went to the King to speak to him about Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning, he stopped him before he could say a word, exclaiming, 'I know two Cabinet Ministers have fought a duel, but I don't want to hear any more about them.' "

Towards the end of that month Mrs. Calvert and Isabella went to stay with the Knoxes at Ramsgate.

" We slept at the George Inn, Sittingbourne, breakfasted at Canterbury, and arrived at two o'clock. We found no one but Mr. Knox and Fanny, as my sister, Thomas and Edmond had sailed to the Downs."

Amusements were simple in those days, and young people easily pleased. The next night

" Lady Wellington dined here ; in the evening came the Duchess of Manchester,<sup>1</sup> Lady Saltoun,<sup>2</sup> her son Lord Saltoun, and two daughters, and several other people.

<sup>1</sup> William, 5th Duke of Manchester, married 1793 Lady Susan Gordon, daughter of Alexander, 4th Duke of Gordon.

<sup>2</sup> Alexander, 15th Baron Saltoun, married 1784 Margaret, daughter of Simon Fraser, and died 1793.



There was a fiddle, and twelve couples danced till past twelve o'clock. Isabella was, of course, very happy.

"Nothing is talked of here but the approaching Jubilee on the King's having reigned fifty years; a most absurd business. Lady Emily Percy is to be married to Lord James Murray,<sup>1</sup> and Lord Douglas to Miss Susan Beckford, who is, I am told, the most beautiful, fascinating, and accomplished of creatures."

Lady Douglas, afterwards Duchess of Hamilton, was indeed a wonderful musician, a great beauty, and a faithful friend. But, in spite of all this, her life was a very unhappy one, and full of bitter disappointments.

"1809. *October 24th*.—It was reported here yesterday that Princess Amelia was dead; should that be true, there would be no Jubilee, which would be no loss.

"*October 27th*.—A transport arrived with sick from Walcheren. Lady Dering fortunately told me they were landing on the Pier, for I should not like to have gone among them. One was brought on shore dead, and another dropped down dead going into the barracks. They were, I hear, a most deplorable spectacle. They say the illness is decreasing at Walcheren, but they are in prodigious want of fresh provision, bark and port wine; the two last being quite indispensable.

"*October 29th*.—Yesterday we dined at Mrs. Townley's. There were sixteen at dinner, among the rest the Duchess of Manchester, who is lively, pleasant, and eccentric. The papers declare that Bonaparte is mad, but for this I fear there is no foundation. Peace was signed between France and Austria on the fourteenth of this month.

"*November 3rd*.—The riots at Covent Garden are worse than ever, and begin to assume a most terrifying aspect. They stormed Kemble's house, and broke all

<sup>1</sup> General Lord James Murray, K.H., afterwards created Lord Glenlyon. Married May, 1810, Lady Emily Frances Percy, fourth daughter of Hugh, 2nd Duke of Northumberland, K.G. His eldest son succeeded his uncle as 6th Duke of Atholl in September, 1846.

his windows. They set their faces *particularly against the private boxes.*

"1809. November 9th.—Lord Cranley<sup>1</sup> visited us again yesterday evening. He had been making verses on a very ridiculous occurrence, Mrs. Chaplin taking a cloak of mine last May from an Assembly at Lady Somers'. I missed my comfortable cloak, but never knew who had taken it till a few days ago, when I met her walking with it on. I instantly challenged it and she owned she had taken it as she could not find her own. I expected as soon as I claimed it she would send it back. No such thing, but at last, after her friends the Warres had over and over again represented to her the impropriety of her keeping what did not belong to her, I received the following note :

" ' My DEAR MADAM,

" ' I forgot to tell you yesterday that since you claim the brown cloak, it has never been worn, and if you like to have it after my use of six months I beg you will say so, and it shall be returned.

" ' Yours sincerely,

" ' BETTINA CHAPLIN.' "

" I returned the following answer :

" ' DEAR MADAM,

" ' I am quite sorry you have had the trouble of writing a note about the cloak, which is of no sort of consequence. If you like to give it to my maid, I dare to say she will be very thankful, and not mind your having worn it.

" ' Sincerely Yours,

" ' F. C.' "

Would it be possible to stab anybody with more politeness ?

<sup>1</sup> Arthur George, afterwards 3rd Earl of Onslow. He was born 1777, and married in 1818 Mary, eldest daughter of George Fludyer of Ayston, Rutlandshire. He died 1870, and was succeeded by his grand-nephew, the present Earl of Onslow, G.C.M.G.

“ The cloak accordingly was sent home, and Timewell looks very smart in it, but it is an odd transaction for a gentlewoman.

“ Lord Cranley has written the two following copies of verses on the occasion :

“ ‘ That Bettina should steal lovely Calvert’s best cloak,  
Was not moral, nor civil, and not a good joke.  
If each woman who wore it could look like you in it,  
I think you would lose a cloak every minute.  
The humble petition of F. C. to Bettina Chaplin, widow, etc.,  
I venture, dear Madam, with humble submission,  
To submit to your notice my present petition,  
And to trust to that candour, good breeding and taste,  
With which all your acquaintance must feel you are graced  
I can’t fail in my object, I’m sure of success.  
You’ll meet my ideas, I shall meet your redress,  
And I really imagined before I had spoke,  
You’d have saved this petition, by sending my cloak.  
To the loss of your *Own*, you of course must resign,  
There’s no reason in Ethics why I should lose mine.  
So depend on’t dear Betty to-morrow I’ll call.  
I’m determined I won’t lose my time or my shawl.  
The men will all tell you again and again,  
Nature never ordained me to sue much in vain.  
Don’t be deaf to entreaty, my case is distressing,  
Though I’m undressed by you, yet I owe you a dressing.  
Therefore, take my advice, and let this be your line,  
Get a cloak for your conduct, but send me back mine.’

“ ‘ An irregular ode to her Cloak, by the Hon. F. C. after the manner of that sublime work entitled “ This is the House that Jack Built.”

“ ‘ This is the cloak that I lost,  
This is the lady all forlorn,  
By whom the poor cloak was so tattered and torn,  
And for five or six months so indecently worn.  
The cloak of the fair Francesca,  
This is Francesca’s own favourite maid,  
Who declared to her Lady, “ She was not afraid,  
In earnest or joke  
To accept of the cloak

Which the lady forlorn  
 Had so shamefully torn,  
 And for so many months so indecently worn."  
 The cloak of the fair Francesca,  
 This is the man who applauded the maid  
 For telling the Lady "she was not afraid,"  
 And for claiming her right,  
 In truth and in spite,  
 Of the vile machinations  
 And black speculations  
 Of the lady forlorn,  
 Who so vilely had torn,  
 And so shamefully worn  
 The cloak of the fair Francesca.  
 And this is the man, who one truth will disclose.  
 He declares open war against any of those  
 Who appear in the light of dear Frances's foes.  
 The fairest of all Francesca's,  
 For this is a feeling he'll never revoke,  
 If 'twere even the very last word that he spoke,  
 He adores and he envies the cap or the cloak,  
 That covers the fair Francesca.'

"All these verses have made such a noise in Ramsgate that I hope, for poor Mrs. Chaplin's sake, it will soon be dropped."

On their way from Ramsgate, the Calverts stayed at Cobham Hall, Lord Darnley's beautiful old place in Kent.

"We found in addition to themselves, Charles Brownlow, Lady Darnley's eldest brother, and his daughter. I think I never beheld so affected a girl as Miss Brownlow. She was as entertaining as a scene in a play—die-away, and romantic in every action, indeed it made me sick."

Happily, this is a type wellnigh extinct !

"I cannot say Lord Darnley is a favourite of mine, he has so much hauteur about him. But I believe he is a





JOHN, 4TH EARL OF DARNLEY  
*Gainsborough*



very good man, and certainly he is one of the best and most attentive husbands I ever saw, and Lady Darnley is a most excellent woman, and has been beautiful.

"*Hunsdon, November 19th.*—Lady Harriet Cavendish is to be married to Lord Granville Leveson."

Lady Harriet was the younger daughter of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, very clever and extremely charming, as all will agree who have read her delightful letters. She is better known as Lady Granville, the popular Ambassadors who spent so many years in Paris, until her husband's failing health obliged him to give up his post in 1841.

Two nephews of Mrs. Calvert, Thomas and Edmond Knox, came down to escort her to the Hertford Ball, but this proved rather a disappointment.

"Isabella's figure did not look well, and her neck was more uncovered than she or I liked. It fretted me all the time, and so it did her, and made her stoop in order to hide her nakedness."

Poor dear Isabella! But brighter days were coming.

"Mr. Brand and Sir John Sebright were stewards. Mr. Brand led off with Lady Georgiana Cecil,<sup>1</sup> and afterwards danced with Mrs. Sheridan, wife of the great orator. She is a most dashing looking woman, and dances in a most dashing style."

Sheridan's first wife, the beautiful Miss Linley, died in 1792, and three years later he married a Miss Ogle, who had a fortune of £5000. She was first cousin of the Miss Ogle (Mrs. Wilmot) whom Mr. Brand afterwards married.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Georgiana Cecil married, as his second wife, February 27th, 1816, the 1st Lord Cowley, G.C.B. Her only child, Georgiana, married December 9th, 1848, Henry, Lord Dalling and Bulwer, who d.s.p. 1872.

" *December 9th.*—I had a letter yesterday from Edmond Knox, who tells me a ludicrous anecdote relating to Lord Wellesley's entry into Seville. The mob took the horses from his carriage, and drew him along. A woman among them, quite six feet high, was not content with that, but took his little Lordship in her arms out of the carriage, and carried him, kissing and hugging him all the time, to where the *junta* was assembled, and put him down among them, saying she had brought them the saviour of their country.

" *December 29th.*—On Christmas day my beloved Felix arrived in high health, spirits and beauty. I think he is much improved. On Tuesday he went out hunting on a new hunter, for which his father had given 100 guineas.

" Bonaparte and Josephine have, by mutual consent, divorced themselves, as they have agreed that for the good of France, it is right that Bonaparte should marry a younger woman in order to have children. It makes one sick to read their hypocritical expressions of affection, grief etc. at the sacrifice they are making for the good of their country, and the mean flattery of all around them is quite disgusting. Holland is to be annexed to Bonaparte's dominions. Alas! poor England. Everything seems to prosper with Bony, and we have such a set of dolts for Ministers that really it is most disheartening."





ELIZABETH BROWNLOW, 4TH COUNTESS OF DARNLEY  
*From a picture by Hoppner*



## CHAPTER XI

Twelfth Night—Lady Keith—Isabella goes to Court—Disappearance of the Hon. William Eden—His body found in the Thames—Miss Mercer Elphinstone—A change of houses—Capture of Guadaloupe—Sir Francis Burdett is taken to the Tower—Terrible riots in London—Marriage of Lord Ely—Felix Calvert is given a staff appointment—A Venetian breakfast—Attempted murder of the Duke of Cumberland—Release of Sir Francis Burdett.

*“ Jan. 3rd, 1810.*

**T**HE papers say that Princess Amelia is very ill. Should that be so there will probably be no Birthday, which would be a great disappointment to Isabella. She was to be presented on that day.

*“ January 8th.*—The children amused themselves on Twelfth Night dressing themselves in character, and they were very merry.

*“ Upper Grosvenor St., Jan. 12th.*—I went yesterday to Miss Hare’s to bespeak Isabella’s and my birthday gown. Hers is to be white satin and beads; mine yellow and silver. There are, however, so many reports floating about that there will be no Birthday that I have sent to her to suspend operations.

*“ I believe there will certainly be an American war—bad accounts from the West Indies.*

*“ After all Bonaparte has not annexed Holland as I thought to his territories. Lady Keith has produced a daughter—she is fifty years old.”*

This enterprising lady, better known as Queenie Thrale,

was a daughter of the celebrated Mrs. Thrale and married in 1808, as his second wife, Admiral Viscount Keith, one of the most distinguished naval commanders of the time. Lady Keith, who was, like her mother, the friend of Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Fanny Burney, lived for many years at 110 Piccadilly, and died in 1857 at the age of ninety-five.

' " *January 19th.*—Yesterday was a very busy day, being the Birthday. We were dressing, I think, all the morning. Isabella had a white satin gown, a petticoat of crape and beads, and seven white ostrich feathers in her head. She looked very handsome and yet, upon the whole, my expectations were disappointed. I was dressed in a yellow satin gown, the petticoat white and silver, my diamonds were new set, and looked very brilliant. We had quite a levée to see us, and maidservants without end. For the time of the year it was a full Court. The Prince and the Princesses, and indeed everyone I knew at Court expressed their surprise at seeing me with a grown up daughter. The Queen asked me how many children I had. I told her the number, and added that my eldest son had the honour of serving His Majesty in the Army.

" When she spoke to my sister, the Queen told her that her niece had just been presented to her, and said some handsome things of her, adding however, what did not gratify my vanity in the least, 'but she is not so handsome as her mother.' I would rather she had said the reverse. Princesses Augusta and Elizabeth and the merry Dukes of Kent, Sussex, Cambridge and Cumberland were there also, the Princess of Wales and the Duchess of York, but not the Prince of Wales.

" Isabella liked the drawing room very much. She heard around a good many praises of her beauty, which I dare say gratified her, and her manners were very good and very composed, but she did not hold herself well."

It seems that Mrs. Devis had much to answer for.



"Yesterday we visited Albinia, Dowager Countess of Buckinghamshire,<sup>1</sup> as she styles herself. She has built herself a house which she calls Hobart House.<sup>2</sup> It is '*at the end of the world!*' beyond Grosvenor Place.

"*January 25th.*—A dreadful thing has happened in the Auckland's family. Mr. Eden, Lord Auckland's eldest son, a fine sensible young man of twenty five, the idol of his parents, went out on Friday night, about nine o'clock, saying he would be home in half-an-hour. From that time to this he has never been heard of. His family are distracted, and hand bills are being circulated to try and discover what has become of him. There are great fears that he has been murdered, but all is full of mystery.

"*February 2nd.*—That tiresome Sir John Sebright came at eleven o'clock *to tea*, and stayed till half past two in the morning."

Query :—What could an unfortunate hostess do in such a case ?

"*February 16th.*—John<sup>3</sup> is just arrived from Sicily. He has grown so fat that he is not near so well-looking as he was.

"*February 21st.*—Sir David Baird, whom I like very much, called on me. He seems to have quite recovered the use of his arm.

"*February 27th.*—Mr. Eden's body has been found in the Thames. It was identified by his watch and seals. Mr. Percival has given his place, Teller of the Exchequer, to Mr. Yorke;<sup>4</sup> it is worth £3000 per annum. Last night we went to a children's ball at Lady Darnley's,

<sup>1</sup> George, 3rd Earl of Buckinghamshire, married 1757 Albinia, daughter and co-heiress of Lord Vere Bertie, and granddaughter of Robert, 1st Duke of Ancaster. She died 1816.

<sup>2</sup> Nothing remains of the original Hobart House.

<sup>3</sup> John Knox, her nephew, who was particularly handsome.

<sup>4</sup> The Right Hon. Charles Philip York, 2nd son of Lord Chancellor York, who died suddenly January 22nd, 1770. He was sometime First Lord of the Admiralty, F.R.S., F.S.A. Born March 12th, 1764, married July 1st, 1790, Harriott, daughter of Charles Manningham. He d.s.p. March 13th, 1834.

Isabella was extremely admired. The Prince of Wales, Dukes of Cumberland and Gloucester and the Persian Ambassador were there.

"I had so many compliments paid me about Isabella that I came home quite conceited. Lord Darnley said she was by far the handsomest girl in the room.

"*March 6th.*—A grand dinner party at my sister's; the Duke of Gloucester, Lord and Lady Keith, Miss Mercer Elphinstone, a great heiress &c."

A great celebrity was Margaret Mercer Elphinstone, the only child of Lord Keith by his first marriage. She was born in 1788, and, her mother dying the following year, she later on inherited the Barony of Nairne, which had been in abeyance. She was very ugly—nevertheless, Hoppner represents her as a very lovely woman—and Mrs. Calvert, who did not mince matters, spoke of her as "detestable." At one time she was very intimate with the Princess Charlotte, but, having been accused of betraying some of the latter's confidences to the Prince Regent, the friendship cooled considerably and never was resumed. It seemed probable that Miss Elphinstone would marry the 6th Duke of Devonshire, but after her rupture with the Princess all chance of this brilliant match was at an end. Miss Elphinstone had a passion for political intrigue and scandal. She married in 1817, at Edinburgh, the Comte de Flahault, aide-de-camp to Bonaparte and a great favourite of his, a very handsome and agreeable officer, said to be the son of Talleyrand by Madame de Souza;<sup>1</sup> Monsieur de Flahault became Ambassador at Rome, Vienna, and afterwards to St. James's. For a short time he and his wife lived at 106 Piccadilly. Harriet, Lady Granville, describes Mme. de Flahault in

<sup>1</sup> *The Creevey Papers*, Vol. I, page 250.

1842 as "much softened in manner and subdued in spirits, very agreeable, and with the finest teeth in the world; the asperity of her countenance quite gone." She died in Paris in 1867, aged seventy-nine. Her daughter, Baroness Nairne, married Henry, 4th Marquess of Lansdowne, and was mother of the present Lord Lansdowne.

Much to her vexation, Mrs. Calvert was obliged that spring to part with her pretty house in Albemarle Street.

"Our object in doing so is to get our London establishment into a smaller scale, as in these hard times, we should find a large house in Town and a large one in the Country too more than we could well afford. It is a bitter pill after being accustomed to this large mansion, but I take my physic well, and indeed it was my own proposal, for Mr. C. is so kind to me, that though he wished it, the suggestion never would have come from him.

"*March 13th.*—Yesterday I took a house No. 5 Hanover Square, till the end of October. I hope Mr. C. will be satisfied with what I have done. The Square looks so cheerful and pleasant that I should always like to live in one.

"We have taken Guadaloupe.<sup>1</sup>

"Great preparations are being made for the arrival of Bonaparte's bride, the Archduchess Maria Louisa of Austria. There is a report (which nobody believes) that she has eloped to avoid the marriage.

"*March 23rd.*—On Wednesday night we went to a grand ball at the Duchess of Dorset's. We supped, but left directly after supper, Isabella *hates* dancing, and did not like it near so well as an Assembly. No one ever was more admired than Isabella. It is far beyond my most sanguine expectations.

<sup>1</sup> Guadaloupe, a West Indian island, was discovered by Columbus in 1493. Having been taken several times by the English, it was eventually restored to France in 1814.

"*April 2nd.*—Isabella and I went to a very select, but very dull party at Lady Sefton's.<sup>1</sup> We went for the honour and glory of it, as it was very fine. Afterwards we went to a concert at my sister's, where Catalani etc., sang.

"William Pery<sup>2</sup> has been playing the deuce. He ran away from his ship more than once. However they hushed up the matter, and the Limericks think we know nothing of it. He is going to leave the Navy and go into the Army, the excuse being that he prefers it."

Sir Francis Burdett<sup>3</sup> became at this time a very important public character. As Member for Westminster he supported Mr. Jones, a Radical orator, in a seditious speech, was accused by Mr. Lethbridge of breach of privilege, and a warrant issued for his arrest. The Westminster mob gathered to protect him, and very stormy scenes were the result. At last he was conveyed to the Tower, where he remained some weeks, the town meanwhile being guarded by thousands of soldiers.

"The Ministers carried their point of sending him to the Tower, and a pretty piece of business they have made of it. He will not surrender himself, and London has been ever since in a state beyond description. God knows how it will end. The Military are out day and night; there has been firing and some lives lost. On Friday night just after I had got into bed, I was alarmed by hearing 'Light up, light up!' and on getting up I found that the mob had come through the Square, insisting upon everybody illuminating, and breaking the windows of those who would not. We of course put lights

<sup>1</sup> William Philip, 2nd Earl of Sefton, married 1792 Maria, daughter of the 6th Lord Craven.

<sup>2</sup> The Hon. William Pery, born in 1791, was killed at St. Sebastian in 1813.

<sup>3</sup> The third son of Sir Robert Burdett, he was born 1770, and in 1793 married Miss Sophia Coutts.



in the windows, and were obliged to do the same last night.

"Some of the Knox's were broke also, but the mob sent a message by the watchman to apologise for it, as they had mistaken the house."

Sir Francis Burdett was probably the most popular politician of his time. Mr. J. H. Jesse identifies the house No. 80 Piccadilly, one door east from the corner of Bolton Street, as that from which he was carried to the Tower. He quotes the following *jeu d'esprit* on the arrest :

"The Lady she sat and she played on the lute,  
And she sang, 'Will ye come to my bower?'  
The Sergeant-at-arms had stood hitherto mute  
But now he advanced, like an impudent brute  
And said, 'Will you come to the Tower?'"<sup>1</sup>

"Will you come to my bower?" was a popular ditty in those days. We who know our Thackeray can remember that it was one of the weapons with which Glorvina O'Dowd laid siege in vain to the affections of Major Dobbin.

"I dined yesterday at Grosvenor Street. Lord and Lady Temple, Lord and Lady Spencer, and some men dined there. Of course, there was no conversation except about the riots. Between nine and ten, Lady Temple, who was going to the Opera set me down at home. We found the streets in this neighbourhood, and in the Square all illuminated, as the mob had been there not long before, but were dispersed by a party of horse. The Military paraded the streets all night, and so I suppose they will to-night.

"Lord Limerick has just been here. He went to the Opera last night, which, he says, was very thin, as people were afraid to go, which, I am sure I don't wonder at. He got into the crowd while they were firing, which was

<sup>1</sup> *Old and New London*, E. Walford.

enough to terrify anyone. Many families, I hear, have left Town. It came into my head last night, when frightened, to carry off the children there to-day, but, reflecting that Mr. C. will be in Town to-morrow, I know I should be terrified away from him. This part of the Town is very quiet at present, but Heaven knows what is going on in Piccadilly. It is a very anxious moment.

"*April 10th.*—I drove out on Sunday to see what was going on. I did not actually go into Piccadilly, but went into Albemarle Street, and I saw the crowd, the military, and cannon planted in Berkeley Square. Felix arrived in Town before dinner. We spent the evening at home; everything went off quietly. We had dragoons all the night in the Square, yet we were fools enough to illuminate, although no mob came near us.

"Yesterday morning Sir Francis was at last seized and carried to the Tower. There was an immense mob, and the military fired, and some lives were lost, but, considering all, I think there were fewer accidents than one could have expected. He has written a most impertinent letter to the Speaker, which is to be debated upon to-day. Mr. C. arrived in Town yesterday; everything went off quickly in the House of Commons, and the mob all dispersed after Sir F. was lodged in the Tower, but I suppose they expect more riots, as such quantities of troops are ordered up.

"*April 11th.*—Everything continues quiet. Felix is gone to-day to join his regiment in Soho Square. He came to visit me in his regimentals, and looked very handsome.

"*April 16th.*—Lord Ely<sup>1</sup> is to be married directly to Miss Dashwood. She is a very amiable young woman, and in point of rank and fortune he is a great match, but I cannot say, were I a young woman, he would be to my taste. She seems prodigiously happy, so I suppose she likes him, though I think him a very disagreeable man.

<sup>1</sup> John Loftus, 2nd Marquess of Ely, was born 1770, and married 1810 Anna Maria, daughter of Sir H. W. Dashwood, who died 1857.

" *April 18th.*—Yesterday we had a visit from the Persian Ambassador. He came to the door to show himself on horseback, and Mr. C. went out and invited him in. Mary was so afraid of his beard and cried so, I was obliged to send her out of the room.

" He really is very well-looking and pleasing, and though he had no interpreter with him, we contrived to make ourselves understood.

" That gallant Commander, Lord Collingwood is dead. His remains are arrived in England."

Admiral Lord Collingwood was born at Newcastle 1750, and went to sea as a midshipman at the age of eleven. He was an intimate friend of Nelson, and, after the latter had received his death wound, he assumed the command and gloriously completed the victory so splendidly begun. He was a thorough sailor, unsurpassed by any officer in the Navy, and beloved by all ranks. He died at sea March 7th, 1810.

" *April 19th.*—General Graham,<sup>1</sup> who commands at Cadiz, has written at Mr. Brand's request to offer to take Felix into his family as Aide-de-camp. Felix, is of course in raptures. He has got leave to go from the Commander-in-Chief, and will proceed to Cadiz as soon as he can get a passage. I am not in raptures, but I reconcile myself to the idea from seeing him so happy, and hearing what a very advantageous thing it is for him.

" *May 1st.*—I took Lavinia yesterday to a children's ball at Mrs. Beaumont's. She was certainly the prettiest girl there, and her figure superior to any.

" Mr. Yorke is now First Lord of the Admiralty, and poor Lord and Lady Hardwicke have lost their only son, who died of scarlet fever. How I feel for them! It is just two years since Lord Royston was drowned.

" The children and I walked to-day in Kensington

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Baron Lynedoch.

Gardens, where we met the Persian Ambassador who walked a little way with us. We saw him throw his javelin several times at one of his attendants on horse-back, who had to show his dexterity by avoiding the blow, which to say the truth seemed rather a service of danger."

This fiery Eastern potentate showed such warm admiration of the lovely Isabella that we at one time trembled lest he should make proposals for her hand, but matters never seem to have gone quite so far as this.

"*May 6th.*—The poor Hardwickses are come to Town. They are very composed, I hear, indeed, they say her composure is frightful. She never speaks or cries, but seems quite transfixed. God help her, poor soul! She is severely tried.

"*May 17th.*—On Tuesday at twelve, dear Felix left Town for Portsmouth. Mr. Yorke had written to tell him that the Ganymede was to sail immediately for Cadiz, and that he had requested Captain Cathcart to take him.

"*May 19th.*—We went last night to an Assembly at Mrs. Chaplin's. I never saw Isabella look so handsome. Princess Amelia, they say is dying, if not actually dead. It keeps the Town in a great state of anxiety; not so much, poor soul, on her account as because it will suspend all balls, assemblies, etc., for a time.

"*May 23rd.*—Yesterday Isabella and I went to a Venetian breakfast at Lady Buckinghamshire's. She lives beyond Grosvenor Place, just on the King's Road. She has a very pretty house and garden, and everything was well arranged, the day delightful, everyone in good humour, and disposed to be pleased. We stayed till near seven, and came home much pleased.

"Isabella looked beautiful, and was extremely admired. She had on a very pretty gypsy hat, with yellow flowers, which became her much, and people (the Persian



Ambassador among the number) said that daylight became her vastly. There were numbers in fancy dresses, and some good masks. Lord Courtney was dressed as a fine lady in search of a husband. His mask was so like Lady Shaftesbury, and his dress and manner so like her, that I'm sure he meant to caricature her. Miss Dashwood is now Marchioness of Ely. She was married yesterday at St. George's. The Duchess of Manchester came to the breakfast after the wedding. Princess Amelia is better, to the great relief of the ball giving and ball going ladies.

"*May 30th.*—Yesterday I visited Lady Spencer and other people with my sister. Nothing was talked of but a shocking attempt made at three in the morning to murder the Duke of Cumberland.<sup>1</sup> He had locked himself in, so that the assassin was secreted in the closet adjoining. He was awoke by a dreadful cut across his head with a broad sword. His light was extinguished, he therefore could not see the assassin. He endeavoured, of course, to save himself, but received several wounds before he reached the door. When he got out, he screamed, 'Murder!' and when his attendants got to him, he was weltering in his blood. He desired them to call a confidential Italian servant, who had lived with him twelve years, and him they found expiring with his throat cut, and a razor lying beside him. His slippers were found in the Duke's closet, and the track of his feet to be seen in blood by his bedside. There was no reason to suspect him otherwise, and now it is a most mysterious business. They say the Duke's wounds are not dangerous, if fever does not come on. I could not get this out of my head last night, and felt half afraid of going to sleep for fear of being murdered. Mr. Quin, (Lord Adare's <sup>2</sup> son),

<sup>1</sup> Ernest Augustus, King of Hanover and Duke of Cumberland, the fifth son of George III, was born 1771, and died November 18th, 1851. His only child, George, succeeded him as Duke of Cumberland and King of Hanover.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Adare was in 1822 created Earl of Dunraven in the Peerage of Ireland. He married 1777 Lady Frances Muriel Fox-Strangways, daughter of the 1st Earl of Ilchester.

is to be married to Miss Wyndham, a great heiress.<sup>1</sup> She is not handsome, but is well spoken of.

"June 2nd.—I went yesterday morning to the Pantheon to hear Lancaster the Quaker<sup>2</sup> lecture upon schools. There were two hundred boys belonging to his school there. I got very tired of it.

"The Duke of Cumberland seems to have borne a bad character. I hear the soldiers on guard say they wish he had been cut to pieces instead of wounded. The business is a most mysterious one, and endless stories are circulated.

"June 14th.—We have just been to Colonel Byde's to see the Whip Club set off. There were not more than four barouches, and hundreds of people collected to see them. One fool, they say, makes many!

"June 16th.—On Thursday night we went first to a very dull party at Lady Olivia Sparrow's,<sup>3</sup> and then to a grand one at Devonshire House. Yesterday we went to a party at Mrs. Montagu's in Portman Square and got home a little before one.

"June 20th.—There was an Assembly last night at Mrs. St. John's; not very gay, the Prince was there. He spoke but a word *en passant* to Mrs. Fitzherbert, who looked much annoyed, and darted out of the room directly. I believe they are on very bad terms, and he is entirely devoted to Lady Hertford.<sup>4</sup> I have been with

<sup>1</sup> Windham Henry, 2nd Earl of Dunraven, born 1782, married December 27th, 1810, Caroline, daughter and sole heiress of Thomas Wyndham of Dunraven Castle, Glamorganshire. In consequence of this match, he in 1815 adopted by sign manual the additional name of Wyndham before that of Quin.

<sup>2</sup> Joseph Lancaster (1778–1838) joined the Society of Friends, and became extremely active in teaching poor children to read long before there was any organised system of education. Some of his sayings have passed into maxims, e.g. "A place for everything and everything in its place." His portrait by Hazlitt is in the National Portrait Gallery.

<sup>3</sup> The eldest daughter of Arthur, 1st Earl of Gosford. She married 1797, Brigadier-General Robert Sparrow of Brampton Park, Hunts. He died 1805. Lady Olivia survived him nearly sixty years, dying in 1863.

<sup>4</sup> Francis, 2nd Marquess of Hertford, married secondly 1776 Isabella, eldest daughter of the 9th Viscount Irvine. She died 1836.



LADY OLIVIA SPARROW  
*From a painting by Bückner*





my sister to see Mrs. Mee's<sup>1</sup> miniature paintings. She is doing a collection of English beauties for the Prince of Wales, and engravings are to be done of them. I think there are several who don't deserve to be ranked as beauties, Lady Castlereagh<sup>2</sup> among them. Lord Percy<sup>3</sup> came in while we were there—a chattering, good-humoured, civil young man, Mr. C. is at present at the Duke of Bedford's, sheep shearing.

"*June 23rd.*—Thursday was expected to be a very riotous day, being the one on which Parliament was to be prorogued and Sir Francis Burdett liberated. In consequence there was a great concourse of people assembled in Piccadilly, and on Tower Hill.

"A triumphal car was prepared for him, but he went privately from the Tower in a boat, and on to Wimbledon, to avoid creating confusion. I think he deserves infinite credit for his moderation and propriety."

<sup>1</sup> "Mrs. Mee, whose collection of miniatures excited much attention, was a highly educated woman, clever as a musician, a poet, and a painter. She was capable of very creditable work, and some of her miniatures painted in the style of Cosway are of unusually high merit. At the very zenith of her popularity she, like Angelica Kauffmann, married an adventurer. She soon left him, but, nevertheless, continued to support him for many years. Several of her miniatures are in the Royal Collection at Windsor. She commenced, but never finished, a work of engraved beauties of the time of George III [the one, no doubt, to which Mrs. Calvert alludes]. In 1812 she was living at 64 Upper Berkeley Street, W. Mrs. Mee died at a great age May 28th, 1851" (taken from Dr. Williamson's book on Miniatures).

<sup>2</sup> Charles William, Lord Castlereagh, afterwards 3rd Marquess of Londonderry, married 1804 Catherine, youngest daughter of the Earl of Darnley.

<sup>3</sup> Lord Percy was afterwards 3rd Duke of Northumberland.

## CHAPTER XII

Vauxhall Gardens—Sir James Stronge—Isabella's engagement—Marriage at St. George's, Hanover Square—Death of Princess Amelia—Hopeless insanity of the King—"Old Q."—The Prince is appointed Regent—Miss Pole and Lord Burghersh—Battle of Barrosa.

NOT the least delightful thing about our ancestors is the zest with which they seem to have enjoyed simple pleasures. And probably, of their many happy hunting grounds, Vauxhall Gardens was the one they loved the most.

It was Jane, the widow of a certain Baron Vaux, who gave her name to the gardens, the eleven acres on which they stood having been originally hers. Everybody knows Vauxhall Bridge Road, and it is rather pleasant to find old landmarks preserved, even by something as prosaic as a railway station and its vicinity. As a place of public amusement, Vauxhall existed for quite two hundred years, and Mr. Pepys and Horace Walpole, at widely different intervals, have taught us to regard it as an earthly paradise in which nightingales and other birds might be heard; and, to quote Mr. Pepys, "here a fiddle and there a harp."

Horace Walpole in his turn tells us how "they minced seven chickens into a china dish, which Lady Caroline (Petersham) stewed over a lamp with three pats of



SIR JAMES STRONGE, BART.





butter and a flagon of water, stirring, rattling, and laughing, and we expecting every moment to have the dish fly about our ears." How childish this seems, but how jovial !

We are sure that in later days Thackeray must often have been at Vauxhall, for does he not describe in his own inimitable way, " the delights of the gardens, the hundred thousand lamps that were always lighted, the fiddlers in cocked hats . . . the dark walks so favourable to the interviews of young lovers ? "

The price of admission varied from a shilling to half a sovereign on gala nights, but then one could not expect to hear such stars as Incledon, Mrs. Billington and Kitty Stephens for nothing, not to mention the chance of meeting the Prince Regent and other distinguished persons. The most fairylike refreshments were supplied at famine prices, and one has even heard of a waiter who boasted that he could cover the whole eleven acres of ground on which the gardens stood with slices from one ham ! It must have been a matter of sentimental regret to many old and middle-aged folk, to whom they were full of pleasant associations, when Vauxhall was closed in 1853, and five years later sold for £20,000.

This was quite half a century after the eventful night when Aunt Diana Knox took her lovely niece Isabella there on a certain June evening, on which occasion, as Mrs. Calvert solemnly informs us, " Sir James Stronge was their beau, and went with them." This is the first time we hear of the young Irish baronet who was to play so important a part in Isabella's history. We can fancy how attentive he was to the two fair ladies, perhaps even offering an arm to each, as our countrymen were so fond of doing until they were laughed out of it by jokes

about “ *un âne à deux paniers* ” by their neighbours over the water.

We are sure that Mrs. Knox herself—a very handsome and attractive woman—was the most vigilant of chaperons, but still she must have remembered her own young days, and Sir James’s admiration for Isabella could not have escaped her notice. Or else how is it that we find him proposing to her—again at Vauxhall—not more than three weeks later? Her behaviour on that occasion did honour to Mrs. Devis’s up-bringing, for all she did was to give a favourable answer, subject to her parents’ approbation. Sir James, overjoyed, lost no time in sending his stepfather, Mr. Holmes,<sup>1</sup> down to Hunsdon on an embassy of which Mrs. Calvert in her own words shall tell us the result.

“ *July 12th.*—Mr. C. has given no positive answer, but Mr. Holmes is gone back to town. It has flurried me so, I scarce know what I am doing. His fortune, though a good one, is not so large as I could wish, but if Isabella is satisfied, I must be so. Belonging to another country is the principal objection. Mr. Holmes says his disposition is quite angelic.

“ *Hunsdon, July 16th.*—We went to Town on Friday and spent all that day in consultation with the Knox’s. They gave Sir James the most excellent character, and as Isabella seems to have a decided preference for him, we determined at length to give our consent. His fortune is more considerable than I thought. Mr. C. and I like him extremely, he seems a most amiable young man, and I really think they will be a very happy couple.”

We feel certain that Isabella would have endorsed this sentiment at the end of her fifty-two years of matrimony.

<sup>1</sup> Sir James Stronge’s mother, by birth Miss Helen Tew, married secondly William Holmes, Esq., late Treasurer of the Ordnance.

" We left London a little after eight. The children's remarks, astonishment, and at first, disbelief, has been very ludicrous. Sir James drives down four beautiful horses, which Isabella admires very much. His carriage is built like a stage coach, with a railing round the top. He is very near sighted, and I should tremble at being drove by him.

" *July 23rd.*—On Monday Sir James arrived about an hour before dinner. We like him every day better and better, and he is now quite like one of ourselves. He seems very much in love with Isabella, and she is not behind-hand in liking him. He makes her play for him every evening on the pianoforte, and sits over her, admiring her. We have the pianoforte in the ante-room, and we talk in the drawing-room *with the door open*. The lovers are at this moment sitting under a tree before the windows reading, 'The Lady of the Lake,' and I have sat down to write. On Tuesday we had nobody here but Sir James. We sauntered about, sat out, and sometimes they went to the pianoforte.

" *July 31st.*—Isabella has had splendid presents from all the Knox's. Mr. Knox has given her a watch and chain, and my sister a beautiful lace gown, immense veil of lace and lace cap. This is to be her wedding attire, and my mother has desired me to lay out £100 in lace, or anything else she likes best, for her."

A month later Mrs. Calvert expresses herself "completely tired of love making, though I suppose Sir James is less trouble than any other young man would be." Much to her horror Edmond came up from school "with a face all black and blue, having had a battle with a boy."

" Mr. C. and I have been to look at a house in Grosvenor Place, which I think it not at all unlikely we may take. It will be a fine, airy situation for the children, *though rather out of the way.*"

The course of true love meanwhile was running very smoothly, settlements were being drawn up with all imaginable speed, and we have a list of the future Lady Stronge's wedding clothes, the word *trousseau* not having been as yet imported. It includes many muslin dresses, as well as silk and satin spencers and a brown sarsnet gown. A "sealskin shawl" sounds rather a weird garment, and it is difficult to imagine "a yellow, a blue, and two white caps" on the head of the youthful bride of seventeen. On September 5th the wedding took place at St. George's, Hanover Square, the Rector of Hunsdon being the officiating clergyman.

"Isabella looked very pretty in her superb lace dress and was very composed in her manner. At a little after two they set off for Hunsdon in their stage coach and four; post boys and servants with favors. *They took Lavinia, Nicolson and William in the carriage.* Though I was tired of the love-making, I miss Sir James and Isabella dreadfully. I feel to have nothing to do, and the house looks very, very dreary."

"*September 25th.*—This day fortnight I had a very fine little girl.<sup>1</sup> I have had constant charming letters from my dearest Isabella, who says she is the happiest of creatures. They were in Dublin when I heard last, and were to set out for Fairview the next day."

Fairview, now called Tynan Abbey, was the property in Armagh of which Sir James Stronge was the owner.

"*October 15th.*—Princess Amelia is not expected to live.

"There has been a brilliant action in Portugal. Lord Wellington has beaten Massena; there are 2000 French killed, and they say 8000 wounded, and 300 prisoners, forty of whom are officers. The 52nd took most of the

<sup>1</sup> The baby was called Harriet Diana; she was the youngest of Mrs. Calvert's numerous family.





ISABELLA, LADY STRONGE

*From a bust by Bertolini*

*By kind permission of Sir James Stronge, Bart.*



prisoners. We have lost 500 men in killed and wounded, the Portuguese (who by the by, behaved famously), about as many. Major Napier is severely wounded, and his brother in the 52nd. I feel sincerely for poor Lady Sarah. This is the Major Napier whom the family went into mourning for, thinking he was killed at the Battle of Corunna. The Tower and Park guns were fired last night. An account of another battle is hourly expected. Princess Amelia is better.

"Isabella is going to have a little farm of her own, which delights her. She says, 'I am as happy as the day is long. James is a *dear, dear* creature. I would not change him for all the world.'"

On November 8th Mrs. Calvert mentions that Princess Amelia died on the previous Friday. This sad event precipitated the insanity of the poor old King, for she was his favourite daughter.

"*December 21st, 1810.*—Mr. Perceval sent to propose to the Prince to be Regent with the following restrictions. He was not to change the Ministry for a year, not to dissolve Parliament, and not to create Peers. The Prince has rejected it with disdain.

"*Christmas Day, 1810.*—'Old Q.,' in other words the Duke of Queensberry, is dead. He was in his 85th or 86th year, the most profligate man with regard to women that ever existed. Some say he was charitable, and that covers a multitude of sins."

The last Duke of Queensberry was buried in St. James's Church, Piccadilly, under the Communion Table. He evidently had a horror of dying, for we are told that he adopted the Chinese plan of paying a doctor to keep him alive, and when very infirm and old, the Père Elisée—formerly physician to Louis XV—was supposed to be always within call. He was allowed a large sum as long as the Duke lived, but nothing more after his death.

A great patron of the turf was his Grace in his younger days, and in 1756, as Lord March, he won a race, riding himself in his own colours. When he grew old he sold his house at Newmarket, and lived at what is now 138 Piccadilly, the peculiar porch of which is still in existence. It was built to suit his growing infirmities. Most of his days were spent in the corner of the bow-window, from which he used to look out at the passers-by, and there was never a pretty woman who escaped his notice. Partly owing to his admiration for dancers and prima donnas, the Italian Opera was munificently patronised by the Duke. Raikes describes him as "a little, sharp-looking man, very irritable, and in the habit of swearing like ten thousand troopers."

"1811. *January 13th.*—I like the Prince's answer to the Lords and Commons very much. He has accepted the Regency in a very dignified and proper manner, at the same time stating that his feelings are hurt by the restrictions. I think it shameful their having imposed them."

A little later Mrs. Calvert writes.

"The Ministers have carried out all their restrictions, and the Prince is to be invested tomorrow. George Knox writes word 'Lady Stronge is greatly admired in Dublin for her beauty, unaffected manners, and innocent vivacity.' This is a delightful account.

"Bonaparte was one night at the Play in Paris, and it happened to be Julius Cæsar. Talma, the famous actor, performed the part of Brutus, and when he knelt to Caesar and said 'Give us back our liberties,' the acclamations all over the house were so great, that nothing could be heard on the stage for many minutes. Bonaparte, meanwhile, was taking snuff in his most violent way, which he always does when agitated. The next day he sent orders that that Play was not to be acted any more.



"*March 3rd.*—Sir David Baird and his bride dined at Lady Cassilis on Wednesday. She is about forty, a good humoured Scotch woman, with a large fortune."

Sir David married 1810 Miss Preston Campbell of Fern Tower and Locklane, Perthshire. He died without issue in 1829, when the Baronetcy devolved upon his nephew.

"*March 14th.*—The Duke of Richmond met Isabella at a ball and asked her to dance, but she refused, which I am not sorry for, as he is a great flirt, and she is so young and handsome. They are very civil to her at the Castle.

"Miss Pole is not to be married to Lord Burghersh. They say the match would very likely have taken place but for Mrs. Pole's endeavours to bring it about. After a time, she asked Lord Burghersh what his intentions were. I suppose she fully expected he would then propose. Instead of that, his Lordship declared he had no intentions, so I suppose they don't speak now." <sup>1</sup>

Mrs. Calvert, usually so accurate, was mistaken for once, for Lord Burghersh, eldest son of the 10th Earl of Westmorland, married on July 26th, 1811, Priscilla Anne, daughter of the Rt. Hon. William Pole, afterwards 3rd Earl of Mornington.<sup>2</sup> Lady Burghersh's charming letters, when abroad with her husband, are too well known to require description.

The account of the Battle of Barrosa, in which her son Felix was engaged, filled Mrs. Calvert with agitation and delight. She writes on March 25th :

<sup>1</sup> This was evidently mere gossip. Lord Burghersh, as his family well knew, had been much attached to Miss Pole before he went out to Spain three years earlier, but she was then considered too young to marry.

<sup>2</sup> The marriage took place in Mr. Pole's house in Savile Row. Lady Burghersh afterwards told her daughter that she had wished to be married in a church, but was told that this was quite impossible, "as people would think it so odd and unlike other people !"

"I thank God my beloved Felix is safe, after being in a most bloody battle. The time that elapsed between the first hearing of it and seeing the return of the killed and wounded was agony. Mr. Holmes had flown to the Foreign Office to see the return before it was published, and came to me with the thrice blessed intelligence that the dear boy's name was not on the list.

"It has been a most brilliant business. General Graham had but 5000 British troops, and the French 8000, commanded by Victor. We have taken I don't know how many officers and men, besides cannon and one eagle. I have been rendered almost crazy with delight by a note from Mr. Brand enclosing a letter to Mr. C. from General Graham. The letter from the dear General, (for I *will* call him dear, though I never saw him in my life), is as follows :

" ' CADIZ.  
" ' *March 10th.*

" ' MY DEAR SIR,

" ' I have but one instant to tell you that nothing could exceed your son's good conduct in the action of the 5th instant, and I am sure the Commander in Chief will consider it a good opportunity to allow him to obtain that promotion which his coolness and gallantry entitle him to.

" ' I remain yours very truly and obediently,  
" ' TH. GRAHAM.'

"Oh ! What inexpressible joy to a parent to read such an account of a beloved child."

Felix's letter, which arrived soon after, described the action as being

"as severe a one as ever was fought by British troops. At the time it commenced, we had been marching for 20 hours, we were advancing in our fatigued state out of a wood, and up a hill under a most dreadful fire with the French nearly double our numbers, and wholly unsupported by the Spaniards. I remained with the General

for the first quarter of an hour after the action commenced, when somebody observed that from the number of the Staff collected, we were drawing the enemy's fire upon him. Most of us then branched off to different parts of the field. I followed Colonel Macdonald, D. A. General, to where the Guards were very hotly engaged. . . . I remained there till the enemy was driven completely off the field, when I was witness to a very fine charge made by 50 of the German cavalry upon a body of French cuirassiers four deep. We both escaped without a ball touching our clothes, though my horse was wounded twice during the action. Poor Eyre (Colonel Eyre's son), was shot through the head, and stripped immediately by the rascally Spanish stragglers who left their regiments to plunder.'

"On Wednesday I was made extremely happy by a visit from Lt. Col. Macdonald, Deputy Adjutant General of General Graham's forces. I had never seen him before, and it was *very* good of him to come. He came to give us an account of our dear Felix's behaviour in the engagement. He was near him all the time, and he says he never saw anything like his bravery. His coolness and courage were beyond what could be described, and he says they all looked on him with surprise from his youth, and being the first time he had been in action. Oh, how proud I feel of him! Col. Macdonald told me that when he was ill of cholera after he went to Cadiz, that he was so bad one day the physicians had not a hope of his life. General Graham was so affected, he shed tears, but thanks be to the Almighty, the dear boy was spared us!!! Congratulations from all our friends pour in upon us. Colonel M. has trumpeted about the dear boy's praises everywhere."

## CHAPTER XIII

Hunsdon House—The Roman bath—Once a nursery for the Royal children—Baron Hunsdon's death—Arrival of Lady Stronge—London goes mad on waltzing—Sudden death of Lord Melville—Esther Acklom again—The Prince Regent gives a ball—The Siege of Badajoz—Proposed marriage of the Duke of Clarence.

IT was a great event in Mrs. Calvert's life when Hunsdon House was finished at last. "To-day," she writes on April 11th, "we dined here tête à tête in our new dining-parlor. God grant that we may enjoy ourselves and the society of those we love for many years, and that we may be worthy of our blessings."

Surely so good a woman deserved a happy home. Hunsdon House, as it has existed for the last hundred years, is a substantial, well-built Georgian mansion, probably much more comfortable to live in than its predecessor, which, however, it is impossible not to regret because of its deeply interesting historical associations.

In the first place, it seems probable, from the fact of Ermin Street not being far off, that Hunsdon was the site of a Roman villa. Quite in late years a Roman bath was discovered in it, and the well from which Hunsdon House is supplied to-day with water is the same one which was made by the Romans to supply the bath.

For nearly two hundred years after the reign of Edward I the manor of Hunsdon was owned by a family



named Engayne. From them it passed to a certain Sir William Oldhalle,<sup>1</sup> of whom Mr. Cussans says that he took a very prominent part in the Wars of the Roses. and helped to build both the house and the church. The estate being escheated after Bosworth, it became Royal property, and in 1514 was given to Thomas, Earl of Surrey (afterwards Duke of Norfolk), as a reward for his services on Flodden Field by his son, who was father of the poet Earl of Surrey.

When, in 1524, Henry VIII resumed possession of the manor, he enlarged the house and created it a palace Royal. There he lived for some time, but he chiefly used it as a nursery for his three children, Mary, Elizabeth, and Edward. Lady Bryan was governess to the Princess Elizabeth, and one of her letters from Hunsdon and also some written by Prince Edward are given in Strype's *Memorial*.

Various gifts presented to Prince Edward on New Year's Day, 1539, are mentioned in an article by Viscount Dillon, F.S.A., that appeared in the *Home Counties Magazine* of 1899. The Lady Elizabeth, who was then nearly five years old, presents a "shyrte of cam'yke of her own workynge."

When he came to the throne, Edward VI gave Hunsdon to Princess Mary, who lived there during his reign. Here it was that the news of his death was announced to her. On October 7th, 1537, she was sponsor to the child of "one Welshe beside Hunsdon," baptised in Hunsdon Church.

Queen Mary's reign being ended by her death, the estate passed to Queen Elizabeth, who granted it to her

<sup>1</sup> Sir William Oldhall was M.P. for Hertfordshire, and was elected Speaker in 1450.

cousin, Sir Henry, son of William Carey and Mary Boleyn, sister of the mother of Elizabeth. She created him Baron of Hunsdon; he craved to be Earl of Wiltshire as well in right of his mother, but Elizabeth refused, and the disappointment was so great that he fell ill in consequence and died. It seems rather pathetic to find that before his death the Queen thought better of the matter, the patent was made and his robes made, the latter being spread on his bed when she visited him in order to confer the dignity of Earl upon him. But he declined the honour, saying that as the Queen had not granted it to him in his lifetime, he could not accept it now that he was about to die. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and in a splendid altar tomb in the church lie the recumbent figures of his son, the 2nd Baron of Hunsdon, and his wife, said to have been prepared by the former before his death.

For about a hundred years longer Hunsdon remained in the Carey family. Lord Willoughby of Parham, who married Anne Carey, sold it after her death to Matthew Bluck, one of the six clerks in Chancery. His grandson Matthew mortgaged it in 1737 to Mr. Nicolson; and he bequeathed it to his nephew Mr. Nicolson Calvert, M.P., who already owned a considerable amount of property in Hertfordshire. After remaining for many years in the Calvert family, it passed into other hands, Mr. Charrington being the present owner.

The church was once rich in stained glass, placed there in 1440-50 by Sir William Oldhalle, then owner of Hunsdon House. In the upper lights of the east window are depicted the Annunciation and the Adoration of Our Lord in Glory. The white rose of York and the fetter locks may be seen in the south chancel windows. Sad to

say, the original font was restored in 1851 in such a way as to make it appear quite new. On two occasions Queen Elizabeth officiated there as sponsor.<sup>1</sup>

Lady Stronge was her mother's first visitor.

"How delighted I was to see her! She looks beautiful, and is enchanted to see us. I am very careful of her as she is between two and three months with child."

"*May 12th.*—Last Saturday we got the account of poor Mrs. George Knox's death at Shrewsbury."

Meeting her husband shortly afterwards, Mrs. Calvert says :

"I did not think him so much affected as I expected him to be, but he has great fortitude and a high sense of religion."

"All the ladies in London are gone mad over waltzing; Lady Cowper, Lady Boringdon,<sup>2</sup> and in short too many to enumerate. I think it will end by their all losing their characters, it introduces so much freedom with the men. I hear some of the husbands are beginning not to like it. Some one the other day asked the Prince of Wales at the Antient Music whether he did not think some girl pretty. 'Girl!' answered he, 'Girls are not to my taste. I don't like lamb; but mutton dressed like lamb!'

"Lord Melville<sup>3</sup> was found dead in his bed a few days ago at Edinburgh where he had gone to attend the funeral of a particular friend.

"Thomas Knox came to consult me about marrying Esther Acklom. I did not discourage him, only begged

<sup>1</sup> Most of the above account is taken from an article on Hunsdon House in *The Architect and Reporter* of August 3rd, 1906.

<sup>2</sup> Frances, daughter of Thomas Talbot, married as his second wife 1809 John, Lord Boringdon, afterwards 1st Earl of Morley.

<sup>3</sup> Viscount Melville, the youngest son of Robert Dundas of Arniston, was born 1742, and elevated to the Peerage 1802. He married secondly 1793 Jane, daughter of the 2nd Earl of Hopetoun.

him to wait till he had his father's sanction. I really believe her to be a very good girl, only with some faults in manner.

"*June 23rd. Hunsdon.*—We invited the Corporation to dinner, but only four came, Archer the butcher, (who is Mayor), Gilbertson, the haberdasher, Rook the attorney, and Colbeck, the apothecary. We gave them a very handsome dinner, and they seemed well pleased.

"Thomas informed me he had proposed the night before to Esther at Lady Jersey's concert, and been accepted. He has written to his father (which ought to have been done in the first instance), and I long till his answer comes. I walked on Wednesday morning to Manchester Square with Thomas to visit them. Poor Esther was a good deal agitated at seeing me, but, however, she soon got over it. I chaperoned her at night to the Prince Regent's ball, which was magnificent beyond description. The house is beautiful, and everybody as fine as hands could make them, the Prince gracious to everyone. He was dressed very fine in a field marshal's uniform, and he had a quantity of fine diamonds in his hat. The Duke and Duchess of York were there, Princess Sophia of Gloucester, the Dukes of Clarence, Cumberland, Cambridge and Kent, Sussex, and Gloucester, and all the French Royal Family. The King of France is very fat, the Duchess D'Angoulême <sup>1</sup> a pleasing, modest looking young woman. There was room for everyone at supper. The Conservatory was allotted for the Prince and his party, which consisted of the royal families of both countries, and duchesses, marquises, and marchionesses, and earls and countesses, the latter only by invitation as far as the table would hold. I went in to look at them at supper. There was a stream of water from one end of the table to the other, and fish swimming in it, which was the curiosity of the night. We got home between five and six, a good deal tired, as I had been on foot the greatest part of the night, and it was very hot.

<sup>1</sup> Daughter of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette.





THOMAS KNOX, 2ND EARL OF RANFURLY



“ *June 30th.*—Mr. Knox and my sister have sent their *full and free* consent to Thomas marrying Esther.

“ Felix writes that there are hourly expectations of hearing another engagement of Lord Wellington's, and it is expected to be a most bloody one. Mr. Acklom and Mr. Knox don't agree upon settlements. I don't know how it will end, but anyhow *Thomas and Esther* are determined to marry. I think Mr. Acklom looks as if he would not live long. He still holds for his demands, which are for a much larger *present* income than Mr. K. will give. I don't know how it will end, but I should not be sorry if it was to break off, as I am by no means *clear* in my opinion of her. Sometimes I think very well, at others not so well. Time, however, will shew, and I trust in God, for dear Thomas's sake my first opinion is correct. †

“ To-day there is an account that Lord Wellington has retreated, and raised the siege of Badajos. Sir James made me very happy to-day by telling me he won't take my dearest Isabella to Ireland *this year*. She is to remain *with us*, and lie in in London. He must go to Ireland for a short time. I am enchanted at the prospect of having them for so long.”

Early in July the King was so ill that everybody in London was buying mourning, but this seems to have been somewhat premature. The accounts of His Majesty were, however, as bad as they could be,

“ really quite melancholy to read, he suffers so much. His life seems again in danger, and the malady in his brain is pronounced incurable.”

By the end of September nothing was settled about Thomas Knox's engagement.

“ Mr. Acklom had been very troublesome about settlements, and they were all at daggers drawn. I don't think that Thomas is at all in love, and all the family dislike the match so much that I suspect he would not be sorry if it

were off. But he reckons himself in honor bound, and I trust all will turn out better than now seems likely."

"*November 3rd.*—The Duke of Clarence and his daughter, Miss FitzClarence, dined at Mr. Knox's on Wednesday. The Duke has proposed for Miss Long,<sup>1</sup> the great heiress, and has promised that the Regent will get the Act of Parliament repealed which prevents the Royal Family marrying subjects. She has refused him, but still encourages him, and some think it will be a match."

<sup>1</sup> Katherine, eldest daughter of Sir James Tylney Long. She was much courted, and Lady Granville wrote of her "refusing right and left." She married in 1812 Hon. William Wellesley Pole, who afterwards became Lord Mornington, and died September 12th, 1825, after a very unhappy married life.



## CHAPTER XIV

Love affairs of the Duke of Clarence—Birth of James Stronge—Miss Acklom's engagement broken off—Blind Man's Buff at Woburn Abbey—Felix Calvert arrives—Ciudad Rodrigo is taken—Murder of Mr. Perceval—Lady Georgiana Cecil and the Berkeley peerage—Dissolution of Parliament expected—Lord Cranborne defeated—Country visits—The siege of Burgos—John Knox is wounded—Death of Mr. Acklom.

*“ November 12th, 1811.*

**T**HE Duke of Clarence and his daughter have been paying Lady Darnley a visit. He told her that he had proposed for Miss Long and had been refused, but he did not despair, for he felt sure that the tenth time he would be accepted. Lady Darnley says that Miss Long is a very *high* young lady. ‘*Set her up,*’ say I! The Duke is going to part with Mrs. Jordan. I have heard again that the Regent is going to build a palace near Portland Place which is to cost some millions.

“ I hope the Acklom affair is quite at an end for I don't think Esther was worthy of the sacrifices that Thomas was ready to make for her.

“ Last Saturday, my beloved Isabella was not well and I sat up with her, she was very ill all Sunday and Doctor Knighton ordered her to be bled, and on Monday morning she was (the Lord be praised) brought to bed of a very fine boy. She had a most dreadful time, which she bore like an angel. She and my dear little grandson are going on as well as possible. Lady Stronge, my sister, and I were with her all the time.

“ Miss Long has accepted Mr. Wellesley Pole, so the

Duke of Clarence wears the willow. Nobody rejoices at Mr. Pole's success. He is an ill conducted, and I believe not a very wise young man. She has an odd taste."

The above story is probably not very well known. It would be interesting to have more particulars about the young lady who ten times refused the chance of becoming Queen of England.

"*December 6th.*—The match is at last completely off. Thomas has returned Miss Acklom's picture and letters, and she has done the same with his. Never was there anything equal to the conduct of the Acklom crew, Miss at the head.

"*December 9th.*—General Graham writes that Felix is just setting out for England but he hopes that he will return by the opening of the Campaign. He adds, 'He is so keen a soldier, that I am sure he will be as anxious to return to me as I shall be to have him. I am perfectly satisfied with his conduct, in every particular.'

"Lord Ilchester<sup>1</sup> is going to marry Miss Murray, daughter of Lady George Murray, and Miss Montagu, daughter of Mrs. Montagu of Portman Square<sup>2</sup> is engaged to Mr. Goulburn of the War Office.

"The *Saldhana* frigate is lost off Lough Swilly. Captain Pakenham, brother of Lord Longford, commanded her. He is a charming young man, he and every soul on board perished."

Colonel Macdonald paid the Calverts a visit at Hunsdon that winter.

"He came from Woburn Abbey and was very full of it. The Duchess of Bedford, he says, is the life of the party. She made them all play at Blind Man's Buff every night, and all sorts of romping games."

<sup>1</sup> Henry Stephen, 3rd Earl of Ilchester, born 1787, married 1812 Caroline Leonora, daughter of the late Right Rev. Lord George Murray. She died 1819.

<sup>2</sup> Montagu House is now owned by Lord Portman.

This lively young Duchess was Georgiana, the fifth daughter of Alexander, 4th Duke of Gordon, married in 1803. She died at Nice 1853.

*"December 18th.*—Isabella and her child are delightfully. He was half baptized on Monday by the Bishop of Derry <sup>1</sup> and called James Mathew."

On Christmas Eve Felix Calvert arrived at Hunsdon.

"Oh! how enchanted I was to see him. It was almost too much for me. He has got an enormous pair of whiskers which shadow his whole face. Everybody abuses them and he means to cut them off. Anyhow he looks very handsome.

"The great and little bells rang for his arrival last night, which annoyed him very much. The whole house was in joy at seeing him.

*"February 9th, 1812.*—Ciudad Rodrigo was taken by Lord Wellington, on the 19th of January. We lost two hundred, killed and wounded. I think Felix is on the fidgets to go out again."

Six weeks later the young soldier was on his way to Portsmouth.

"He goes with very good heart and something whispers to me that I shall see him again before long. The Duchess of Gordon died on Saturday, all her family with her till the last."

*"April 26th.*—We went to visit Mrs. Fitzherbert, who was quite affectionate and glad to see us. Miss Seymour is grown very tall, but I don't think promises to be pretty."

This was at Brighton, where Lady Stronge was staying with her mother and sister. The ladies' favourite amusement was donkey-riding, but this came to an

<sup>1</sup> The Right Rev. William Knox, D.D., Bishop of Derry 1803. He was brother of Thomas, 1st Earl of Ranfurly.

untimely end, when Isabella's donkey chose to lie down with her and threw her among a heap of stones.

"She was not in the least hurt, but we were all frightened, and it has given us a great distaste of the donkey race."

More tragic by far is the next event related by Mrs. Calvert.

"*Upper Grosvenor Street, May 12th.*—A most horrible event happened yesterday in the lobby of the House of Commons. At five o'clock Mr. Perceval<sup>1</sup> was assassinated by a man of the name of Bellingham, who shot him through the heart.

"To describe the horror and confusion this occasioned is impossible. The man was secured. Indeed, he neither attempted to deny it or escape. Mr. P. exclaimed, 'I am murdered,' and expired in Mr. Smith's arms. The man underwent an examination, was sent to Newgate in a carriage, but not until guards were procured for fear of a scene when the people huzza'd, and shewed pleasure instead of horror at the dreadful catastrophe. Nobody knows at present whether it was the sole act of this man, or whether it is a plot. At all events, independent of the horrible thing it is, it is very alarming the guards were *all* out last night for fear of any tumult. Indeed, too many precautions cannot be taken. We went to Lady Stafford's, and of course, nothing was thought of or talked of but Mr. Perceval, and it threw a gloom on every countenance. I think the Regent will be a good deal frightened, and he is a nervous man. It is said the populace said last night, 'Perceval is down, and the Regent must be down next.'

"*May 15th.*—The Stronges dined here Tuesday. Nothing is talked of but Mr. Perceval. It is terrible to

<sup>1</sup> The Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, second son of the 1st Earl of Egmont, born 1762, a member of the English Bar. He afterwards became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and succeeded the Duke of Portland as Premier 1809.



find how the common people in the streets talk on the subject, and accounts to-day from the manufacturing towns, that they rung the bells, had bonfires, and showed the most savage joy, when the account of his death arrived. However, the military soon dispersed the mob. This town is quiet, but I dare say would not be long so were there not a strong military force. There were printed placards put on the House of Commons yesterday stating that Mr. Perceval's ribs were only fit to broil the Regent's heart on. How horrible !

" A letter from my beloved Felix from Castello Branco, the 29th having retraced their steps there. They were going into Cantonments I believe for ten days. Poor fellow, the muleteer had carried off his two mules, which he had given £80 for—a sad blow upon his finances.

" The House of Commons are busy settling a provision for Mr. Perceval's family. A proper one was voted unanimously, but now, very foolishly, they want to increase it, and that has produced squabbling. I have, however, just heard that it is increased. They have voted Mrs. Perceval<sup>1</sup> £2000 per annum for life, £50,000 for the children, £1000 a year for the eldest son until he is of age, and then £2000 a year for life. Bellingham is to be tried to-day—no fresh Ministry as yet arranged. I believe the Regent finds it difficult to do. He is detested, and universally abused. His infamous connection with Lady Hertford is the subject of universal reprehension. By the by, she was to have had an assembly to-night, but has put it off, I suppose because of this business.

" *May 18th.*—Mr. Perceval was buried Saturday. Bellingham was to be hung to-day. I have heard no particulars yet, but every precaution is taken to keep the Town quiet.

" *May 25th.*—There was not the least disturbance in consequence of Bellingham being hanged. He persisted to the last, that he was perfectly justified in what

<sup>1</sup> She was Jane, daughter of Sir Thomas Spencer Wilson, Bart.

he had done, and although a fortnight has elapsed since Mr. P. was shot, there was no Ministry arranged. Lord Liverpool <sup>1</sup> was Premier for *one* day and Mr. Vansittart <sup>2</sup> Chancellor of the Exchequer, but they resigned in consequence of an address from Parliament; moved by Mr. Stuart Wortley, and carried by a majority of four to the Regent to appoint a more efficient Ministry. The Prince has such a dislike to the Grenville *Squad*, that he is doing all he can to do without them, but it is much thought he will not be able to effect that. In the meantime everything is at sixes and sevens, and we have no Government—great apprehensions of scarcity and disturbances all over the country. What a fine prospect! The Prince is horribly unpopular. He has done a very foolish thing, offering a reward in the Gazette of £1000 for the discovery of the writers of two vulgar anonymous letters, threatening his life. They say the letter was a quiz from some gentleman at White's. At all events, the Prince acted very foolishly. I hear Mr. Ryder went down on his knees to him not to do it.

“*May 30th.*—We went to the play Tuesday night. I had Mr. Ladbroke's private box. It was ‘Macbeth,’ and ‘The Spoilt Child,’ the last a very stupid thing, but Kemble and Mrs. Siddons performed admirably in Macbeth.

“*June 4th.*—No Ministry is arranged. I hear the Prince and all parties blamed just as people's politics incline them. God knows how it will end! They are all squabbling among each other, and we hear a great deal of discontent among the lower sort of people.

“It is said that Lady Georgiana Cecil <sup>3</sup> is to be married

<sup>1</sup> Sir Robert Banks Jenkinson, 2nd Earl of Liverpool, K.G., born 1770. He was First Lord of the Treasury from 1812 to 1817.

<sup>2</sup> Right Hon. Nicholas Vansittart, F.R.S., born 1776. He was Chancellor of the Exchequer from 1812 to the beginning of 1823, when he was created Lord Bexley. He married 1806 Hon. Caroline Isabella Eden, daughter of William, 1st Lord Auckland. He d.s.p. 1851.

<sup>3</sup> Lady Georgiana Cecil, married February, 1816, the Hon. Henry Wellesley, who was brother of the Duke of Wellington, and afterwards created 1st Lord Cowley. Lady Cowley died 1860.

to Colonel Berkeley—not a good character—his fortune, however, is very large. For a long while he was called Lord Dursley, but on his father's death it was proved that his mother was not married to him till after the death of the second son."

The singular story of Lord Berkeley's marriage must have made a good deal of sensation at the time. Frederick, 5th Earl, married 1796 Miss Mary Cole, and on his death in August, 1810, was succeeded by his fifth son, who, however, did not assume the title.

There was said to have been a previous marriage to the same lady in 1785, but this was not allowed by the House of Lords to be proved satisfactorily, and Viscount Dursley, the eldest son, was therefore compelled to waive all claim to the title. He was born in 1786, created in 1831 Baron Segrave, and in 1841 Earl Fitzhardinge. He died unmarried in 1857.

"*July 1st.*—On Monday, we went to a breakfast at Lady Anne Barnard's in Berkeley Square. It was just like an assembly, only of a morning, and that there was some waltzing, which I never saw before, and which is a very stupid thing."

A dissolution of Parliament being expected, Lord Cranborne announced his intention of offering himself as a candidate at the next election. Mrs. Calvert was staying at Hatfield at the time this was announced.

"Mr. C. has refused Lord Cranbourne his interest, and I dare say we are in no great favour. However, there was no appearance of it. Lady Salisbury is an excellent actress!"

Owing to some trouble with regard to his eyes, Sir Thomas Graham was obliged to come home about this time, and brought his aide-de-camp, Felix Calvert,

“who is in perfect health, but so tanned that he looks like a Spaniard. There seems no probability of their leaving England soon, which is great joy.”

“*August 5th.*—There is a report of a great victory gained by Lord Wellington over Marmont.<sup>1</sup> God grant it may yet be confirmed! The Gazette is not yet published, so we are very anxious about poor John Knox.

“*August 19th.*—Miss Acklom is certainly to be married to Mr. J. Madocks, a very amiable young man with about £4000 a year. I don’t envy him his bargain, and I must say I think Thomas has had a great escape.

“We drove yesterday to St. Leonard’s, (Near Windsor) to visit Lord and Lady Harcourt.<sup>2</sup> We arrived about three, and they had done dinner, but they made us go in, and they had their coffee while we stayed. St. Leonard’s is a beautiful little place; the view from the back of the house the most superb I ever saw, all over Windsor etc. Lord Harcourt is a very gentlemanlike, pleasing old man, Lady H. a lively, agreeable, eccentric woman.”

Mrs. Calvert certainly did not enjoy country visits. From Fulmer, where Mr. Richard Calvert lives, she writes :

“I have stole up to write, for it rains hard, and I can’t get out. *Thank my stars*, we leave this tomorrow; not but what they are the best kind of people imaginable and very kind and attentive to me, but we have no ideas, no acquaintance in common, and live quite in a different style. I am tired to death!”

She was not much happier at Cobham.

“Lord and Lady Darnley are very religious, and bring up their children with excellent principles, but I dislike Lord D. extremely. I believe he is a very good man, but he is so proud, and thinks himself so superior to everyone that, though civil, it breaks out in every word, and I think is disgusting. Lady D. is very civil and

<sup>1</sup> The Battle of Salamanca, July 22nd, 1812.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Harcourt succeeded his father 1809.





COBHAM HALL, KENT



attentive, but somehow I don't feel comfortable there, and was very glad when I turned my back on the place."

The word boredom was probably not invented a hundred years ago, but evidently then as now it was the *bête noire* of the leisured classes.

Historical and very domestic news is told in the next entry in the Journal.

"*September 6th.*—Lord Wellington has got possession of Madrid. He has got great stores, clothing, etc., and above all, 2000 prisoners. I had a letter from Isabella to-day, her baby has cut four teeth.

"*September 27th.*—Parliament was dissolved on Tuesday, and at the Mayor's feast that day Lord Cranbourne<sup>1</sup> announced that he meant to stand for the Borough of Hertford, which Mr. Calvert had represented for many years. This, of course, was a most unexpected and vexatious thing, but I trust Mr. C. is safe. He has been canvassing ever since, and writes me word that he hopes to be at the head of the Poll. I feel very anxious, and we all abominate that miserable little animal, Lord C. for giving all this trouble and expense.

"*October 8th.*—On Tuesday morning, a little after seven, James Knox and I set off for the Election in my barouche. We took four horses from Waltham Cross to make a figure, and adorned with blue favors made a very fine one. A crowd was gathered round the hustings. Everyone was most kindly interested for us. The state of the poll was brought me by some friend or other, every quarter of an hour. Mr. C. after the first start was always at the head of the poll, which was not closed till quite dark, when the returning officer declared the state as follows

Calvert	365
Cowper	316
Cranbourne	256

<sup>1</sup> The eldest son of Lord Salisbury. He was born 1791, and succeeded his father as 2nd Marquess 1823. He died 1868.

“The two former were therefore declared duly elected. Mr. C. came forward and made a very good speech—well heard and much applauded—but as to Mr. Cowper they made such a noise with mingled groans and hisses that not one word could be heard, nor could I hear a word of Lord Cranbourne’s either. By this time it was so dark that it was not thought safe to chair them, as Lord C.’s mob was very riotous, so it was put off till the next morning. During the whole of the day, Lord C.’s mob was terribly noisy. He had a band of music and I was half deafened by the uproar. Lady Salisbury and Lady Cecil arrived in a landau a little before three, but I believe were not enchanted at the state of things, and went away long before the close of the poll. I must own I was not sorry to have their high blood pulled down a little. Lady Cowper and all the Cowper family came to see me through the mob, which I could have excused as I wished to avoid all appearance of coalition. I never saw Mr. C. in such good spirits and we were all rejoiced that the little Lord was beat. We dined with Mr. Dallinger our agent. I found some of our friends the electors there, and though dreadfully tired, I never felt more pleased. When we reached Hunsdon the bells were ringing merrily for our success.

“*October 18th.*—The Baroness Howe, daughter to the late Lord Howe, and widow of Lord Curzon’s son, by whom she has children, a woman between forty and fifty, has gone and married Phipps, the oculist! The Duke of Cumberland gave her away. I hear she began to cry during the ceremony, upon which the Duke began to laugh. The Royal Family, who have always taken a great interest in the Howe family, are very indignant at this horrible *mésalliance*. Indeed one cannot wonder at it, for it is most degrading.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Sophia Charlotte, Baroness Howe of Langar, eldest daughter of the celebrated Admiral Howe, K.G., who was created Earl of Howe August 19th, 1788. At his death in 1799 the Earldom became extinct, but the above Barony devolved on her. She married 1787 the Hon. Penn Assheton Curzon, eldest son of the 1st Viscount Curzon. Their



"*November 1st.*—Poor Lord and Lady Somers, how I pity them ! They have lost at Burgos, their eldest son, Colonel Cocks, a most amiable and promising young man, and so good an officer as to be a great loss to the Army. Burgos Castle still holds out and it was in one of the sallies from it that this young man was unfortunately killed."

It was during the siege of Burgos that John Knox, a nephew of whom Mrs. Calvert was extremely fond, had the misfortune to lose one of his eyes. Great anxiety was felt by his family until further news arrived.

"He arrived at Salamanca on November 1st perfectly well thank God, but alas ! his left eye is totally destroyed. It was a musket ball which went across it, Poor fellow ! We must however be thankful that he is alive and well."

The third son of the Hon. Thomas Knox, he was born in 1788 ; he was very young when he obtained a commission in the 3rd (now Scots) Guards, and at Salamanca he had the honour as junior ensign of carrying the colours of his regiment. For the loss of his eye at Burgos he was given a pension of seventy pounds a year ; and, as he lived sixty years after that, he was able to boast that his eye had cost the country £4200. Strange to say, his son-in-law, Count Wilhelm Zeppelin, who was in the Austrian service, lost both eyes in much the same way in 1849, at the siege of Brescia ; but the pension he received was only forty pounds a year.<sup>1</sup> John Knox

eldest son, Richard, assumed the name of Howe, and was in 1821 created Earl Howe. She married secondly, as his second wife, in October, 1812, Jonathan Wathen Phipps, G.C.H., son of Joshua Phipps. He, as sole heir to his uncle, James Waller, assumed by sign manual in 1814 the surname and arms of Waller only, and was created a baronet May 30th, 1815. He was Groom of the Bedchamber to William IV, and died January 1st, 1853.

<sup>1</sup> Count Zeppelin died at Stuttgart on March 30th, 1910, exactly sixty-one years after he lost his sight.

married in 1822 Lady Mabella Needham, a daughter of Lord Kilmorey, who survived him many years. He was very handsome and distinguished-looking, and even the loss of his eye was hardly a disfigurement.

“ *December 13th.*—There is great news of the Russians beating the French and pursuing them. Still, where Bony is nobody knows, but it is supposed at Smolensk.

“ *December 31st.*—Mr. Acklom was found dead in his bed on Thursday. He has left his daughter £10,000 a year, and all his personals, and his wife £16,000. It is supposed that Esther will now jilt Mr. Madocks.”

## CHAPTER XV

Princess Charlotte and her governess—Councillor Ego—Mrs. Calvert goes to Court—The Regent's ball—Sir Thomas Graham—A Princess with a grievance—Appeal to the House of Commons—Her Royal Highness is acquitted—Mrs. Siddons—Marriage of Edmond Knox to Miss Hope Vere—Battle of Vittoria—Countess Lieven at the Pavilion—The Prince of Orange—Joseph Bonaparte's sword—Strawberry Hill.

*“ January 24th, 1813.*

**M**R. C. and I have had an invitation from the Regent to a Ball on the 5th at Carlton House. This will oblige us to go to Court on the 4th, to the celebration of the Queen's birthday. I grudge the expense, though I like being asked.

“ Princess Charlotte is, I hear, to be presented at the Birthday to the Queen, and everybody is to be presented to her at the Ball. I am told that her conversation is very superior to that of most girls of her age. The Dowager Duchess of Leeds <sup>1</sup> is appointed governess in the place of Lady De Clifford, and it seems that the Princess is very indignant at having a governess. She says that if she is reckoned at eighteen by her people old enough to reign, she is certainly old enough at seventeen to do without a governess.

“ The papers say that Bonaparte had a very narrow escape of being taken when he was running away from his army in Russia. The Cossacks entered a yard just as

<sup>1</sup> Catherine, daughter of Thomas Anguish, Accountant-General of the Court of Chancery, married 1788, as his second wife, Francis, 5th Duke of Leeds, K.G. He died January 31st, 1799.

he was jumping out of a back window, and escaped. How unlucky !

" *February 2nd.*—Last Saturday I dined with Isabella, who has a snug little house, 22 Upper Grosvenor Street. I sent the little boys to the Sanspareil Theatre<sup>1</sup> on Friday evening. We dined in Grosvenor Street Sunday. Lord Erskine,<sup>2</sup> Sir Charles Hastings, and Sir George Shee,<sup>3</sup> dined there also. Richly did Lord E. deserve the nickname which he got some years ago, of Councillor *Ego*, for never did I hear anyone talk so much of themselves. He is the vainest creature imaginable, evermore the hero of his own tale.

" *February 5th.*—Yesterday was the birthday, and I went to Court. It was my own birthday also, being forty-five years old. May I grow better every day now as I get older !!! I am not yet satisfied with myself.

" My dress at Court was a white satin petticoat with a beautiful patent net drapery (gold Brussels and fringe) gown, and train of green velvet, ornamented with gold ; head dress seven white ostrich feathers, and diamonds. It does not sound like a grandmother of forty-five, but I really look wonderfully young. I set out from this at a little after two, but the crowd was so immense that I did not get in until near four, and when I did get in, it was a service of difficulty getting up to the Queen. She received me with her usual graciousness. The Regent stood at her left hand, and shook me, as usual, kindly by the hand. I then spoke to Princess Elizabeth, Mary, and Sophia of Gloucester, who were all very civil, and afterwards I spoke to the Dukes of Cambridge, and Clarence. The Princess of Wales was at Court, but not Princess Charlotte. It is said she would not appear, as her mother

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards known as the Adelphi.

<sup>2</sup> The Hon. Thomas Erskine, born 1750, the third son of the 5th Earl of Buchan, was appointed in 1806 Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, and elevated to the Peerage the same year as Baron Erskine. He was gifted with the most powerful eloquence. Lord Erskine died 1823.

<sup>3</sup> "Le Chevalier Shee" was the hero of many of Talleyrand's famous stories.



was not allowed to present her. I was introduced to Sir Thomas Graham. He is a very ugly man, but very civil in his manner.

“ John Knox is expected over directly. I believe he will leave the army. James is exchanged into the 85th which is quartered at Hythe, therefore, will come back directly from Ireland.

“ *February 8th.*—Mr. C. and I went at ten o'clock to the Regent's ball. I was dressed in white satin, very beautifully done with gold—feathers and diamonds on my head. Nothing could be more superb than the fête. The Queen, Princess Elizabeth, Mary, Sophia of Gloucester, and Princess Charlotte were there, and all the Royal Dukes, except Gloucester, were present. Nobody knows why he did not go. Princess Mary led off the ball. Princess Charlotte is a good-humoured, white, fat girl, like the Royal Family, but there don't seem much grace or dignity about her. She gives me more the idea of a boarding-school girl than a Princess. Nobody was presented to her. We all went up to the Queen, who sat in a great chair, and were very graciously received. I afterwards went and talked some time with Princess Elizabeth, who was very civil and asked me about all my children, putting me in mind of my having taken Felix to Windsor Terrace eighteen years ago. I enquired after Princess Augusta, and she told me she was very well, but they made it a rule never all to leave Windsor at a time, so she and Princess Sophia remained there. She said she should tell her I enquired about her, and she was sure she would be quite *delighted to hear about me*. The Prince was very gracious in his manner, and upon the whole I should have spent a pleasant evening had I felt well, but my head, back, and every part of me ached, and I felt completely ill. We supped at about half past one. The Queen and Royal Family, and a few of the Nobility supped in the Conservatory. I went afterwards to look at it. It was beautiful. The Russian Ambassadors, Countess Lieven, was there. She is not very pretty, but I thought her dress remarkably so. It

was black velvet up to her throat, and long sleeves, and a ruff like Mary, Queen of Scots, with a great many diamond chains, etc. I had ordered my carriage at half past two, but could not get it until nearly five. I never was so tired in my life. I really felt ill all Saturday. I had a visit on Saturday morning from my poor Friend, Lady Sebright. She is regularly parted from her husband—he behaved so ill to her, and made mistresses of all her maids and governesses, that she could not continue with him. He has let his house in Curzon Street for four years, and lives at lodgings. Lady S. has got a small house in Baker Street. She has the six youngest daughters, he the two eldest. The son is at Westminster. He is a strange, good-for-nothing man.

“General Graham paid me a visit yesterday. I think him an uncommonly ugly and not at all prepossessing man in appearance,<sup>1</sup> but those that know him well quite idolize him.”

Sir Thomas Graham of Balgowan was born in 1748 and was the son of Thomas Graham of Balgowan, and Miss Christian Hope. He married in 1774 Mary, third daughter of the 9th Baron Cathcart, a very lovely woman. She died in 1792, and the romantic story of her picture by Gainsborough is too well known to need repetition. After being lost or put away for many years it is now in the Scottish National Gallery in Edinburgh.

Overcome with grief at his wife's death, Thomas Graham joined Lord Hood's fleet in the Mediterranean as a Volunteer in 1793. On going home he raised a battalion called the Perthshire Volunteers (now the 2nd Scottish Rifles) and his commission is dated 1794. He was a crack shot and devoted to horses. Sir Thomas Graham accompanied Sir John Moore in his expedition

<sup>1</sup> Later Mrs. Calvert wrote that she quite retracted what she had said, and added: “He improves amazingly on acquaintance, and I think him very pleasing.”

to Sweden; he was with him during the retreat from Corunna, and actually present at his death.

In 1814 he was created Baron Lynedoch, and received the thanks of Parliament for his distinguished services in the Peninsula. He died at his house in Stratton Street in 1843, at the age of ninety-five, being almost totally blind. It was Lord Lynedoch who, in 1815, started the idea of a club for the sister Services, and in 1817 the first stone of the Senior United Service Club was laid in consequence. His portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence is one of its chief ornaments. Lord Lynedoch left no heir, and at his death the title became extinct.

*“ February 13th.*—I visited Lady Spencer Wednesday morning; Lady Holland came in. Nothing is talked of but a letter the Princess of Wales has written to the Prince and which has been published in all the newspapers. She complains of not being allowed to see enough of her daughter, and of her education being neglected. It is reckoned a very unadvised step, and she is much blamed.

*“ February 19th.*—Sir James, Isabella, Edmond Temple and Felix dined here yesterday, also Miss Smith, the actress. My mother got acquainted with her at Lady Kingston’s with whom she lives a great deal. She is little, with fine eyes, fine teeth, and an animated countenance. She is lively and agreeable in conversation, and I believe, is reckoned a good actress. She read scenes out of ‘The Rivals,’ and ‘The Merchant of Venice,’ and recited most beautifully, a beautiful ballad by Southey, ‘The Maid of the Inn.’ It is very affecting, and I was fool enough to shed a good many tears.”

Lady Stronge’s second son was born on February 21st, at 22 Upper Grosvenor Street.

*“ February 25th.*—Nothing can go on better than Isabella and her babe. She recovers, I think, much better than last time. Our dear John Knox arrived yesterday



from Lisbon. He seems very well, thank God, and looks very well, except that, alas, his left eye is completely gone. It is sunk in ; he wears no patch on it, and it is really less disparagement than one would expect.

"Colonel Byde tells me that there is a treaty of marriage on foot, and pretty far advanced between the Duke of Clarence and a sister of the Emperor of Russia. She is plain, he says, but well behaved, and well educated, and speaks English well.

"Mr. Cochrane Johnston has given notice of a motion on Monday of enquiring into the Princess of Wales's conduct. There are various opinions about her ; some very bad, all accusing her at least of levity. God knows how it will end ! The accounts from Russia are good. They have taken Koningsberg and other places, and there are rumours of still further successes, and the King of Prussia has withdrawn himself from the power of the French, but how he will act, remains to be seen. I sat with Isabella sometime yesterday evening. She is going on very well, thank God. I think the little fellow will be a pretty child.

"*March 3rd.*—I sat with Isabella from nine until between ten and eleven, when I went to Lady Salisbury's, which I thought a very dull Assembly, and did not get home till near one. Lord Cremorne died yesterday morning. My sister and I inherit a small estate in Wales, which was left when I was but seven years old by a Lady Primrose in reversion to us. We are in hopes it will turn out a better one than was thought.

"The Speaker read a letter to him from the Princess of Wales, throwing herself on the House to give her a fair trial. This has produced a great sensation.

"Mrs. Robinson has had a letter from Richard. He was married last Friday to Lady Helena Moore, and wrote three hours after the knot was tied.

"There are a great many scandalous reports propagated about Princess Charlotte, most infamous things, and I hear they are chalking it about on the walls. It must be some wicked ill-designing person.



" *March 8th.*—Lady Somers paid a visit here. I have not seen her since her son was killed, and was astonished at her composure and cheerfulness. She has great merit, for it cannot be doubted but that she must feel his loss most bitterly. I afterwards sat with Isabella from five till half-past six, while there Lady Darnley and her daughters came there. They brought General Stuart's son, a boy of near seven with them. I never saw so agreeable, clever, or charming a boy. They say his passions are dreadful and uncontrolled, but he was in a very good humour, gave his opinion on every subject, joined in conversation, and sung an Italian song for us. I should be terrified if I had such a child !

" *March 9th.*—Chaperoned Fanny <sup>1</sup> to Lady Salisbury's. Lady Isabella Fitzgibbon <sup>2</sup> came out for the first time last night. I took a great fancy to her. She is a very pretty, pleasing unaffected girl. Lord Gage was married yesterday to Miss Foley.

" *March 20th.*—My sister had a very brilliant Assembly last night, all the fine people of London—the Dukes of Clarence ; Cambridge and Gloucester ;—The French Princes, Monsieur, and the Duc de Berri, Isabella was there and not at all the worse for it.

" *March 25th.*—I dined yesterday in Grosvenor Street and went at night to a very select Ball at Lady Carhampton's ; I own I like a fuller one much better. Waltzing was attempted—Lady Boringdon, Mrs. Drummond and Miss Mercer Elphinstone stood up twice and began, but nobody following, they stopped. I came home at one o'clock.

" The Duchess of Brunswick died yesterday, Lady Harriet Sullivan put off her party in consequence, which nobody seems to think was at all necessary—although she is the King's sister.

" *April 6th.*—Yesterday was my dear Isabella's twentieth birthday. Little John Calvert was christened

<sup>1</sup> Hitherto called Lavinia—her name was Lavinia Frances.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Isabella FitzGibbon was the daughter of the 1st Earl of Clare. She died unmarried.

yesterday by Mr. W. Calvert having been only half baptized before.

" *April 14th.*—The City of London have presented an address to the Princess of Wales at Kensington on her acquittal—the crowd, they say, was immense. I own I don't think her acquitted, I side with the Prince Regent. I am sorry to say the popular tide at present is against him, but I don't despair of its changing.

" *April 27th.*—Sir Joseph Yorke is going to marry the Dowager Lady Clanricarde—her third husband! The old ladies seem quite to have a rage for marrying. Lady C. is forty-five, and Lady Sligo, who has just married Sir William Scott, is forty-six.<sup>1</sup>

" *May 7th, Park Street.*—Mr. C. and I dined in Grosvenor Street. Mr. Pigot, a cousin of mine was there, married about a year ago to a very pretty but I think disagreeable young woman—such pert, conceited, 'Bath Miss' manners.

" *May 13th.*—We went in the morning to see the Exhibition at Somerset House and yesterday to see Sir Joshua Reynolds' collection of pictures.

" *May 15th.*—Accounts arrive from Paris of Bonaparte having beaten the Russians and Prussians. General Murray has however beaten Suchet in the East of Spain and that is some little comfort.

" *May 26th.*—On Monday, Mr. C. was at the House all night. The Catholics lost their Bill by four; the Prince set his face violently against them—bribing and canvassing till he carried his point.

" *May 30th, Hunsdon House.*—I went with my sister to a very crowded assembly at Lady Ellenborough's and another at Mrs. Thompson's. The Regent was at the latter, talking a great deal to Mrs. Siddons. Now I am come home to pack up as we go next Saturday to Brighton. The little dear women (Mary and Harriet) are thank God very well."

In June Mrs. Calvert mentions reports of some terrible fighting in Germany, and adds :

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Calvert's idea of old age is rather amusing.

“ The French claim the victory, whilst the allies do the same. However, the former gain ground, and it is said that they are in possession of Hamburg.”

Later in the month she went with her children to Brighton, where she took a house in the Marine Parade. On June 13th she writes :

“ I had a letter from Mr. C., announcing that Edmond Knox is going to be married to Miss Hope, niece to Colonel and Mrs. Hamilton. I knew he was *about it*. She is a very good young woman, and extremely well educated, but not pretty.”

Mrs. Calvert was mistaken in thinking that Miss Hope was niece to Mrs. Hamilton. She was the daughter of her first cousin, Mrs. Hope Vere, of Craigie Hall and Blackwood. Jane Hope Vere had been adopted by Mrs. Hamilton during her parents' lifetime, and lived with her for some years before her marriage, but her life, owing to Mrs. Hamilton's tyrannical temper, was an unhappy one, and it is pleasant to find that her husband's devotion afterwards made up for all that she had suffered so patiently.

“ Mr. C. writes me word that everything is settled for Edmond's marriage. Mr. Knox settles £10,000 upon him and my sister £10,000 at her death. Miss H. has £15,000.”

The marriage took place at St. George's, Hanover Square, on July 3rd, 1813, and the young couple went down to Lady Pery's house at Richmond. Mrs. Hamilton followed them almost immediately, but met with a very cool reception from the bridegroom.

“ My mother wrote me an account of the wedding. Fanny Knox and Lady Elizabeth Hay<sup>1</sup> were brides-

<sup>1</sup> Lady Elizabeth Hay, a daughter of the Marquis of Tweeddale, was at that time engaged to James Hope Vere, and married him very shortly afterwards.

maids, and, besides the near relations, Lady Stronge, Mr. Holmes, Lady Betty Gavin <sup>1</sup> and the Ladies Hay were the only people present."

"*June 29th.*—When I went to the Library to get a book, I saw on a slip of paper printed, 'It has been communicated by telegraph that Lord Wellington has gained a complete victory over the French.' This came by one of the coaches from London, and knowing by this there had been a battle, I, of course, felt very unhappy about my beloved Felix. About nine at night, however, I was, thank God, most agreeably relieved by my dear Thomas sending an express from London with a list of the killed and wounded, and an account that, (blessed be the Almighty,) his name was not among either. The battle was at Vittoria, and the French have lost all their cannon, provisions, money, etc. Jourdan's Baton is sent over here. I had the happiness this morning of receiving a few lines from dear Felix, dated the 23rd, saying that he was quite well, and had escaped untouched at the battle of the 21st. He says he had not time to write more, but the first moment he could, he would send me an account of it. His column was just setting out to try and intercept a convoy with money going to Barcelona. General Calvert writes word that Captain Freemantle, who came over with the dispatches, saw Felix in perfect health after the battle. Sir Thomas Graham seems, by Lord Wellington's dispatches, to have done a great deal. Lord W. is gazetted a Field Marshal, and I dare to say he will be a Duke.

"We had a great illumination here for the victory.

"*July 11th.*—We have taken the 'Chesapeake,' an American frigate."

It was about this time that General Graham was wounded at Tortosa, though very slightly. Indeed, the wound would never have been noticed, but for the

<sup>1</sup> Lady Elizabeth Maitland, eldest daughter of James, 7th Earl of Lauderdale, married 1770 David Gavin. She died 1826.



patient's restless activity, which gave it no chance of getting well. Felix Calvert wrote his mother an account of the fighting, mentioning that he had had a great escape, for a ball struck his hair without touching his skin.

"A telegraphic account has come from the Pavilion that Soult has attacked Lord Wellington, and has been defeated by him. There are also despatches from Sir Thomas Graham, but the fog was so great they could make out no more. Much agitated by the news, I met Colonel Bloomfield, who lives with the Prince, and he promised me faithfully that he would send me word if any further intelligence arrived. About five o'clock, I received a message from the Prince to go in the evening to the Pavilion, which I accordingly did, though in very bad spirits. I never can forget the Prince's extreme kindness, and good nature to me the whole of the evening. He crossed the room from where he was sitting the instant I came, both hands extended to me, and telling me how happy he was to see me once more in that house—that he did not know I was there until his brother that morning had told him he had met me walking, and that he sent directly to hunt me out. He made me sit by him several times in the course of the evening. At one time Colonel Bloomfield brought him a letter. I gave an involuntary start, thinking it was despatches, which he observing, turned to me in the best-natured manner, and said it was only a letter from Sussex, and he would make me read the signature before he read the letter. He afterwards read me the letter. It was from Dr. Jackson (who was Dean of Christchurch) refusing the Bishopric of London, which he had offered him, and which the Prince regretted much, as he says he is the fittest person in England for it. The letter, I think, reflects the highest credit on the Prince. The respectful familiarity of it was most pleasing. He had been his tutor. It was a very well written letter, and from the Prince's character of him, he must be a most excellent man. By the bye, I never heard so high a character as the Prince gave my beloved Husband. He concluded it with

much warmth, saying, 'I wish to God there were many more like him.' How gratifying this was to me!

"The Duke of Clarence was also very kind to me. He was, as well as myself, in great anxiety, having two sons with Lord Wellington. He told me his eldest son went over in the ship with my beloved Felix the last time, and wrote of him in the highest commendation, and said he was *the finest fellow he knew*.

"The only ladies besides myself at the Pavilion were Lady Charles Somerset, and her daughter, Mrs. Hervey Aston (a sister of Lady Hertford's), and her daughter, Lady Burrell, (a very pleasing woman, natural daughter to Lord Egremont,) Lady Sarah Bailey, a Mrs. Paulet, wife to a son of Lord Paulet's in the Navy, Catalani, and Madame Bianchi were there. I forgot also the Countess Lieven, the Russian Ambassadors. She played on the pianoforte, which she does very finely, principally voluntaries. She played the march the Russians march to battle with; it is beautiful.

"We left the Pavilion at near one. The Prince at parting said he hoped to find me here on his return, which is to be Tuesday. They all went away yesterday, and the Duke of Clarence told me he would call on me when he returned."

Poor Mrs. Calvert describes herself as "most wretched" during this trying time of suspense.

"Vague and horrible reports are in the papers brought by the Swallow. The most frightful paragraphs appear that 500 have been killed and wounded in an unsuccessful attack on St. Sebastian, *perhaps a tenth of them officers*. What a cruel surmise, if only a surmise! The Pilot mentions that Sir Thomas Graham and his staff had a narrow escape while inspecting the trenches, by a shell bursting, that he and those about him threw themselves on their faces, and escaped unhurt. The Lord be praised. I endeavour to hope and think the best, but at times I am in an agony, and when near the time I expect intelli-

gence, it increases to a most painful degree. At other times, I reason myself into being sure he is safe."

The poor anxious mother found herself unable to sleep without doses of laudanum—a dangerous remedy that Mr. C. would certainly not have approved of. In the meantime she went every night to the Pavilion, and nobody could have been kinder or more sympathetic than the Prince.

"Yesterday I dined there to meet the Russian Ambassadress. There were no women besides, except Mrs. Aston and her daughter. I sat between the Duke of Clarence and the Russian Ambassador, Count Lieven, who is a remarkably pleasing gentlemanlike young man. He told me that he is quite certain that the armistice will *not* be prolonged, which I am delighted at. I don't admire the Countess. She looks very haughty, and as if she despised us all.

"Last night there was a fine ball. The Prince having been so good as to invite Fanny, I took her. She was promoted to great honour, for she *led off* the Ball with the young Prince of Orange. He is a very fine young man, nearly twenty one, remarkably gentlemanlike and pleasing in his manners. Why the Duke of Clarence fixed upon Fanny to introduce to his Serene Highness I know not, but you may suppose she was much pleased. The Prince deputed the Duke of Clarence to act as master of the ceremonies, which he did most actively, getting all the ladies partners. He introduced (the next set) to Fanny a young Russian, with whom she chattered French at a great rate. The set after Major Howard asked her himself. He is one of Lord Carlisle's sons—a very handsome gentlemanlike young man. He is one of the Prince's Equerries. We came away at the end of that set, being nearly four and I told the Prince I was afraid to let her stay any longer. The Duke of Clarence took her under one arm and me under the other to supper, and sat



between us. He took such care of her, giving her everything he thought she would like to eat. The young Prince of Orange sat at the other side of me at supper, and I was very happy to talk to him about Felix, who he knows very well, and saw in perfect health, thank God, the day he sailed. He says he thinks it very likely I shall see him soon, for that *his* opinion is that when St. Sebastian falls, he will be sent with the despatches. However, he charged me not to feel too sure, for fear he should be mistaken. He is very well-bred, and mild in his manners. He told Fanny he hoped she would write her brother word that he *had had the honour* of dancing with her. Fan looked really very well. Her figure appeared to great advantage, her manners very modest and quite composed. At first she looked rather pale, and trembled from head to foot, but that soon went off, and she enjoyed everything very much. The Prince at parting shook her very kindly by the hand, and hoped she had been amused.

“*Friday, August 27th.*—I was on Monday as usual at the Pavilion. Captain Blankley arrived in the course of it, and brought in Joseph Bonaparte’s sword, taken at the Battle of Vittoria, to present to the Regent. It is a most splendid, highly polished one, Napoleon’s name engraved upon it, and a present to him from his brother, which the Prince told me he always gives with the Order of Merit. Yesterday I got my message, as usual, to go to the Pavilion, but about eight, I got another message from the Prince to beg I would bring Fanny. I accordingly did, and there was a very pleasant impromptu dance. Fanny danced with Major Howard, the Duke of Clarence and Captain Jansen, a gallant young Irish officer, who has lost an arm in the service of his country. The Prince danced a few couple himself with Lady Mildmay, but almost directly sprained his ankle, and seemed to be in a good deal of pain for some time, but it went off. Fanny looked remarkably well. I think people seem to like her, and think her pretty. I went away with her directly after supper, as I was afraid to let



her stay longer. At going away, I thanked the Prince for all his kindness to me, and he shook us both very kindly by the hand. He left Brighton this morning, as did the Duke of Clarence, I believe to return no more this season. There is great news arrived this morning—that Austria has joined the allies. I trust in God that horrible Bony will now meet with his deserts!

“I have been walking and driving this morning, and am a good deal tired, and shall now go to bed for the first time these ten days, at a reasonable hour.

“I saw in the papers to-day an account of the Prince’s ball. They say it was opened by the Hereditary Prince of Orange and ‘the lovely Miss Calvert,’ which amused Fan very much.

“*August 30th.*—I have engaged No. 6 on the Pavilion Parade for nine guineas a week, but I had scarcely settled myself before the woman of the house came and told me I must give her a guinea more a week than I had engaged to do. I was so angry that I jumped up and said I would not stay an hour under her house to be so imposed upon. I therefore crossed the road, and engaged the house I had taken for my sister for three weeks, and moved my family into it at once.

“*Sept. 7th, Grosvenor Street.*—Lady Stuart, mother to Sir Charles Stuart, Minister at Lisbon, and her nieces, two Miss Hobarts, dined here.

“We have been this morning to see Strawberry Hill. It belongs to Lady Waldegrave. The collection of pictures there, and other curiosities, all collected by the late Horace Walpole (Lord Orford,) are very curious. They are all enumerated in his works, therefore it would be absurd of me to enter them here.

“I have chosen a very pretty paper for my Sitting Room at Hunsdon, an imitation of the Old Indian papers. I hear that Miss Acklom has paid all the expenses Mr. Madocks incurred on her account, to the amount of some thousands of pounds.”

## CHAPTER XVI

Siege of St. Sebastian—Hon. William Pery killed in action—  
Madame de Staël—Defeat of Bonaparte—Insurrection in  
Holland—The great fog of 1814—Theatricals at Brighton—  
A perilous journey—Lord Althorp and Miss Acklom—  
Edmond Knox escorts the Duc de Berri back to France—  
Bonaparte is sent to Elba—Louis XVIII returns to Paris.

**Y**ESTERDAY I received a letter from General Calvert to tell me that Felix was safe and well after the storming of St. Sebastian which took place on the 31st. After a most sanguinary resistance they got possession of the Town. Thank God, my beloved boy escaped unhurt. He is mentioned in General Graham's despatch in very flattering terms. Why he did not come with the despatches I cannot think ; Major Hare has brought them.

"The poor Limericks have lost their son William,<sup>1</sup> who was killed in the storming party. I am most sincerely grieved for them.

"Bonaparte's General, Vandanne, has been beat in Germany and killed. Things seem going on very well there, but I can think of nothing but Spain. We sent an excuse to Hatfield House (where we were going to a ball, and to sleep last night) on account of the death of William Pery.

"*September 21st.*—On Friday, Fanny and I went to Richmond, where we arrived in time for dinner. We all went in the evening to Lady Kingston's, where we met

<sup>1</sup> The Hon. William Cecil Pery, born 1791, killed at St. Sebastian August 21st, 1813.

the famous Madame de Staël,<sup>1</sup> Necker's daughter. She has nothing captivating in her appearance, which is coarse and vulgar, and her movements are ungraceful. She has ugly long teeth, but there is intelligence in her eyes, and her hands and arms are reckoned handsome. I wished to have heard more of her conversation, but Lady K. bored us with her favourite Miss Smith, the actress, reciting and reading scenes out of plays, when I would much rather have listened to this extraordinary woman. She did not stay long, so I heard her speak but a few sentences, but that few made me wish to hear more. Her daughter was with her. She is neither well, nor ill looking, and has no particular expression of countenance."

Lady Holland wrote to Mrs. Creevey, "The great wonder of the time is Madame de Staël. She is surrounded by all the curious, and every sentence she utters is caught up and repeated with various commentaries. She is much less ugly than I expected, her eyes are fine, and her hands and arms very handsome. The servants at Assemblies announce her as *Mrs. Stale*."

"A letter which was brought me by the second post from London caused me the greatest agitation. It was dated Brighton, and from my beloved Felix, saying he was just arrived there, but was so weak, that he was unable to follow me, and hoped I would come to him. He added that he was sorry to tell me he had felt so hurt at Sir Thomas Graham's having past him over, and sent another with the despatches when it was his place to have come, that he had given up his situation on his staff.

"We arrived at Brighton soon after one, and found my beloved boy very weak. His illness, I believe, was partly brought on by vexation. Indeed, I think General

<sup>1</sup> Madame de Staël used to describe London as a "province in brick."

Graham behaved very unkindly to him, but although he feels that, and was too much hurt to remain in his family, he is still so much attached to him, that he is anxious to be on the same friendly terms with him.

“*September 28th.*—Mr. C. had a letter to-day from poor Limerick. He expresses in his letter, in spite of his own sorrows, great anxiety for Felix, who he says, his poor boy wrote word, had been so kind to him, that had it not been for his generous kindness to him, he would have sunk under the privations and hardships of the campaign. Limerick says he never shall forget it. Dear Felix never made a boast of his kindness, so we were quite ignorant of it.

“Poor Lady Sebright is here. She lives in a dismal place. Her health is wretched, and she really is the most forlorn looking creature I ever saw, and her children most miserably ugly. I feel great compassion for her in every particular. She seems in a most nervous fidgety state.

“Mr. C. has seen Mr. Brand, who says General Graham acted under a mistaken idea, thinking that my Felix had not served his time, he thought he would reap no advantage by coming with the despatches. Mr. B. thinks he was wrong in not having any explanation on the subject with Felix. Mr. C. says everybody says Sir Thomas was wrong, and Felix acted perfectly right, and Mr. Yorke told him he would have done exactly as he did. This is all very consoling. Mr. Brand told Mr. C. that Sir Thomas has often told him that of all men he had ever been under fire with, from the Private to the General officer, he never met one possessed with such coolness and intrepidity as Felix.

“My poor Flora is dead of the distemper, so I will have no more dogs, as I was really grown fond of her.

“*October 10th.*—Fanny and Miss Ryder have read, ‘Col. Hutchinson’s Life’ out loud of an evening to me, and now they are reading Kotzebue’s ‘Life in Siberia.’

“Lady Helena Robinson has had a son, who only lived to be baptized. Miss Lizy Townshend (Lord John’s



second daughter) is to be married to Captain Clifford,<sup>1</sup> son to the late Duke of Devonshire, by his second wife, Lady E. Foster, *previous* to the death of his first wife.

"October 31st, Brighton.—Mr. Brand told us that Sir Thomas Graham was here, and desired him to tell Felix that he should be happy to see him at breakfast the next morning. This was holding out the olive branch. Mr. B. advised Felix not to talk upon the subject to General Graham. He said that what he had done was certainly owing to misapprehension, and that he had no intention of hurting Felix, and that he knew his last act before he quitted Spain was to write to Lord Wellington recommending Felix as his first A.D.C. at the Battle of Vittoria, for promotion. He therefore thought he had much better let the matter drop. Felix agreed to this, and went to breakfast the next morning with the General, who received him with his usual cordiality, so there the matter ends.

"*Upper Grosvenor Street, Nov. 5th.*—We went last night to the Baroness Montalembert's. There was dancing and waltzing. Sir Thomas Graham was there. I must say he is no favourite of mine.

"Glorious news! Bonaparte completely beaten, but he has hitherto escaped himself. There never were such splendid victories. Liepsick taken, with the King of Saxony and his family in it; French Generals killed and taken without number. The Saxons deserted in the battle to the allies, and turned their arms against the French. There is to be a general illumination to-night.

"*November 11th.*—Mr. C. and I went to Hunsdon on

<sup>1</sup> Sir Augustus William James Clifford, Bart., C.B., born 1788. A most distinguished naval officer. He was Admiral of the Red 1864. M.P. for Bandon Bridge 1818–20, for Dungarvan 1820–22, and again for Bandon Bridge from July 23rd, 1831, to December 3rd, 1832. He was nominated a C.B. December 8th, 1815. He was appointed July 25th, 1832, Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod. On various occasions between 1843 and 1866 he acted as Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain of England, in the absence of Lord Willoughby d'Eresby. He died February 8th, 1877. Married October 20th, 1813, Elizabeth, afterwards Lady Elizabeth Frances Townshend; she was born August 2nd, 1789, and died at Nice April 10th, 1862. He was a patron of the arts, and formed a unique collection of paintings, sculpture, etchings, engravings, and *bijouterie*.

Saturday. They go on but slowly, but I now see some prospect of their getting to the end of it. The Drawing Room looks very well with the doors and windows painted oak.

"We got the account the day before yesterday of the surrender of Pampeluna. Bony has escaped to Frankfort. I am afraid he will certainly get safe back to France.

"*Nov. 23rd, Brighton.*—On Sunday I went twice to the Free Chapel. Mr. Marsh preached in the morning, but not in the evening. He is called a Methodist, but I like his preaching much.

"We hear of nothing but the great news from Holland, where there has been a great insurrection. They have drove the French out, and have sent over here for the Prince of Orange and for troops which are going directly. General Graham paid me a long visit on Saturday. He has called four times while he was here.

"*November 29th.*—Sir Thomas Graham is going out to Holland as Commander in Chief. He has not offered to take Felix, which shows he is not over cordial to him. It does not, however, annoy Felix which I am happy at.

"*December 6th.*—I dined in Marlborough Row (with my sister), and went to my Mother's in the evening.

"On Friday I dined and spent the evening at Lady Dunalley's.<sup>1</sup> Sir James de Bathe,<sup>2</sup> and a Miss Lydia White,<sup>3</sup> (*a blue stocking*) dined there. A good many came in the evening.

<sup>1</sup> Henry Prittie, 1st Lord Dunalley, born 1743, married 1766 Catherine, widow of John Bury, and second daughter and co-heiress of Francis Sadleir of Sopwell Hall, Co. Tipperary.

<sup>2</sup> Sir James Wynne de Bathe, Bart., born 1792, died, unmarried, 1828, when the title devolved on his brother.

<sup>3</sup> Lydia Rogers White was the third daughter and co-heiress of Stephen White, a merchant of Bristol, by his wife, Cecil Basset, of Miscin, Glamorganshire. Lydia, who on the death of her father came into a fortune of some £1200 per annum, lived for some time at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds, on the terrace at Richmond. She later moved to 113 Park Street, where she founded her famous *salon*, and lived there till her death in 1827. She often visited her sister, Mrs. Saunderson, in Ireland, which gave rise to the belief that she was of Irish birth. She travelled on the Continent and visited Florence in 1816, Naples in 1818, and was at Venice in 1819. In 1808

" *December 8th.*—The Prince of Orange has arrived in Holland, and been proclaimed Sovereign Prince of the Netherlands, by the title of William 1st.

" *December 18th.*—Yesterday I took Fanny to my sister's, where there was a very nice ball. There were three sets of Country Dances, and waltzing, the former of which Fanny partook, but *of course* not the latter.

" I made the acquaintance on Thursday at Mrs. Fitzherbert's with Colonel Robarts of the 10th. He is a very pleasing, gentlemanlike young man, and I felt much pleased at his saying, that Felix had done a most spirited and proper thing in quitting Sir Thomas Graham, who, he thought, had used him very ill.

" *Hunsdon House, December 21st.*—Yesterday we came down here, and found all the children in perfect health, and we are all very merry and pleasant together. To-day is a lovely day and the frost is returned.

" *Christmas Day, 1813.*—We were all at church to-day, and, being Christmas Day, received the Sacrament.

" *December 29th.*—Major Lake and Walter dined here yesterday. We played at Loto in the evening.

" *Brighton, Jan. 2nd, 1814.*—We were saluted in London by the most horrible and extraordinary fog I ever saw. They had been enveloped in it since Sunday, and I left them yesterday in that state. On Friday, in spite of

she visited Sir Walter Scott, and spent some weeks with him at Abbotsford, after which she took a long tour in the Highlands. She was described by Scott as "nineteen times dyed blue, lively and clever, and absurd to the uttermost degree, but exceedingly good-natured." During the Regency Lydia White's parties obtained an ascendancy which they never lost over London society. At her gatherings in Park Street were to be met such celebrities as Sydney Smith, Tom Moore, Hallam, Lord Ward, afterwards Lord Dudley, Sir Roderick Murchison, "Conversation" Sharp, Sir John Copley, afterwards the famous Lord Lyndhurst, and such well-known ladies as Lady Charlotte Bury, Mrs. Siddons, Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Morcet, the feminine expert in political economy, Mrs. Somerville. Amongst her friends she numbered Lord Byron and Bulwer Lytton. For some years before her death she had become bedridden from dropsy, and had to receive her guests propped up on a sofa. She died at her house in Park Street January 28th, 1827. See W. P. Courtney's *Eight Friends of the Great*, page 149.



the fog,<sup>1</sup> I walked a little about, and could not see the opposite houses, and towards the evening it was still worse, the lamps giving no light, and people running against each other. I was truly happy yesterday to get safe out of it, as there are numberless accidents. I went into Felix's room, who was in bed, to kiss him, and to wish the dear boy many happy new years.

"This place is fuller and gayer than ever—nothing but balls, waltzing etc. I don't much like the complexion of things on the Continent. It appears to me that Austria is not staunch to the good cause. Lord Castlereagh is gone to try and conciliate matters.

"I hear that when the Count of Grammont was with Lord Wellington's army, his tenantry in that part of the world flocked to see him, and were in transport at the sight of him, kissed his hands, and shewing every demonstration of joy. This sounds well.

"*January 6th.*—On Tuesday night 'The Critic' was acted by Mr. Brownlow North, Mr. Dangle; Mrs. Dangle, (Miss Lydia White), Sir Fretful Plagiary (Mr. Douglas), and Puff (Mr. Hare). There was afterwards a French proverb 'L'Avocat Chansonnier,' Baron Montalembert and Mr. Douglas performed the best—indeed, remarkably well, and I was very much amused.

"It is now blowing and snowing at a great rate, and is most completely disagreeable. I am glad I came here when I did, for had I put off my journey until now, I don't think I could have travelled.

"*January 10th.*—Edmond and Fanny accompanied me to Mrs. Fitzherbert's where there was partly a children's ball, and then the grown up girls danced.

"The allies have crossed the Rhine and have entered

<sup>1</sup> This was one of the worst fogs of the last century. For several days London was enveloped in a darkness which might be felt, and business was almost entirely at a standstill. The Prince Regent set out on a visit to the Marquis of Salisbury at Hatfield, but after an absence of several hours, during which the carriages had only got as far as Kentish Town, and one outrider had been deposited in a ditch, the Prince was obliged to abandon the attempt and return to Carlton House (*Bygone London Life*, by G. L. Apperson, i.s.o.).



France, and it is very generally believed that Monsieur is going to France or gone.

"Miss Wykeham,<sup>1</sup> who is a great heiress, has positively refused Lord Cranbourne. All the men are after her.

"There has been a grand piece of work to-night. My sister is always at home on a Friday. Baroness Montalembert, although she has a general invitation, chose to fix a French Play at her house. However, in the midst of it all, the mother of one of the performers died this morning, which has put an end to the play, though it does not prevent our, and indeed, everyone thinking the Baroness had behaved very ill. However, I recommend peace and harmony, though I am of the same opinion, in spite of which I meant to have gone to the play for my amusement.

"*January 18th.*—I took Fanny to my sister's dance. I am quite surprised to find how she is admired.

"Lord Cranbourne is come down on a visit to Mrs. Bertie. He was seen walking arm in arm with Miss Wykeham yesterday on the Steyne. Everyone thinks they will certainly be married.

"*January 28th.*—We went at night to Mrs. Bertie's to see the play. The performers were, Mr. Douglas, Mr. Hare, Lord Cranbourne, Mr. Hoare, Miss White, Lady Charlotte Lindsay, and Miss Wykeham.

"Mr. D. acted very well—Miss White tolerably—Lord Cranbourne looked like the footman he meant to represent, but I would not have hired him; he delivered his messages so ill. I wonder whether Miss W. will engage him for life. Her friends evidently wish it.

"The Dowager Lady Lucan is dead, also Lady Maria Hamilton, Lord Abercorn's only surviving daughter by his first wife.

"Sweden has made peace with Denmark, and the latter has given up Norway to the former. We have also made peace with Denmark. The Allies do not seem to be very active, but Monsieur is gone to them, the Duke D'An-

<sup>1</sup> Sophia Elizabeth Wykeham, created Baroness Wenman June 3rd, 1834, died, unmarried, 1870.

goulême to Lord Wellington, and the Duke de Berri (where is not known), so we may expect soon great matters. There are accounts from different parts of the country of the frost and snow which are deplorable. From many parts the mails did not arrive, and there has not been known such a frost in the memory of man.

" *February 2nd.*—We were at the ball at Miss White's on Friday, and since then at the French Play at Baron Montalembert's, and Lady Westmoreland really acted very well, as Clara. The Play was, 'Les Deux Prisonniers.' The Baron in Auguste was incomparable. Lady Westmoreland was extravagantly admired.

" *Upper Grosvenor Street, February 5th.*—I sent the children off from Brighton at seven, and we followed at half past eight. The first part of the journey was dreadful—so slippery that we were obliged to get out and walk often, and our horses tumbled down. However, we went on prosperously until we arrived in London, when we found the pavement in such a state from the snow and ice, that we were three quarters of an hour coming here from the horse-guards.

" I have written to Monk at Waltham Cross to send us horses tomorrow if the road is safe to travel.

" *February 8th.*—A shocking accident happened a short time ago to one of Edmond Knox<sup>1</sup> (Mr. K.'s brother)'s children, a fine boy of seven years old. The nurse had had some vitriol in a glass by her bedside to apply for toothache. The child got up in the night and drank it; he died in eight and forty hours. How much to be pitied the poor parents are!

" There has been a great fair upon the Thames, but it has been broken up on account of the thaw.

" Yesterday our waggon arrived from Town. It went for our Brighton luggage, and they lost it. Fortunately, those sort of things don't fret me.

" *February 13th.*—There is an account in the papers of the Custom House being burnt to the ground. There

<sup>1</sup> The Hon. Edmond Knox, Bishop of Limerick, third son of Viscount Northland. He died 1849.

are great fears that the Allies are going to make peace with Bonaparte. Funds are at 71 in consequence, although the public do not like the idea, indeed, we could have no expectations of its being durable. Byrne and Timewell are returned—no chance of our things being recovered.

“*February 20th.*—The prospect of peace seems over for the present, but I am sorry to say Bonaparte has had some victories. I am quite in despair at it. Alas! Felix’s regiment is at Gibraltar, where he must soon go to join it.

“*Upper Grosvenor Street, February 26th.*—I have driven out every morning with my sister. Lady Georgina Spencer is going to be married to Lord Quin.

“The Allies have fallen back, and Bonaparte has certainly been several times successful, though he certainly exaggerates his successes. I think Felix has at last got well, and this reconciles me more to the idea of his going out to Gibraltar. He only waits for a passage. Lord Cassilis’s eldest son, barely nineteen is going to be married to a Miss Allardice,<sup>1</sup> a Scotch heiress. I hear that she is very ugly, but that her riches are countless, so I dare to say his parents made up the match. I think it is a thousand pities! I hear he is a very handsome, pleasing boy, but quite a boy.

“The papers bring very unpleasant accounts. Bonaparte has got to Troyes, and the Allies have retired. Everything now seems to favour him. Alas! I fear his spell of good fortune is not over!

“*March 14th.*—Lord Balgonie<sup>2</sup> dined in Grosvenor Street Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. He is a good-humoured, pleasing young man, but seems in bad health.

<sup>1</sup> Eleanor, only daughter and heiress of Alexander Allardyce, M.P., of Dunnottar, by Hannah, daughter of Alexander Innes, of Cowie. She married May 1st, 1814, Lord Cassilis, eldest son of the 1st Marquess of Ailsa. They both died 1832, in his father’s lifetime.

<sup>2</sup> Eldest son of Lord Leven and Melville, born 1785. He was a shipmate of Edmond Knox, with whom he kept up a lifelong friendship. He succeeded his father as 10th Earl, married 1820, and died in 1860.



" My sister and I went to levy a fine before Sir William Garrod on the Welsh estate which has produced by the sale, £20,000 each to my sister and me.

" Nothing is talked of but the fraud on the Stock Exchange.

" I saw Limerick in town. He said that poor William, in his letters, had expressed himself in terms of gratitude to Felix, who he says found him out, and actually saved him from starving. He has got four of Glentworth's children with him. Glentworth has been behaving very ill to him, and they are at daggers drawn. He and Lady G. and their youngest child are in Ireland.

" *March 19th.*—Bony has been beaten by Blücher. The Tower guns were fired. General Graham has been beat in an attack on Bergenopzoom. We have lost a terrible number of men, among them poor Mr. James Macdonald. It seems to have been a rash attempt of Sir Thomas. Major Stanhope has come home with the despatches. Felix writes me word he had been at the Duke of York's levee, who said nothing to him, but asked him *when he went*. It seems like a hint. However, he has as yet heard nothing of a passage.

" Miss Acklom is going to be married to Lord Althorp,<sup>1</sup> Lord Spencer's eldest son, and they are delighted at the match, and Lady S. says she has been '*so well educated on the Continent.*' Heaven preserve me from *so well educated* a daughter-in-law.

" We have heard that Lord Wellington has had a great victory, and since that, has got possession of Bordeaux, and they have there hoisted the white cockade, proclaimed the Bourbons, and torn down the eagles etc. However, whether there will be peace or war, whether the Allies are staunch or not, seems to be involved in perfect obscurity. It is a most anxious crisis, especially

<sup>1</sup> John Charles, Viscount Althorp, married April 14th, 1814, Esther, only daughter and heiress of Richard Acklom of Wiseton Hall, Nottinghamshire. He was a distinguished Member of the House of Commons, and was Chancellor of the Exchequer from 1830 to 1834. He succeeded his father as 3rd Earl Spencer November 10th, 1834. He d.s.p. 1845.



for those who have sons and husbands engaged. The Duchess of Oldenburgh, sister to the Emperor of Russia, is arrived in London. She lives in the Pulteney Hotel, Piccadilly.<sup>1</sup> She has the whole of it, and people say pays £500 a week for it. I think *that* impossible. Report gives her in marriage to the Duke of Clarence. The Royal Family are very attentive to her, and indeed, they are very right. It is said she has unbounded influence with her brother, the Emperor.

“*April 9th.*—We saw dear Felix on arriving in Grosvenor Street, who met us with the good news that Bony’s troops in the neighbourhood of Paris had been beaten ; that Paris had capitulated, and the Allies, headed by the Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia had entered it. The Tower guns had fired, and everyone was in the highest spirits. This morning we have the additional of the Senate having dethroned Bonaparte. Tallyrand and others of his *friends* had arranged it.

“The *fish women* had waited upon the Emperor of Russia and presented him with a nose-gay, and begged for the Bourbons. Particulars are not yet known on the head of the Bourbons, but we suppose they will be re-established. What delightful news ! We are all in ecstasies !

“*February 15th.*—We hear that Bonaparte has submitted to the decree, and has signed his abdication. We can scarce believe it possible that we are going to have peace and quiet, and an end to Bonaparte’s horrors and dominion. He is to retire to Elba. I own I would rather there was an end of him. I dread his starting up again. Everybody seems to despise Bony for his submission.

“*Sunday, April 17th.*—To our agreeable surprise Edmond Knox arrived. He is just arrived from taking

<sup>1</sup> Originally known as Barrymore House, having been built in 1780 by Novosielski for the Earl of Barrymore. After a fire had occurred there, the place was repaired and opened as the Old Pulteney Hotel, and it was here that the Emperor of Russia stayed in 1814 (*Wanderings in Piccadilly*).

the Duke de Berri <sup>1</sup> to Cherbourg, where he was most enthusiastically received. Edmond likes him very much. He spent two very pleasant days at Cherbourg. Poor fellow, he brought Fanny and me and his own family presents of lace. I was quite vexed he had spent so much money, but he would have been quite hurt had I not at last accepted it. Miss Acklom and Lord Althorp were married last Wednesday !

" Mr. and Mrs. Warre and Jack Warre, my sister and all her family left me to-day. They all expressed to have been most highly pleased with their party, which was very gratifying. How much I like Mrs. Warre ! She is a charming woman, and I flatter myself she likes me. Jack is also a great favourite of mine. Mr. Thomas Warre is an amiable good soul, but I think in very indifferent health. I like also Lord Balgonie very much.

" *April 29th.*—The papers are full of Louis 18th's entrance into London. He left it yesterday for Dover to embark. The Regent has paid him the compliment of going with him to the water-side. The Duke of Clarence takes him across the water.<sup>2</sup>

" *May 1st.*—I received a letter to-day from my beloved Felix, dated Friday, Portsmouth, saying he had received orders to embark in the Eurotas and proceed to Gibraltar. He wrote in high spirits at going with Edmond, who takes out Admiral Fleming to Gibraltar, and he says he anticipates a delightful passage, as he is sure Admiral Fleming will like to stop at Cherbourg and Bordeaux. He says, thank God, he is in perfect health. This letter was a great blow to me, as I had flattered myself all idea of his

<sup>1</sup> The Duc de Berri returned to France in the Eurotas, of which Captain Knox took command on March 29th, 1814. The batteries and shipping there hoisted the white flag and fired salutes, and, as soon as the Eurotas had anchored, a barge came alongside to convey the Duc de Berri on shore. He was assassinated, at the Opera House in Paris, February 13th, 1820.

<sup>2</sup> Louis XVIII left his retreat at Hartwell on April 20th, and reached his capital on May 3rd, to find it occupied by foreign armies, and to discover that his French escort, composed of Napoleon's Old Guard, was of doubtful loyalty (*The Political History of England*, G. C. Brodrick and T. K. Fotheringham).

going to that odious Gibraltar was at an end. It is supposed the 29th will proceed to America, in which case he will not have long to stay at Gibraltar.

" Thomas Knox is at Paris. They have had two letters from him. He does not seem to think the Parisians very warm for the Bourbons or well affected to the cause. I hope sincerely he is mistaken. The papers are full of Louis's entrance into Paris, and of his fine reception. Bonaparte has set off for Elba. The Empress is now Duchess of Parma. They have set off for Germany. I own I have my fears we shall see Bonaparte one of these days again formidable. However, I shall be very happy to have my opinion to be proved erroneous.

" *Tuesday, 10th.*—Mr. C. is gone to Town to-day. He means to go to the Prince's levee to-morrow.

" Lord Wellington is made Duke of Wellington ; Sir Thomas Graham, Lord Lynedoch.

" I hear Miss Pole writes word that it is not the fashion at Paris to talk with unmarried women. She danced at a ball with the Emperor of Russia who did not speak one word to her, but when he had done dancing, handed her to her mother, to whom he talked away.

" Thomas tells me Lady Catherine Gordon <sup>1</sup> is to be married to Mr. Cavendish. He is but twenty. Early marriages are the *fashion*. Lord Cassilis's son, not twenty, is just married to a Miss Allardice, a great heiress. John saw Lady Althorpe in her box at the Opera one night. She seemed very glad to see him, and talked a long time with him. I hear Lady Spencer cries from morning till night."

<sup>1</sup> Lady Catherine Susan Gordon, eldest daughter of George, 9th Marquess of Huntley, K.T., married June 16th, 1814, Hon. Charles Compton Cavendish, fourth son of George, 1st Earl of Burlington. He was created Lord Chesham January 15th, 1858.

## CHAPTER XVII

Foreign politics—Unpopularity of the Regent—Proposed marriage of Princess Charlotte—Mrs. Fitzherbert still beautiful—A crowded Drawing-room—Death of Josephine—An injured woman—Princess Charlotte shows her spirit—The gallant Blücher—Trial of Lord Cochrane—Splendid fête at White's—Lord Cochrane's terrible sentence—Thanksgiving Day—Carlton House in its glory—Ovation to the Duke of Wellington—London festivities.

*May 18th, 1814.*

**O**N arriving in Upper Grosvenor Street from Hunsdon, Mrs. Calvert found a large "dinner company" assembled, and foreign politics were freely discussed.

"The accounts from Paris are not pleasant; there seems to be a great spirit of insubordination in the Senate, the army and the people seem to be pulling different ways, and unless things are greatly exaggerated, the Royal Family are infinitely to be pitied. Bonaparte has arrived at Elba, in spite of many ridiculous reports which have been circulated to the contrary. It was said that he would not be received at Elba, that he was gone to Gibraltar, about to come to England etc., etc. Surely party spirit never ran higher than it does in London at the present moment. The opposition are really scandalous in their conduct and gross abuse of the Regent. Just at present there is a terrible work about a fête which is to be given by White's Club. The Prince wishes to exclude the Princess of Wales, and she is determined to go, and in spite of the rule that tickets were not to be trans-



ferable, she has had five presented to her by Lord Sefton.<sup>1</sup> One never hears the same story twice. Mr. Holmes has just told me that if the Princess goes, the Prince will not be present, nor will the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia etc., who are expected, and if so the whole thing will be spoilt.

"I have been to see a picture on porcelain of Bonaparte, reckoned extremely like him; a very interesting but anxious countenance.

"Lord Longford, a brother of the Duchess of Wellington, has made me very happy by saying that not only the whole army in Spain, but the Duke of Wellington himself were indignant at Lord Lynedoch's sending Colonel Hare with the despatches instead of Felix: he spoke in the most flattering terms of him, and said how highly he was thought of in the Army.

"On Friday I went to a great assembly at the Marchioness of Stafford's. The Prince Regent was very gracious and kind. He told me I had grown very fat, indeed I have been told this before, I believe the present fashion of puffy (or as they call them Bishop) sleeves, helps to make me look so.

"The Prince of Orange enquired after Felix, and I said, 'Sir, he did not come with the despatches.' 'No,' said he, 'I know he did not, but I told you it was his turn, and I was right.'

"A great deal of *tracasserie* goes on about this ball at White's and another at Boodle's. A foolish ball is made a complete party business, right or wrong, however, I side with the Prince. Various reports are circulated as to the marriage of the Prince of Orange and Princess Charlotte. Some say she will not have him unless it is guaranteed by Parliament that she is to live nine months of the year in England and only three in Holland. Others say that the Duchess of Oldenburgh has talked so much of her brother Prince Nicholas (who is only sixteen but transcendently handsome) that Princess

<sup>1</sup> William Philip Molyneux, 2nd Earl of Sefton.

Charlotte is determined to see him before irrevocably engaging herself. Another story is, Miss Mercer Elphinstone, Lord Keith's daughter, who is a dear friend of the Princess but a violent democrat, is doing her best to break off the match. Some hitch there evidently is, but what the real truth may be, it is impossible to say. At Lady Clermont's yesterday I met Mrs. Fitzherbert, looking really beautiful.

"*May 20th.*—I am going to the Drawing-room next Thursday, having routed out some black things, as Lord Hamilton is dead, and I must go in mourning. The Queen has written to the Princess of Wales to request that she will not come to the Drawing-room, as the Regent will never meet her in public or private.

"The Princess of Wales's answer to this letter was very spirited. She wrote to the Queen, consenting to her request, but insisting on her right to be present, and the whole correspondence appeared in the newspapers. The Drawing-room was extremely hot and crowded.

"All the different branches of the Royal Family were present, the Duchess of Oldenburgh and her attendants, Countess Lieven etc., Princess Charlotte stood near the door and looked extremely well. The Queen was very gracious in her manner and so were the Princesses Augusta and Mary. I had not seen Princess Augusta for years, and she received me quite affectionately. She told me she had often enquired for me, and that she was so glad to hear such a delightfully amiable character of my daughter, and that she had such a fine boy. She told me that Eliza (so she called Princess Elizabeth) had given her a message from me last year, when I enquired about her at Carlton House. In the meantime I had lost Fanny in the crowd, and was in great distress, as they were going to sweep me, as well as the rest, out of the Presence Chamber. I told the Regent my dilemma, and in the kindest way he made me stand close to him, so that I might not be sent away till Fanny was found, which she was not for some minutes. He shook me by the hand two or three times and enquired for 'Nicolson' as he calls Mr. C. He

had been obliged to leave town yesterday as Mr. Coke of Norfolk was expected at Hunsdon.

"The Duchess of Oldenburgh is, I think, a very pleasing, intelligent looking woman. She has thick lips, and a little the look of a Calmuck, but I think her appearance much to be liked, and I hear, that in point of understanding she is a most superior woman.

"I chaperoned the Robinsons that night to Lady Hampden's and met Lord Burghersh there, just arrived from Paris. He told me that the Emperor etc., will be here on Monday or Tuesday, the preliminaries of peace being signed. Poor Josephine is dead (how I wish it had been her husband Bony instead !) some say that she was poisoned, but most people seem to think that she died from a sore throat.

"Yesterday there was a mob hired to hiss the Prince of Wales. Limerick, who mingled among them, says that he never saw such a set of ragamuffins, evidently hired for the purpose.

"The Princess of Wales (by way of making a row) went last night to the Play. She was received with great applause ; they called for God Save the King, and cheers for an injured woman. To-day Mr. Paul Methuen brings forward a motion to address the Regent, and enquire why he excluded the Princess from the Drawing-room. I think it very impudent of him to interfere between man and wife ; I dare say that the Regent had good reasons for what he did, though it is to be lamented from the commotion it has occasioned.

"*May 25th.*—Yesterday I chaperoned Fanny Knox to a large assembly at Lady Bridgewater's. I think the Prince of Orange remarkably pleasing. I understand that the marriage is soon to take place, and that he is the Princess Charlotte's own choice. The Regent, feeling how unhappy he had been in his own marriage, would not control her, but told her to choose out of all the different Princes she could marry, and her choice fell on the Prince of Orange, who is, I believe, most worthy of the distinction. Mr. Methuen's motion is withdrawn as all the



moderate opposition were against it. Mr. Whitbread as usual very violent, and that noisy Mr. Giles declaiming loudly against the Regent, which does not improve my opinion of either of them.

"Lady Winchester told me, that on Thursday, when the Queen and Princesses and Princess Charlotte dined at Carlton House, the Prince Paul of Würtemberg, from motives of pure ill nature, made a set at the Prince of Orange trying to make him drunk. He succeeded in this mischievous attempt and the Prince had to be taken home in his carriage by Lord Liverpool. The Prince Regent was very angry, and when the Prince of Würtemberg went up to speak to Princess Charlotte she drew herself up indignantly and said, 'Sir, I don't wish to have anything to say to you.' The Prince Regent was much pleased at her showing this spirit.

"*June 6th.*—I had a good many visitors yesterday, amongst the rest Lady Charlemont, who I really think the prettiest creature there ever was.

"Old Blücher was dining at Paris in company with Lady Burghersh and the Duke of Wellington and made this speech, à propos of what I don't know :

"'J'aime le Duc de Wellington et je respecte Lady Burghersh. Voilà ce que dit ma bouche. Mais mon cœur dit au contraire. J'aime Lady Burghersh et je respecte le Duc de Wellington,'—a very neatly turned compliment. I hear the Emperor etc., are landed, terrible gloomy weather for them.

"*June 10th.*—On Tuesday we spent all the morning at Mr. North's house in Whitehall, hoping to see the foreign potentates, but they disappointed us by slipping in incog. To-day they are all gone out of town to Ascot Races.<sup>1</sup> The only person I have seen is Blücher on Lady Castlereagh's balcony, a fine looking old man with a bald head.

<sup>1</sup> The Tsar of Russia and the King of Prussia, having accepted an invitation from the Prince Regent, landed at Dover, and were afterwards received with the utmost enthusiasm in London (*The Political History of England*).



"At Lady Charleville's we had some very good singing, Naldi<sup>1</sup> and the other Italians. I hear there are to be 2000 at the Fête at Carlton House, so I think I have some chance of being invited. Yesterday after church we went to Kensington Gardens, the day was lovely and we had the pleasure of seeing the Emperor of Russia, who is fair and not ill looking, he was dressed in scarlet regimentals. Lady Salisbury had a party last night, at which they all were, but she was unkind enough not to ask me. I don't go to parties of a Sunday, but to see these great personages I really would for once have gone.

"*June 16th.*—Lord Cochrane and Mr. Cochrane Johnstone are found guilty of the fraud on the Stock Exchange. It is a most dreadful disgrace; many people think Lord Cochrane innocent, but he will however, have the disgrace of punishment. It is supposed that they will be expelled from the House, and Lord Cochrane deprived of his ribbon, which means that his spurs will be sawn off by the King's Cook.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Naldi, once a lawyer at Bologna, became a celebrated buffo singer, and spent many seasons in London, where he was a great favourite. He was killed at his friend Garcia's in Paris (1821) by the accidental explosion of an apparatus used for cooking by steam.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Cochrane towards the end of 1813 was nominated flag-captain to the Tennant, the flagship of his uncle, Sir Alexander Forrester Inglis Cochrane, G.C.B., who had been appointed to the Command-in-Chief on the North American station. The Tennant not being ready, Sir Alexander went out to America in a frigate, leaving his nephew to equip and bring out his flagship. While engaged in fitting out the Tennant, Lord Cochrane had recommended to him as a skilled rifle instructor and pyrotechnist one Captain de Berenger, a French refugee and officer in one of the foreign regiments. There is no reason to doubt that de Berenger was fully qualified for this post, but he was an unscrupulous adventurer gifted with boundless impudence. On February 20th, 1814, while at Dover, he sent word to the Admiral at Deal (whence the news was brought to London) that he was Lord Cathcart's aide-de-camp, and was the bearer of news from Paris to the effect that Bonaparte had been killed, that the Allies were in full march on Paris, and that immediate peace was certain. The funds rose suddenly, and then fell; out of the fluctuations one of Lord Cochrane's uncles, Colonel Andrew Cochrane Johnstone, netted, it was said, a very large sum. De Berenger meanwhile posted up to London, and drove to Lord Cochrane's house in Green Street, changing on his way from the scarlet coat of a staff officer to his own green coat

"The Duke of Rutland has lost his only son of ten months old, at whose Christening there was such a work, the Regent standing in person.

"*June 22nd.*—Mr. C. and I dined at Mr. Robinson's and met Lord and Lady Kingston, Lord and Lady Gage, Lord and Lady Ashbrook, Lord Kilworth and Lord Clifden. In the evening came Lord Mount Cashel and his beautiful daughter Lady Jane Moore.<sup>1</sup> Lady Ashbrook played on the harp. I never heard anyone play so delightfully as she does, the sounds she brings out are quite divine. On Saturday I went with my sister, her Fanny and my Fanny to see the procession to Guildhall where

of a rifleman, and in Green Street again changing into plain clothes, which he borrowed from Lord Cochrane. He was traced to Green Street, and Lord Cochrane thus learning that he was the perpetrator of a swindle, gave information that led to his arrest. De Berenger, Johnstone, and with them Lord Cochrane, were all apprehended and brought to trial. The case of Lord Cochrane, who knew absolutely nothing of the affair, was mixed up with that of the other two, who were undoubtedly guilty; all three were, however, convicted, and Lord Cochrane was sentenced to stand in the pillory for an hour, to pay a fine of £1000, and to be imprisoned in the King's Bench prison for a year. The standing in the pillory was remitted, on account of his fellow-Member for Westminster, Sir Francis Burdett, announcing his intention of standing with him, and the Government feared a riot; but his name was removed from the Navy List (June 25th); he was expelled from the House of Commons (July 5th), and, with every possible indignity, from the number of the Knights of the Bath. Within a few days of his being expelled from the House of Commons he was enthusiastically returned by Westminster, the electors in a mass meeting passing a unanimous resolution that he "was perfectly innocent of the Stock Exchange fraud, and that he was a fit and proper person to represent their city in parliament, and that his re-election should be secured without any expense to him." He, however, had to undergo his term of imprisonment, which, after he had escaped and been recaptured, was made cruelly severe. On June 20th, 1815, he was told that, the term having expired, he would be set at liberty on paying the fine of £1000. On July 3rd he reluctantly accepted his liberty, paying the fine with a bank-note, on the back of which he wrote: "My health having suffered by long and close confinement, and my oppressors being resolved to deprive me of property or life, I submit to robbery to protect myself from murder, in the hope I shall live to bring the delinquents to justice." This note is still preserved at the Bank of England.

<sup>1</sup> She married June 17th, 1819, the Right Hon. William Yates Peel, P.C., M.P., brother of Sir Robert Peel, Bart. She died September 5th, 1847.

the Regent and all the potentates were going to dine. It certainly is a fine sight, but not worth sitting several hours stuck on benches at a window. I am sorry to say the Regent was hissed, and some say even pelted at Temple Bar. On Monday there was a Grand Review in the Park, the Regent and all the potentates being present. We all dined early at my sister's, and dressed there for White's ball at Burlington House. I wore violet coloured satin, richly trimmed with gold, feathers and diamonds. We went about nine o'clock and found the house and courtyard brilliantly illuminated, one seemed to drive into a blaze of light. The rooms were all temporary ones, and quite beautiful, the ball room hung with pink calico, not many lamps, but waxlights in beautiful chandeliers. There were twelve stewards with black wands, and Limerick was one of them. About eleven the Regent arrived, God save the King was played, and the stewards cleared the way, and formed a lane along which the procession passed. It would be impossible to describe all the Princes and Grandees of different nations who were present. The Emperor of Russia is a fine-looking man and seems good humored and lively. He danced country dances and waltzes. The King of Prussia looks grave, melancholy, and interesting. They say he has never recovered the death of his wife. He walked about scarcely talking to anyone, his eyes wandering about, but apparently resting on no one. He seemed to enjoy nothing. His brother and two sons were there, the latter good looking boys of seventeen or eighteen." <sup>1</sup>

Frederick William III. of Prussia succeeded to the throne in 1797, having married in 1793 Louise of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who was niece to our Queen Charlotte and born in 1776. Her portrait, by Gustav Richter, at Cologne, represents her as a very lovely woman, and she was as good as she was beautiful. After the disastrous

<sup>1</sup> The younger son, Prince William, born 1797, was afterwards William I, King of Prussia and German Emperor.



wars with Napoleon, and his shameless attacks on her character, came the Peace of Tilsit. The extortionate treaty was signed, and Queen Louise, broken in spirit, returned to Memel. While on a visit to her father she died in 1810 after a short illness, greatly beloved and regretted.

"I was introduced to Platoff,<sup>1</sup> and we shook hands. Blücher made me three bows while I was talking to the Regent. He does not look so old as I thought; they say he is a debauched old fellow.

"Now that I have seen her close, I think the Duchess of Oldenburgh very ugly. She has the features of a negress, with a very white skin; her manners however are very graceful. The Prince Royal of Würtemberg bears a very good character, but his brother Prince Paul is universally detested, and the more I look at him, the more horrible his countenance seems to me. At about two o'clock a silk curtain flew up and disclosed the Royal supper room, which was beautiful. The sides of the wall were painted like a panorama. The room itself was supposed to represent a ship with masts and rigging. One side of the wall was painted to represent Calais and the other Dover. There were £50,000 worth of plate, and £10,000 of chandeliers. One table was raised a little above the rest for the Royal personages, and two along the room for a selection of Dukes, Duchesses, Marquises and Marchionesses, Earls and Countesses, and there was another supper room for the remainder of the company. It was curious to see the various uniforms of different

<sup>1</sup> Count Platoff, born *circa* 1765 on the banks of the Don. After the Peace of Bucharest (1812) he was appointed Hetman of the Cossacks, and at the head of twenty regiments, during the disastrous retreat from Moscow, he caused the French Army as much harm as the cold and famine, and he regained from the soldiers the booty they had taken, as well as making a great number of prisoners. Platoff entered Paris with the victorious Allied Sovereigns, and accompanied them to London, where he was received with triumph, and presented by the City Merchants with a Sword of Honour. He died in Russia in the year 1818.



nations. We did not get away till near seven, and I lay in bed till near one yesterday, far less tired, however, than I expected.

“The Prince of Orange’s match is broken off. Princess Charlotte will not have him, and I hear that he left London yesterday. She (the Princess) sent back his picture, etc. Everybody pities the Prince, who has certainly been very ill used. The Regent is very much annoyed, and indeed has plenty to worry him just now. He is very tired of his Royal visitors, who all go off to Portsmouth to-day, and I am glad of it, as one cannot go quietly along the streets whilst they are in London.

“Lord Ellenborough has pronounced sentence on Lord Cochrane—twelve months’ imprisonment, a fine of one thousand pounds, and to stand for one hour in pillory ! The last part of the sentence is considered to be too severe, and the mob (with whom Lord Cochrane is very popular,) threaten to pull down Lord Ellenborough’s house. Nobody, I believe, doubts Lord Cochrane’s guilt, but everyone is sorry for him—nobody for Cochrane Johnstone, who has gone off to France and therefore will be outlawed. People think that Lord Cochrane will certainly commit suicide, though it is supposed that the Regent will remit that part of the sentence which relates to the pillory.

“The Duchess of Leeds has resigned her situation about Princess Charlotte, because of her having broken off her engagement to the Prince of Orange, without consulting her or any of her family. The Princess is much blamed by everyone, and it is thought that she acted under the influence of her abominable Mother, who never could bear the Prince of Orange. Lord Castlereagh made a most excellent speech upon Mr. Methuen’s motion on Friday; indeed, he placed the Prince’s conduct in regard to the Princess of Wales in so favorable a light that I hope it will change the current of public opinion which has been much against him.

“My sister and Mr. Knox went yesterday to Brighton to take up their house of which they have got an eight

years' lease, they return on Tuesday. The Duke of Dorset <sup>1</sup> is to be married to Lady Elizabeth Thynne,<sup>2</sup> she is a very nice girl.

"*Hunsdon House, July 2nd.*—My dear Isabella, Sir James and two grandsons arrived last Thursday. Jemmy is a very pretty boy, with a fine temper, but rather spoilt. Johnny is, I think, one of the plainest children I ever saw. He seemed very good humored, but I cannot kiss or fondle him, he is not what I call an inviting-looking child. I am very glad to find myself at home again, but oh! that I had my Felix here! It is reported that Princess Charlotte repents having refused the Prince of Orange and wants to have him back, but that he won't come, and that the Dutch are delighted that the Match is broken off. Old Mrs. Howe is dead at 93. She had no religion—said she often *tried* to believe but could not—how dreadful!

"*Hunsdon House, July 10th.*—Thursday being Thanksgiving Day the Regent went to St. Paul's; there was a grand procession but I saw nothing of it. The Duke of Wellington went in the same carriage, which did not, however, prevent the Regent from being hissed. Parliament has voted the Princess of Wales £50,000 a year, she has chosen only to accept £35,000—not from any good motive, but to court popularity, and do as much mischief as she can.

"*July 23rd.*—On Thursday Sir James Stronge came to Town and went with us to Carlton House. It was a most superb fête indeed! An immense temporary room (like Ranelagh) was built into the garden, which in every part was brilliantly illuminated. Since I was there last a new supper room has been built—magnificent beyond description. The Royal Family and Grandees supped there, and we went into it after they had done. The plate—all gold—is beautiful. Impossible is it to de-

<sup>1</sup> George, 4th Duke of Dorset, born 1793, was killed by a fall out hunting near Dublin February 14th, 1815.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Elizabeth Thynne, born 1795, daughter of Thomas, 2nd Marquess of Bath, K.G., married 1816 John, 1st Earl Cawdor.

scribe all the rooms and decorations, it was like fairyland. The members of the Royal Family present were the Queen, Princesses Augusta and Mary, Dukes of York, Cambridge and Kent. The Princess Charlotte was *out of town*. The Regent looked ill and out of spirits—how could it be otherwise, tormented as he is? He shook me very kindly by the hand. The Duke of Wellington was there—just the same good-humoured, unaffected creature he ever was. He met me very kindly, enquiring after Felix. ‘He left us early,’ said he, ‘I was very angry with him for going away. I would not have let him go if I could have helped it, not but he had cause to be displeased, Graham did not use him well, he ought to have sent him.’ Sir Thomas Picton enquired for him too adding, ‘I hope he is in a way to get his promotion which he fully deserves, having entered with so much spirit into his profession.’ ”

No wonder Mrs. Calvert speaks of these kind words as very gratifying to her !

“Miss G. Fitzroy looked very happy, leaning on the arm of her future husband, Lord Worcester. Miss Pole is to be married to Lord Fitzroy Somerset,<sup>1</sup> he is appointed Secretary to the Duke of Wellington at Paris.

“*July 27th.*—Mr. C. and I went to Hatfield on Sunday to meet my Lords the Judges.”

This seems to have been an annual visit but particularly interesting on the present occasion.

“The Duke of Wellington was there, and before dinner we all assembled in King James’s Room, and the Corporations of Hertford and St. Albans came and presented him with the freedom of their boroughs in gold boxes. They

<sup>1</sup> Lord Fitzroy Somerset, youngest son of the 5th Duke of Beaufort, born 1788, was raised to the Peerage as Baron Raglan 1852. He lost an arm at Waterloo, became a field marshal in 1854, and assumed command of the British Army in the Crimea. He died 1855, during the siege of Sebastopol.

made him a speech to which he replied. There were about 120 people at dinner, a very fine one, and the band playing all the time. Directly after dinner Lord Salisbury gave the health of the Duke of Wellington, which was drunk with bursts of applause. When the gentlemen came out, we all walked on the lawn; round the paling an immense crowd were assembled. The Duke shook hands with all he could reach, while they rent the air with shouts imploring blessings on his head, and calling him the 'glory of England.' His modesty and unaffected simplicity of manner are quite delightful."

Apropos of this latter trait, I remember a story my father used to tell of the great Duke. When quite old, and obliged to go over a dangerous crossing in London, a gentleman darted forward and offered his escort, which was gratefully accepted. Arrived safely on the kerb-stone, the stranger took off his hat, and bowing profoundly, began a long oration, saying that this was the proudest moment of his life, and he felt honoured beyond measure to have been of some slight service to so great a man—"Don't make a d——d fool of yourself," briefly replied the Duke.

"We slept at Hatfield and so did the Duke, but he went to town on Monday, to attend the marriage of Lord Worcester and his niece."<sup>1</sup>

Mrs. Calvert went soon afterwards to Grosvenor Street (as Lady Stronge expected another interesting event), and remarks:

"I think I never felt hotter weather, we were all expiring, and Sir James and Mr. C. were obliged to take off their coats and waistcoats at dinner."

<sup>1</sup> Henry, Marquess of Worcester, married July 25th, 1814, Georgina Frederica, daughter of the Hon. Henry Fitzroy, by whom he had two daughters. Lady Worcester died in 1821.



The heat must have been very oppressive indeed, to induce them to such desperate measures in those days of strict decorum ! London in spite of its sultriness was very gay just then, and there were universal rejoicings, for she goes on to say :

“ We drive out every day in my barouche. Hyde Park is full of booths, and the Serpentine covered with men-of-war. The other parks are full of temples, pagodas, Chinese bridges etc. All London seems gone mad.

“ *August 7th.*—Monday (the great day of all) went off better than I expected. We dined at three o'clock and at four went to Stable Yard (Mr. John Calvert's) where we stayed until two in the morning seeing the balloon go off, fireworks etc. It certainly was very beautiful, but I got very tired of it. I believe I am growing too old to be much amused by sights, and was also terribly afraid lest Isabella should be taken ill there. The Pagoda took fire and was consumed, and two men lost their lives. The crowds in the parks were immense, but the mob so good-humoured that few if any accidents have happened.

“ Limerick tells me that Princess Charlotte, after refusing the Prince of Orange, proposed herself to the Prince Royal of Prussia, brother to the King, but when he went in great delight to inform his brother, he was at once ordered to quit the country and think no more of it. She then proposed herself to the Prince of Saxe-Cobourg, but the Regent promptly put an end to his hopes. What a little Gypsy !

“ The Princess of Wales is going abroad ; Mr. Tierney, one of her greatest advocates, told Mr. Holmes that ‘ she might go to the Devil for him, for to his knowledge she had been going the Road to Hell these five years.’ ”

A little girl, afterwards named Frances Helen,<sup>1</sup> was born on August 14th at Mr. Holmes's house in Grafton

<sup>1</sup> Frances Helen Stronge married 1835 Thomas Vesey Nugent, Esq., and died 1909, aged ninety-six.

Street, and Mrs. Calvert was able soon to return to Hunsdon. Shortly after that she commenced a Sunday school for the poor, which was well attended—she mentions having had eighty to ninety scholars. She gives many evidences in her Journal of deep religious feeling, and it would be a hard heart that was not touched by the fervour with which this good and pure woman prays for forgiveness of “her own sins and the sins of those whom she loves.”

## CHAPTER XVIII

War with America—Battle of Bladensburg—General Ross is killed—Lady Hertford at the Pavilion—The Regent plays Patience—Marriage of Lord Byron—Disturbance on account of the Corn Laws—Riots in Berkeley Square—Defeat at New Orleans—James Knox is wounded—Return of Bonaparte from Elba—The Hundred Days—Lady Althorp—Poodle Byng—The Abbé Sicard—Coke of Norfolk—Princess Amelia and General Fitzroy.

1814.

ON June 18th, 1812, an Act of Congress had declared America at war with Great Britain. Hostilities begun in 1813 were during the following year renewed with fresh vigour, and Upper Canada was once more invaded. The fall of Napoleon enabled the English Government to devote its whole strength to the struggle with an enemy that it had at last ceased to despise.

General Ross, with a force of 4000 men, appeared in the Potomac, captured Washington, and before evacuating the city burned its public buildings to the ground. Few more shameful acts are recorded in our history.<sup>1</sup>

"*October 2nd.*—We went on Wednesday to Hoddesdon in great anxiety to read the papers, having seen in the 'Courier' the account of a great battle and the taking and destruction of Washington by General Ross.<sup>2</sup>

"James Knox, who was with him, has thank God,

<sup>1</sup> Green's *History of the English People*.

<sup>2</sup> The Battle of Bladensburg, five miles from Washington, was fought on August 24th, 1814.

escaped, although the brunt of the action fell on his regiment, eleven officers in it being wounded, and three killed.

“ ‘The 85th, wrote James Knox to his brother, ‘had the brunt of the day, when I saw our three field officers down, and eight or nine of the others sprawling on the ground, thinks I to myself, thinks I, ‘by the time this action is over, the devil is in it if I am not either a dead Captain or a walking Major.’ ”

Mrs. Calvert’s anxiety about her sister’s sons was almost as great as her agitation about her own Felix.

“ I have had a letter from him, dated Belfast. They arrived a few days ago, without any baggage—not even a clean shirt—nor had he taken off his clothes since he landed, but thank God he is safe and well. Poor General Ross has been killed.<sup>1</sup>

“ *October 29th.*—Thomas Knox <sup>2</sup> has fallen in love with the Primate of Ireland’s eldest daughter. He has written for his father’s leave to propose, and Mr. Knox has consented. I hear she is a very fine girl and very well spoken of. Sir James Stronge writes a charming account of Miss Stuart,<sup>3</sup> and I very much hope the marriage may take place.”

In November we find Mrs. Calvert at Brighton. The Regent asked her to the Pavilion and received her as usual with both hands held out and the greatest kindness.

“ Only fourteen ladies were present including myself—Ladies Hertford, Cholmondeley, Asgill etc. These with some men made up the whole party. Lord Lynedoch was there, and sat some time with me, we met most cordially

<sup>1</sup> He fell in an assault on Baltimore, on September 12th.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards 2nd Earl of Ranfurly.

<sup>3</sup> Mary Juliana Stuart, daughter of the Archbishop of Armagh, was descended from Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and Thomas Penn was her maternal grandfather. She was a person of rare excellence and strength of character. She died July 11th, 1866, in London.



—the reason of my cordiality being that Sir John Cradock had told me the moment before that he had given Felix the highest character. By and by the Regent enquired very kindly for him. Lady Hertford was very civil in her manner and I did not think her nearly so *grand* as I did in London. She looked extremely handsome. Lady C. Cholmondeley played on the pianoforte which she does very well indeed. We broke up a little after twelve. My sister and Fanny were invited but not able to go."

The next night Mrs. Calvert went again to the Pavilion, but it was not very lively.

"The Prince was dreadfully out of spirits; he sighed deeply and repeatedly which threw a gloom over the whole party. It would be much pleasanter if he asked more people, however, one must take it as a greater compliment to be selected."

"Last night, (Thursday) it was very pleasant there. There were more people and we played first at Casino and afterward Vingt et un. When I had finished, I went and looked over the Regent playing at Patience with Lady Hertford and he was so good as to shew me how it was played. The Duke of Clarence looks wretchedly; he says Fanny is grown a very pretty girl.

"*November 30th.*—Last night at the Pavilion I played Vingt et un till one in the morning. Never was anything so kind as the Regent was to me. He desired me whenever I wanted assistance or advice in his profession for my son to come to him. Taking my hand kindly, he said, 'You know you and I are old friends.' For nearly an hour he talked to me, and Lord Lynedoch, who was standing with me, afterwards congratulated me on the very pleasant and kind offer of help I had received. I walked yesterday for an hour with the Duke of Clarence, and then he walked home with me and stayed another hour. I had settled to leave Brighton on Tuesday, but last night the Prince told me he wished I would stay till Friday, as he wanted to make up a little dance and he

thought it would amuse my daughter. But I *do* long to get home."

The ball took place on the Thursday as arranged. Fanny danced till five in the morning, looking very pretty and no doubt greatly enjoying herself, and the Regent and Duke of Clarence took leave of her and her mother in their usual gracious, kindly fashion. Mrs. Calvert's quiet life at Hunsdon must have seemed rather colourless after basking in the smiles of Royalty, but she took a good walk every day, and heard a bit of society scandal to enliven her.

"I hear that the King of Prussia's brother has taken Miss Emily Rumbold<sup>1</sup> (one of Lady Sydney Smith's daughters) as his left-handed wife.

"*January 1st, 1815.*—Peace with America is signed at Ghent. It does not seem to give general satisfaction, and there are even doubts of its being ratified."

A little later Mrs. Calvert records Lord Byron's marriage to Miss Milbanke (who was for some time Mr. Knox's opposite neighbour in Grosvenor Street), and General Calvert being made a K.C.B., much to her satisfaction.

"Mrs. Spencer Perceval, widow of the murdered Mr. Perceval, the mother of twelve children, and over forty years of age, has gone and married General Carr,<sup>2</sup> who is brother to the Vicar of Brighton, and a dozen years younger than herself. Everyone cries shame on her."

What *would* Mrs. Calvert think of these days of "baby-snatching!" She grieves a little over advancing years and altered looks.

"I was forty seven yesterday, alas, I am growing old. A cousin of Mr. C.'s, whom we have not seen for twenty

<sup>1</sup> She married Baron Delmar.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards Lieut.-Colonel Sir Henry Carr, K.C.B.

five years, came here on Friday. I should not have known him, and of course he must have found me sadly altered. I know I think myself terribly so during this last year. I am fool enough to be uncomfortable at it, but no doubt I shall get used to it in time.

"My mother leaves me on Tuesday. I don't know what I should do if the Stronges were not here, it would be so dull! I miss a house in town very much. Living all the winter in the country is not to my taste, and when Mr. C. built this house my pleasure and comfort were considerably diminished. However, it will be all the same a hundred years hence!"

Mrs. Calvert was by no means a grumbler, and she had many domestic virtues, but it was natural that a person used to so much admiration should regret the gaiety of London life, and the almost daily intercourse with a mother and sister to whom she was devoted.

At the Prince's levée early in the year, Mr. Calvert met with a very gracious reception and kind enquiries after his wife. The Prince hoped that he was not angry with him for keeping her at Brighton, but he thought it would amuse the "young lady" to stay for the ball, and the Duke of Clarence spoke of Fanny with great admiration.

There was about this time much disturbance in London, on account of the Corn Laws,<sup>1</sup> and Mrs. Calvert was much alarmed one night on hearing that there were riots in Berkeley Square, and that Lord Darnley's<sup>2</sup> house was being pulled down. Matters were not quite so serious as this. Nevertheless, all the windows were broken, and also the door and windows of Mr. Yorke's house. Mr. Robinson (a brother of Lord Grantham) had his house invaded

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Robinson's Act, permitting the importation of wheat when its price should have reached 80s. a quarter, was not passed till 1815.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Darnley was a supporter of the Bill.

by the mob, who destroyed all the furniture they could lay their hands on.

“Mr. Tupper<sup>1</sup> was nearly killed by them at Lord Darnley’s door. They wanted to drag him out of his carriage, and his poor wife went on her knees to them, assuring them that he was not Lord Darnley. At last he escaped from them, but his carriage was broken. The troops were called out, and yesterday were stationed before the different doors, where there were crowds gathered to see the devastations of the night. Mr. C., Isabella, and I walked through them. I did not, however, venture to visit Lady D. Mr. Knox did, and found them close prisoners, as they could not venture out. They had soldiers in the hall. We dined at Mr. Robinson’s,<sup>2</sup> Albemarle Street. I felt a little nervous coming home, but met no mob. There was a dreadful storm at night, which made me nervous too. God preserve my Felix! I hear, in spite of the Guards, several windows were broken last night. There were seven pieces of cannon planted on carriages at the back of this house, ready to go anywhere in case they were wanted. Mr. C. is gone to the house of Commons, but I believe that now is as safe a place as any, as every precaution is taken. The walls are covered over with, ‘No Corn Bill, Bread or Blood,’ and a great many more things, all tending to inflame the public mind.”

“*Park Street, March 15th.*—Just after I wrote, Mr. Knox came in in great agitation to tell me that accounts had arrived from New Orleans that we were dreadfully beat. Generals Pakenham<sup>3</sup> and Gibbs and many others killed, and poor, dear James wounded, and landed at

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Calvert’s doctor.

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Robinson was a Miss Spencer, a very beautiful woman, sister to Mrs. William Knox, and to Lady Harberton.

<sup>3</sup> A brother of the Duchess of Wellington. Sir Edward Pakenham, G.C.B., was born 1778. He distinguished himself during the Peninsula War, and received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament. He fell in action January 8th, 1815, near New Orleans.





LADY ROBINSON



Portsmouth, but no particulars known. I went off directly to Grosvenor Street, and spent the day there, except driving down to the Horse Guards to enquire about James. I saw Sir Harry, who referred me to Captain Wyvill, who brought the despatches. I drove directly to the Hotel where he was, and sent him in a message. He sent me down word that James certainly had been wounded, but was quite recovered, and would be in Town either that evening, or the next. This, of course, was a great comfort, and the next day, poor fellow, he arrived quite early. He had had a desperate wound. The ball went in at the back of his neck, went under his blade bone, and came out at the opposite side. It is now healed, but he had a wonderful escape."

Apropos of this wound of James Knox, it was for many years a joke in the family that his mother used to introduce him to friends as "my son, who was shot in the back," and he considered this by no means an enviable distinction.

The news of Bonaparte's escape from Elba produced immense excitement.

"Monsieur, and the Duke of Orleans, set off instantly for Lyons, and Macdonald. Masséna, who commands in the South, has written to assure Louis 18th of his fidelity, but the reports in the absence of certain intelligence are various, and some very unfavourable. They say he has reached Lyons—that Murat has declared in Italy for him, and many joined him—others say *none* have—in short, we must wait patiently till intelligence comes. The ratification of the peace with America is come, which is so far good, and the riots in London are all, for the present, over, but we have strong military protection. The Corn Bill is over in the House of Commons, and is now going through the Lords.

"They say the failure of the business at New Orleans was occasioned by the cowardice of a Regiment headed

by the Honourable Col. Mullins,<sup>1</sup> an Irish man. He was under arrest when James came away.

“*March 20th.*—On Friday Sir James, Edmond Knox, and John arrived from Paris. They had come off in a violent hurry, as did the Duchess of Wellington, and *shoals* of English on account of Bonaparte’s advance. Indeed, for two or three days, the accounts were most dismal, but, thank God, these two last days, the horizon has been cleared. Bony has been obliged to retreat, and there is every hope he will be surrounded, as people seem to be fast rallying round the Throne. Almost all the marshals are staunch. There has been a good deal of disaffection in the army, but many who have deserted have returned, ashamed of their conduct. In short, everything at present seems more favourable. We talk and think of nothing else.

“*March 26th. Easter Sunday, Hunsdon House.*—Alas! The accounts from France are as bad as possible. Bonaparte has literally walked over the course, and is now in peaceable possession of Paris. The English and emigrants have all fled. Louis 18th, and the other Princes of the blood, with some of the Marshals who have stuck to him are fled to Lisle. I believe Masséna is among the traitors, but we don’t know yet for certain who are, and who are not. Clarke (Duc de Feltre) is come here. There has not been a shot fired. The soldiers all deserted to him, and the people either are favourable, or are afraid of appearing otherwise. The Allies talk of marching against him. If they do, it must be speedily, before he has time to make preparations. Many think he will yet be routed, but I own *I* am very desponding on the subject. Mme. Talleyrand and Mme. Moreau arrived a week ago, but it is really impossible to say who has arrived.

“I went on Thursday to the Chapel Royal with Fanny to have her confirmed by the Bishop of London.<sup>2</sup> God

<sup>1</sup> Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Thomas Mullins, third son of the 1st Baron Ventry, d.s.p. 1823.

<sup>2</sup> John Randolph succeeded Porteous as Bishop of London in 1809. He died July 28th, 1813.



preserve her, and make her ever good and pious !!! The Bishop of London has a very bad delivery, and his manner has not that impressiveness which I so much admired in poor Porteous, and which always affected me.

“Parliament adjourned on Thursday until Monday sen-  
night. The Prince gave the royal assent to the Corn Bill. Lord Cochrane went on Tuesday to the House of Com-  
mons. He was arrested, and sent back to the King’s Bench. The man must be mad. They say he had his pockets full of inflammable powder, and meant to blow up the House (but I won’t vouch for the truth of any-  
thing).

“The Allies seem to be making great preparations against Bonaparte, who holds very moderate language, wanting peace, but this is merely to gain time. It is to be hoped they won’t trust him or the French people, who seem so glad to have got him back again.”

In April Mrs. Calvert went to a very crowded Drawing-room to present her daughter, Lady Stronge, on her marriage.

“The Queen received me very graciously, as did the Princesses Augusta and Mary, and the Regent, also the Duke of Clarence.

“Fanny and I went at night to a very pleasant party at Mrs. Robinson’s. There was a good deal of waltzing. I met Lady Althorp there. We renewed our acquaint-  
ance, and are as good friends as ever. She is quite affec-  
tionate to me, and I like her much. I went to see her mother, Mrs. Acklom, this morning. She was sitting with her, and kissed me going in, and coming away. I am quite glad we are reconciled, as I really think her very pleasing. Thomas and his bride<sup>1</sup> are arrived. They were here to-day. I do not think her handsome, but she seems pleasing, and has a good figure, but fidgets and wriggles rather too much when speaking. Perhaps when she is more at her ease she will lose some of that. They

<sup>1</sup> They were married on February 28th.

have got a house in South Audley Street. Thomas looks very happy. We are going to meet them at dinner in Grosvenor Street.

"*April 23rd.*—We all dined at Grosvenor Street on Saturday, and were much pleased with Mrs. Thomas Knox's appearance and manners, though she is still too fidgetty. I believe it is partly shyness, and partly trick. I begin to think her pretty. Lady Darnley came there in the evening. On Sunday they all dined here, and Miss Tew and Isabella. Mr. C. went to Hunsdon. Lady Dufferin<sup>1</sup> and Mrs. Delap<sup>2</sup> came in the evening. On Monday I dined in Grosvenor Street, and at night went to an Assembly at Lady Salisbury's. I met my friend, the Regent, there, and had twice in the course of the evening, a very kind shake of the hand from him.

"Yesterday we dined early and went at night to the play. It was one written by Mrs. Wilmot,<sup>3</sup> sister to Lady Asgill. It was condemned, and I think, with great reason. I have seen Lady Althorp several times since; she has been here, and I with her two or three times. She is as affectionate as possible.

"When I returned from Church, I had a most unexpected happiness. My beloved Felix had arrived from America. He left Custine a month ago, only in the Tenedos—had a blustering passage, but, thank God, here he is!

"*Hunsdon House, May 7th.*—Last Wednesday we went to a large Assembly at my sister's. The Duke of Clarence was the only *Royal* there. He was, as usual, very kind

<sup>1</sup> The Hon. Anne Dorothea Foster, only daughter of John, 1st Baron Oriel, married November 15th, 1801, James, 2nd Lord Dufferin and Clandeboye.

<sup>2</sup> William Drummond Delap of Monasterboyce, Co. Louth, married September 5th, 1805, Catherine, eldest daughter of Rt. Rev. William Foster, D.D., Bishop of Clogher, and brother of John, 1st Lord Oriel. He took by Royal Licence in 1861 the name of Dunlop. Lady Dufferin and Mrs. Delap were first cousins.

<sup>3</sup> Mrs. Wilmot was the third daughter of Sir Chaloner Ogle, Bart., and one of the most accomplished women of her time. She was born in 1768, and died in 1854, having married as her second husband (1819) Thomas Brand, 20th Lord Dacre.



MARY STUART, 2ND COUNTESS OF RANFURLY





indeed, and also spoke very kindly to all belonging to me. When I introduced Sir James he said he must shake hands with him, as he was always happy to do it with anyone allied to me.

"On Thursday I went to see Mrs. Thomas Knox, dressed for court. She was to be presented, and what was an odd coincidence, Lady Althorp was also presented, and sent to me to come and look at her, which I did.

"Amongst others we met Mr. Byng<sup>1</sup> (a brother of Lord Torrington's, nicknamed 'Poodle' from his curly hair).

"*May 12th.*—We went at night to a ball at my sister's. Fanny liked it very much, and danced until four in the morning, and looked really extremely well. Felix is still at Hunsdon. The only Royals at my sister's were the Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester. There was one room entirely for waltzing.

"*May 18th.*—Felix received a few lines from General Calvert saying, 'You are born under a lucky military planet. Prepare yourself for Flanders. You are appointed to a Majority on full pay, in the 32nd there.' Felix came off directly, and is busy preparing. He is delighted. He is to be in next Saturday's Gazette. I do not feel grieved as I generally do when I hear he is ordered on Service. Somehow, I feel as if all would be arranged before he is ready to go. France seems, by no means, reconciled to Bonaparte's return. I feel a sort of presentiment that he will be put down without a war.

"*May 29th.*—We returned to Town last Monday.

"On Tuesday we went to a card party at Lady Essex's, and afterwards to a horrible squeeze at Lady Pole's. I was amused there with conversing with the Abbé Sicard, the teacher of the deaf and dumb at Paris. He had two of

<sup>1</sup> He was the Hon. Frederick Byng, fifth son of the 5th Viscount Torrington. He was in the Foreign Office, a well-known man about town, and a great autocrat at Brooke's. He married Miss Catherine Neville, and died in 1871. He was one of the four last people to appear in blue coats and brass buttons at Bowood in 1850—the other three being Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, and the host (Lord Lansdowne).

his pupils with him, and it is very curious to see how he makes them understand everything by signs.

"On Monday Mr. C. and I dined at Lord Limerick's.<sup>1</sup> There were eighteen to dinner, eleven of whom were females, which I think not pleasant. The Prince dined opposite at Lord Bathurst's, and stood at the window. He told Limerick yesterday he saw me, and kissed his hand to me, but I was too near-sighted to perceive it.

"On Thursday my sister and I went to Harrow to hear the Speeches. Doctor Butler gave a fine collation.

"On Friday I went in the evening to Lady Stronge's. Sir Thomas Picton<sup>2</sup> dined there, whom I like very much.

"*June 13th.*—Mr. Coke of Norfolk,<sup>3</sup> General Fitzroy, (brother to the late Lord Southampton), and married to his cousin, (daughter of the present Duke of Grafton), and Mr. Grey came here yesterday. Charles Calvert arrived here in the evening. Mr. Coke seems a very amiable man, and is much liked and respected. General Fitzroy is very pleasant and lively; he gave me the account of his brother General Charles Fitzroy, and Princess Amelia's attachment. He does not think they were married, but that they intended being so. He has seen her letters, and he says her attachment was very strong. She left him her residuary legatee and executor, but the Regent persuaded him to give it up, as he said it would create scandal. He insists on the fact that the Regent behaved very ill, (and his brother quarrelled with him in consequence), and indeed, he says, cheated him, but I am slow to believe all I hear. He says the Princess Mary<sup>4</sup> was also very much in love with his brother, and jealous of her sister, and created a great deal of mischief. He abused them all, and says they are liars, selfish, and are on no occasion to be depended upon. If his report is true, I am sure it is a lamentable case to have such a Royal Family."

<sup>1</sup> In Mansfield Street.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards killed at Waterloo.

<sup>3</sup> Afterwards Earl of Leicester. Well known to readers of Mrs. Stirling's delightful book. He was born 1752, and died 1844, having been many years M.P. for Norfolk.

<sup>4</sup> Princess Mary married in 1816 her cousin, the Duke of Gloucester, and d.s.p. 1857.

## CHAPTER XIX

Miss O'Neil as Mrs. Haller—The Battle of Waterloo—Bonaparte abdicates—Good news at last—A graphic account of the actions—Louis XVIII in Paris—Miss Kitty Stephens in the *Beggar's Opera*—Sir Peregrine Maitland—Queen Charlotte at Brighton—Escape of Lavallette—Agricultural distress—Marriage of Princess Charlotte—Frances Calvert.

1815.

THE slowness with which news travelled ninety-five years ago must have added much to the horrors of war-time.

Felix Calvert sailed for Flanders just a week before Waterloo Day. On the night of the Duke of Richmond's memorable ball Mrs. Calvert and her sister, having dined early together in Grosvenor Street, went to Covent Garden to see Miss O'Neil in the part of Mrs. Haller, little dreaming of the deadly struggle that was so very near.

It was barely six months since this famous actress had first appeared at Covent Garden, and taken the London world by storm. For five years she was a reigning favourite, and throughout her theatrical career maintained an unblemished reputation. Macready says of her that "her beauty, grace, simplicity and tenderness were the theme of every tongue." As Miss Fotheringay in *Pendennis* Thackeray has made us well acquainted with her, and it was in the character of Mrs. Haller that she made her last appearance on July 13th, 1819. At the end of that

year she married Mr. William Becher, an Irish Member of Parliament, who afterwards succeeded to a Baronetcy.<sup>1</sup> For this lovely and brilliant Irishwoman Mrs. Calvert has nothing but warm praise.

“She certainly is a most excellent actress. Her face is not expressive, perhaps, but her actions are most graceful, her voice melodious, and her manners so natural that you can scarcely believe she is not the person she means to represent. I believe there was not a dry eye in the house.”

On June 20th Mrs. Calvert, who had gone down to Brighton, received a letter from her husband saying that Bonaparte was at the head of his army advancing against the Duke of Wellington. The next day brought the news that two battles had been fought, and Bonaparte entirely defeated.

“*June 23rd.*—I went at four o’clock to the Library, and soon after the papers arrived, giving an account of the Duke of Wellington’s great victory of the 18th. He beat Bonaparte to atoms and took 150 pieces of cannon. Blücher also captured a large amount. Though our loss is stated to be immense, only a few names are given, that of poor General Picton<sup>2</sup> among them.

“I returned home in great anxiety. But a few minutes after I received by the coach a letter from Mr. C., saying that Sir James and Mr. Holmes had searched through the list of killed and wounded at the Foreign Office, and Felix’s name was certainly not among them. I am always fearing that there may be some mistake.

“*June 24th.*—Mr. C. sent me the Gazette. No fresh news, except that prisoners were coming fast. The Duke of Wellington was going to send home 7000 directly. I

<sup>1</sup> Lady Becher died October 29th, 1872.

<sup>2</sup> The remains of General Picton lay in state at 21 Edward Street on their arrival in London after the Battle of Waterloo. He was buried in the cemetery in the Uxbridge Road, Bayswater.



feel very unhappy at not getting a letter from Felix. What can be the reason ?

“ Bonaparte has abdicated in favour of his son, but nothing is settled. Various are the reports ; some say that he is assassinated. The Duke of Wellington is at Compiègne—within forty miles of Paris. But I care for nothing till I hear from my beloved boy.

“ *June 30th.*—I am the happiest creature imaginable ! This morning brought me, thank God ! a letter from my Felix dated June 22nd, safe and well, though he had been in the whole of the actions of the 16th and 18th. On the 16th a piece of his boot was torn off by a shell, and on the 18th, his horse was killed under him and four or five shots went through his coat. But he himself, the Lord be praised, was untouched. His regiment was part of Sir Thomas Picton’s brigade, and has suffered much—32 officers killed and 320 men. There are various reports here—that the Duke of Wellington is at Paris and Bonaparte in custody—but there is no believing anything one hears.

“ After Sir Thomas Picton’s death Felix’s regiment became attached to the division of Sir James Kempt <sup>1</sup> who thanked him particularly for his conduct during the battle.”

Very gratifying to Mrs. Calvert’s maternal vanity must have been a letter forwarded to her by her friend the Adjutant-General.

“ Sir James Kempt says that there does not exist in the service a finer young man than Felix, or a more promising officer, and that he had so distinguished himself on the 16th and 18th by his gallantry and good conduct that he had thought it his duty to recommend him in a very particular manner to the Duke of Wellington for a step of Brevet promotion. How I shall rejoice to have him a Lieutenant Colonel—and by his own merit ! ”

<sup>1</sup> General Sir James Kempt commanded the 18th Division at the Battle of Waterloo.

Major Calvert's own account of the action will interest many of our readers.

“ BAVAY.

“ *June 22nd, 1815.*

“ MY DEAR MOTHER,

“ I seize the first opportunity of writing to you what has occurred since the severe and glorious actions we have lately been engaged in. I have been anxious to relieve you from any apprehensions on my account for these several days, but we have been incessantly marching and without baggage. It is impossible for a regimental officer, whose attention is entirely directed to his own command, to give a good general account of an engagement. You must, therefore, look for that in the Duke's despatches. I can only tell you what our own division did, and in truth that was no little. At one o'clock in the morning of the 16th, we marched from Brussels in consequence of Bonaparte having attacked the Prussians, who were cantoned on the left of our Army, and at about half past one o'clock in the afternoon arrived at our position two miles in front of the village of Genape.

“ Here the 5th division found itself the only British one on the ground, though we had a good number of Belgians, Nassau soldiers, and Brunswickers. Whether Bonaparte discovered this I cannot say, but he very soon put in motion some heavy columns to attack us. Our brigade was posted on the slope of a hill among the corn, at the bottom of the hill ran a hedge, occupied by the French Tirailleurs. Their columns of attack were formed in a narrow meadow on the other side of it, from which the ground rose gradually to their position where their reserves were posted. Under cover of a heavy cannonade from a numerous artillery their troops moved on as usual in masses to attack us, and in spite of the heavy fire we kept up upon them, they gradually ascended the hill. When they had arrived half way up Sir T. Picton gave the order to charge, which we did most efficaciously, and our regiment broke and dispersed

immediately whatever was in front of them. We pressed them to the foot of their own position, and then retired in good order, though with considerable loss to our own.

"As we had suffered a good deal, we hoped that the enemy had been satisfied with his first reception, but very different were his intentions. In about half an hour fresh columns came down and attacked us, and were again received in the same manner. After remaining in position under cannonade for an hour or two longer, we were ordered to form a second line, and a Brigade of Germans was advanced in our place. Our services, however, were not at an end here, as the enemy had gained considerably on our right, and had made several desperate charges of Cavalry on General Pack's brigade.

"They had likewise gained the wood on our right, and were rapidly turning it, when one of the brigades of Guards arriving most opportunely drove them out of it after some severe fighting. Our regiment was then moved up to support Pack's brigade, and the enemy finding he could make no impression upon us retired at dusk. We bivouacked that night on the field of battle. In the morning of the 17th inst. the enemy made no attempt upon us and we remained in position. About mid-day, however, we found that in consequence of the Prussians having been driven back, it was likewise necessary for us to retire, which we accordingly did in the best possible order, covered by our cavalry, which had arrived during the night and morning after the action. We took up a position in front of the villages of Braine l'Alleud and Waterloo, the grand chaussée leading to Brussels running through our position: our division was placed on the left of the chaussée, the British in the first line, the Hanoverians in the second; our regiment the right one of the division being next the chaussee. The enemy advanced a few men to feel us in the evening, and being warmly received, and finding our whole army up, rested quiet for the night. The night proved the most rainy I ever recollect, enough to cool the courage of both parties.



“ On the morning of the 18th the enemy did not show himself in very great force. He was probably waiting the arrival of all his troops. At about 10 o'clock, however, he attacked our right with great vivacity. As I could not see that part of the line, I can say nothing about it. At about twelve, however, they made their first grand attack on our centre, where our division was posted, and advanced with the greatest gallantry to the very muzzles of our guns. We succeeded, however, in repelling them with that never-failing weapon, the bayonet. They came so close to us that a French officer actually seized hold of our colours, but three or four balls and as many bayonets in his body made him repent his audacity. We made immense slaughter of them, and the Colonel of the French grenadiers which attacked our regiment was killed. I have bought his Croix de la Légion d'Honneur from a soldier of the 95th, who plundered him, which I am keeping for you. They made afterwards desperate attempts (I cannot tell how many) and were as often repulsed. Towards the evening, however, we had lost so many men, that I began to fear we should lose the day, and he had actually established himself on a part of our centre, when, whether from the Prussians having arrived and commenced an attack on his right, whether from our right having defeated his left, or whether from despair of forcing us from our position, to our inexpressible delight, he retired with the greatest precipitancy. The Cavalry immediately followed, and the pursuit was continued by them and the Prussians till long after dark. The fruits of the action you know. Our loss has been severe, as you see by what I have written above, our division was not idle. Poor Sir Thomas Picton was killed in the rear of our regiment. He was struck in the head by a musquet or grape shot. The loss the 32nd has sustained is 32 officers and upwards of 320 men.

“ I escaped uninjured, with my usual good luck. On the 16th I was struck on the heel with the splinter of shell, which did me no other harm than tearing my boot, and



on the 18th my coat was shot through in four or five places ; and my little horse, which I bought of John Monk and valued so highly, was killed under me.

"It was lucky that I quitted London when I did. Had I left it a day later I should have missed being in the first action, as I only joined my regiment the night before they marched. Tell John Knox I am very angry with Mr. Laterlo, as he got panic struck, and has gone off to Antwerp with my baggage. God knows whether I shall ever see it again.

"I am a pretty dirty figure, having been sleeping in the mud these six nights. I have, however, just bought some fowls and mutton and a dozen of claret which will soon console me for my present misery.

"Yours etc.

"F. CALVERT." <sup>1</sup>

"*July 2nd.*—The more I think, the more grateful do I feel for the preservation of my Felix. Every day brings fresh accounts of officers of all ranks who have been killed and have not been put in the return. There are various stories here, a fishing boat from the coast of France, having arrived last evening. They came in with the white flag flying and brought letters to the Duc de Castries who is here. These letters state that the Allies are in Paris, and that Louis is to make his public entry there to-day.<sup>2</sup> But I fear there is no truth in either story.

"*July 9th.*—After many unpleasant reports we were relieved on Friday by despatches from the Duke of Wellington. Paris surrendered on Tuesday and there has been no fighting since. Nobody knows what has become of Bonaparte.

"Mr. Whitbread has cut his throat, nobody knows

<sup>1</sup> A nephew of Major Calvert's, the Rev. Francis Warre, relates that as a little boy he was present when his uncle was dressing for the Waterloo banquet, and asked him what the Battle of Waterloo was like. "Devilish hot!" was the answer. A concise but graphic description not easily forgotten.

<sup>2</sup> Louis XVIII re-entered Paris July 3rd, 1815.

why.<sup>1</sup> He made a speech in the House last Thursday. The Allies are in Paris, and so are the Emperors of Russia and Austria and the King of Prussia.

"There is a disagreeable report in London, that the Duke of Wellington is assassinated. God forbid it should be true !

"*July 19th.*—A letter from Felix to-day dated July 10th, written from the Camp before Paris. He speaks with great contempt of the French and of 'King Log' as he calls him. He has been but once into Paris to see the King's reception, which was he says, most flattering."

Felix's time was so much occupied that his long-looked-for letters arrived at rare intervals, and occasionally they were lost.

"I am very sorry," he writes, "that my last letter is missing. I think I enclosed it in one to the Adjutant General,<sup>2</sup> which I would not have met any other eye than his for a good deal, as I entered largely into Regimental detail. I shall be very glad to see Isabella when she comes over here, but would see her at the devil before I would squire her about, for the Parisians laugh heartily at our female costume, and there are caricatures of it in all the print shops. The town swarms with English. They gape about, and are fools enough to admire the greatest absurdities.

"There are continual quarrels in Paris, principally among the French themselves. Some one cries—'Vive l'Empereur !' a row ensues, and two or three people generally lose their lives, or get wounded. The National Guards behave admirably ; indeed, but for them, anarchy would soon prevail. I have no doubt that when the foreign troops have withdrawn from the country, the French will kick out their present lout of a king.<sup>3</sup> That

<sup>1</sup> There was a report that Mr. Whitbread had been engaged in some conspiracy which was discovered, but this does not seem to have been generally believed.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Harry Calvert.

<sup>3</sup> He died without issue September 16th, 1824.

they may do so, is my hearty wish, for he is a great beast."

There was some idea that Mrs. Calvert might accompany her daughter and son-in-law to Paris about this time, but she was not an intrepid traveller, and could not make up her mind to the thirty hours' passage to Dieppe. Edmond Knox and his wife joined the expedition, and Felix gives an amusing account of their visit.

"I was not much surprised at their coming out, as I know when once a woman has set her heart upon any expedition, go she will.

"They of course are delighted with everything they see here. We dine every day in the coffee room at Verrey's the Restaurateur's near the Tuileries; the four married people at one table, and John and I at another. The reason we do not mess together, is that Edmond is caterer, and they are so stingy, they almost starve themselves, and drink nothing but Chablis, and Beaune Ordinaire.<sup>1</sup>

"Paris has a shocking effect upon the English. Its demoralising effects are already visible in Mrs. Edmond and Isabella.

"They walk all about the camp with the greatest *sang-froid*, though the men are running about, some without shirts, and others without inexpressibles. And they have accumulated such a heap of frippery under the denomination of gowns, ruffles, bonnets, etc., that I expect the Baronet and the Sailor will go mad. They go every night to one or other of the Theatres, and wanted to take a box at one of them for this (Sunday) if I had not remonstrated with them on the impropriety of it. They have persuaded their foolish husbands to stay a week longer than they intended, by which time they will probably be quite spoiled.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Stronge adds in a note to this letter: "Don't believe a word he has been saying about us, for we live very well indeed."

"I am in great hopes of selling my old horse to the Emperor of Austria,<sup>1</sup> as he is looking out for English mares to breed from. If he takes a fancy to her, he shall have her cheap."

On July 30th Mrs. Calvert mentions going to hear the *Beggar's Opera*.<sup>2</sup> But she tells us elsewhere that she has not a musical soul, and though Miss Stephens<sup>3</sup> sang, she was glad to get home. It was much the same thing when she went to the Regent's box with Miss Mercer Elphinstone to see Miss O'Neil as Juliet: "Miss O'Neil is certainly a most charming actress, but I hate tragedies, and cannot endure Romeo and Juliet." There are people who think it the proper thing to admire what they can see no beauty in, but Mrs. Calvert was made of sterner stuff than that.

"October 22nd.—Lady Sarah Lennox, the Duke of Richmond's daughter, has run off with Sir Peregrine Maitland; <sup>4</sup> he has not a penny."

<sup>1</sup> Francis II, Emperor of Germany, became Emperor of Austria August 11th, 1804.

<sup>2</sup> This celebrated piece was written by John Gay in 1727, and was a satire on the corrupt and venal politicians and courtiers of the day. The overture was written by Dr. Pepusch, who adapted many of the popular songs of the day to Gay's libretto. The success of the *Beggar's Opera* (brought out by Rich at Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre) is said to have made "Gay Rich, and Rich Gay."

<sup>3</sup> Catherine Stephens, the renowned vocalist and actress, born 1794, was the daughter of Edward Stephens, a carver and gilder in Park Street, Grosvenor Square. She first appeared at Covent Garden, September 23rd, 1813, as Mandane in *Artaxerxes*, and obtained an immediate success. She was held to have the sweetest soprano voice of her time, a natural manner, and a simple style; and as a ballad singer was unequalled. She retired in 1835, and three years later married at 5 Belgrave Square, George, 5th Earl of Essex, an octogenarian widower, who died just a year later. Lady Essex survived him forty-three years, dying in 1882, in the house in which she was married.

<sup>4</sup> It was on account of his poverty that the Duke refused his consent. Sir Peregrine, who was extremely handsome, afterwards became Governor of the Cape. But the Duchess of Richmond always spoke contemptuously of her daughter as "Barrack Sal." Lady Sarah died in 1873.



In November Lady Pery and the Stronges joined the family party at Brighton, and they all went together to a little dance at Mrs. Fitzherbert's. The Regent paid a few flying visits to the Pavilion, which the following month was being prepared for the reception of Queen Charlotte and the Princesses, who at last arrived with a great train of nobility.

" *December 17th.*—The Duke of Clarence walked with me three days, went in with me to see my mother and Isabella, and in short has been as kind and attentive as possible. But the Prince has never invited us, and I fear will not do so. The parties are very small, but I had hopes which are now ended.

" *December 21st.*—On Tuesday I received an invitation to the Pavilion. The Queen and Princesses were very gracious to me; the Prince very civil, but somehow I did not think his manner as kind as usual. It may have been my fancy; however I am glad I was asked.

"Felix's regiment is returned from France and is to remain in England, which I am delighted at. It is at present quartered at Sheerness.

" 1816. *January 1st, Hunsdon House.*—Lucy Pery<sup>1</sup> is going to be married to a Mr. Stephenson, a young man of good character, and his father has £14,000 per annum. Lady Limerick wrote me word in great joy about it.

"I walk constantly, and play battledore and shuttlecock, to keep myself from growing fat. The times make me often low. The tenants can't pay, and we are very poor. I fear we shall never be able to have a house in town, though I felt so sure of one this year. Well! it will be all the same a hundred years hence. That is my only comfort.

" *January 21st.*—Sir Robert Wilson, Captain Hutchin-

<sup>1</sup> Lady Lucy Pery, third daughter of Lord Limerick, married March 16th, 1816, Rowland Stephenson, who afterwards took the name of Standish. They lived much in Italy, and at Florence the Casa Standish was well known. Lady Lucy died 1845.

son and Mr. Crawford are taken up in Paris for having favoured the escape of Lavallette. It seems a very strange business."

The story of Antoine M. Chamans, Comte de La Valette, is one of the most romantic episodes in modern French History. He was born in Paris 1769. He was, as one of the National Guards, devoted to Marie Antoinette, and remained faithful to the Royal Family until obliged as his only chance for life to join the Army. He became aide-de-camp to Napoleon, who made a match between him and Emilie de Beauharnais, niece of Josephine's first husband.

On the downfall of Napoleon, and return of Louis XVIII, La Valette was arrested, and sent to the Conciergerie, not indeed by the King's desire, but he was overpowered by the ultra-Royalists.

On December 21st, 1815, the evening before the day fixed for her husband's execution, Mme. de La Valette managed to effect his escape by disguising him in the same way that Lady Nithsdale rescued her husband, and she stayed in prison in his stead. La Valette remained hiding in Paris for nearly two months. Eventually he put on the uniform of an English colonel at the house of Captain Hutchinson, and drove through Paris with the English General, Sir R. Wilson. At the frontier they parted, Sir R. W. returning to Paris, where he was arrested. His two countrymen, Bruce and Hutchinson, shared the same fate, and were sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

In 1822 La Valette was allowed to return to Paris. Poor Mme. de La Valette suffered severely for her wifely devotion. After being imprisoned for a short time, she went out of her mind, and never recovered. She

is buried with her husband, in Père-la-Chaise. (Taken mostly from *Links with the Past*, by Mrs. Bagot.)

“*January 28th.*—Poor George Knox has lost his wife.<sup>1</sup> She has been very long dying of a consumption.”

Lady Pery had a dangerous illness about this time which much alarmed her daughters, but from this she entirely recovered, and at the end of a month Mrs. Calvert describes her as “remarkably well.”

“*February 27th.*—The Prince of Saxe Coburg<sup>2</sup> is arrived. He is certainly to be married to Princess Charlotte of Wales. Times are terribly gloomy—the agricultural distress dreadful.”

The cause for this was not far to seek. The peace that closed the great war with Napoleon left Britain feverish and exhausted. The pressure of the heavy taxation, and of the debt, which now reached eight hundred millions, was embittered by the general distress of the country. The scarcity caused by a series of bad harvests was intensified by the selfish legislation of the landowners in Parliament. Conscious that the prosperity of English agriculture was merely factitious, and rested on the high price of corn produced by the war, they prohibited by an Act passed in 1815 the introduction of foreign corn, till wheat had reached famine prices.

Society, too, was disturbed by the great change of employment consequent on a sudden return to peace after twenty years of war, and by the disbanding of the immense forces employed at sea and on land. The movement against machinery, which had been put down in

<sup>1</sup> The Right Hon. George Knox had married, secondly, Harriet, daughter of Thomas Fortescue, Esq., by whom he left a son and a daughter.

<sup>2</sup> He became Leopold I, King of the Belgians, in 1831.

1812, revived in formidable riots, and the distress of the rural poor brought about a rapid increase of crime. (Green's *Short History of the English People*, page 1831.)

" *March 15th.*—The Regent has had a relapse, and is ill at Brighton. They say he has got a stone in his bladder, and is dropsical. If this is true, he will not, poor man, be long for this world. The Prince of Saxe Coburg is, they say, very amiable. He stays at Brighton for the benefit of the baths. But many say it is because the Princess is so *coming*. It is not reconed safe that they should be too much together before the knot is tied. It is said that the wedding takes place on the 16th of April, that they are to inhabit Camelford House, and that the Prince is to be created Duke of Kendal—an odd thing to give him the title of George the First's mistress! I hear the Princess Charlotte says she is the happiest creature in the world. I hope he will be able to keep her in order, for I have not the very highest opinion of her.

" *April 14th.*—The wedding is put off to the 25th.

" *Park Street, May 5th.*—Princess Charlotte was married last Thursday. I hear she read her prayers with the greatest devotion, and made her responses quite loud. As soon as she was married, she went on her knees to her father, who gave her his blessing, in a most impressive and graceful manner. They went to the Oatlands after the ceremony.

" I saw Lady Althorp yesterday. She is grown immensely fat. She says she is the happiest creature in the world—nothing wanting but a child.

" *May 12th.*—On Monday night Fanny and I went to a small party at Lady Francis Douglas's, on Tuesday to a ball at Mrs. Gage's. There was but one set of country dances, all the rest was waltzing and quadrille."

It was not until after the peace that quadrilles were introduced from France, and at first there were very few people who knew how to dance them. Many people could not waltz, or did not approve of it, and the proper



thing was after each dance for a partner to bring his young lady back to her mother and make her a bow. Such a thing as sitting out was unheard of at that time, and indeed for many years afterwards.

“ On Friday we went to a great Assembly at Lady Cardigan’s.<sup>1</sup> I hear that Fanny is reckoned very pretty. I really think she looks so, and she is very lady-like.”

Frances Calvert never married. She died in 1862, at William Street, Knightsbridge, the house of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Nicolson Calvert. I can dimly remember her face in a close white cap; it was still beautiful, but almost severe in its expression of intense earnestness and thought.

She took great interest in the building of All Saints’, Margaret Street, and contributed largely to the funds collected for it. A chair was always kept for her as long as she was able to attend church. Her first name was Lavinia, after a little sister who died young. When she grew up, she begged to be called by her second name, because people would call her the lovely young Lavinia, after a song much in vogue at that time.

“ I hear that Princess Charlotte had to sit half an hour in her carriage the evening she was married, waiting for her bridegroom who could not find his great coat. When the Regent heard it, he exclaimed in a great rage ‘ *Damn* his great coat ! ’ But how true this may be I know not.”

<sup>1</sup> Robert, 6th Earl of Cardigan, married 1794 Penelope Anne, daughter of George Cooke, of Harefield Park, Middlesex. She died 1826.

## CHAPTER XX

A Levée and a Drawing-room—"An antiquated couple"—Princess Charlotte at Camelford House—The Argyle Rooms in 1816—The Ladies of Llangollen—A visit to Tynan Abbey—Colonel and Mrs. Brownlow—Lord Harewood—An unexpected legacy—A broken heart—Unpopularity of the Regent—Miss Mercer Elphinstone's engagement.

"May 19th, 1816. *Park Street.*

**L**AST Tuesday we came to town. Mr. C. went to the Levée at Carlton House, and on Thursday Fanny and I went to the Drawing Room. Really I was much pleased—she looked so pretty. She was dressed in white satin, and draperies of figured gauze tied up with bunches of roses. The feathers became her, and altogether I was well satisfied with her appearance.

"We were most graciously received by the Queen and Princess Elizabeth,<sup>1</sup> and Princess Charlotte curtsied as we passed. She looked very handsome, and Prince Leopold is a very good looking soldier-like personage.

"Lady Smith Burges and Lord Poulett,<sup>2</sup> an antiquated couple, are going to be married, and were flirting away at Mrs. Egerton's party, where we met the Duke of Clarence.

"June 9th.—To-day I have been to Church, and since

<sup>1</sup> Princess Elizabeth married 1818 H.S.H. the Prince of Hesse-Homburg, and died 1840.

<sup>2</sup> John, 4th Earl Poulett, was born 1756, and married, secondly, Margaret, daughter and sole heiress of Ynyr Burges, Esq., of East Ham, and relict of Sir John Smith Burges, Bart.

then to enquire at Camelford House <sup>1</sup> for Princess Charlotte, who has been ill.

"I hear of nothing, but how happy she is with her husband.

"He was in such a state of agitation when she was bled the other day that it made her worse, and they were obliged to get him out of her room.

"Report gives Princess Sophia <sup>2</sup> to the Duke of Cambridge.<sup>3</sup>

"*June 16th.*—On Monday we dined at Grosvenor Street, and went to Mrs. Fitzherbert's after going to Lady Beauchamp's.<sup>4</sup> They were both balls. Mrs. Fitzherbert's was the finest of the fine—Lady Jersey <sup>5</sup> and all her set—the Dukes of York, Clarence and Kent. Quadrilles and waltzing were the order of the day, and we got very tired of it although so fine. To say the truth a less fine place would have been pleasanter.

"On Thursday Fanny and I dined at home, and went to the French play in Argyle Rooms,<sup>6</sup> which we liked very much."

In July Mrs. Calvert, with her children Edmond and Fanny, started off for Ireland, Lady Stronge being in a

<sup>1</sup> Camelford House, Park Lane, was let to Prince Leopold and Princess Charlotte, when they first married. It was called after Pitt, Lord Camelford, and the widow of the last Lord Camelford died there in 1803. The front of the house is towards Oxford Street, and the entrance at the side. It is remarkable for nothing but its dingy appearance.

<sup>2</sup> Princess Sophia, fifth daughter of George III, died unmarried in 1848.

<sup>3</sup> Adolphus, Duke of Cambridge, married 1818 Princess Augusta of Hesse-Cassel.

<sup>4</sup> The 1st Earl Beauchamp married Catherine, only daughter of James Denn, Esq.

<sup>5</sup> Lady Jersey's sobriquet was "Silence," probably on account of her talent for conversation.

<sup>6</sup> The Argyle Rooms formerly stood at the corner of Little Argyle Street. They were founded under the auspices of Colonel Greville, a noted sportsman and man about town under the Regency. He purchased a large house and turned it into a place of entertainment as a rival to the Pantheon. In 1818 the rooms were rebuilt in a handsome style by Nash the architect, but the building was burnt down in 1850.

delicate state of health. They travelled as usual in the barouche, and as it had been such an unhealthy season, Mrs. Calvert thought it necessary to fumigate the beds at the inns where she stayed. I wonder who would take such precautions nowadays !

At Llangollen she had the pleasure of seeing two old friends, Miss Ponsonby and Lady Eleanor Butler, the celebrated "Ladies of Llangollen."

"*July 3rd.*—They received me with the greatest possible cordiality, and I really thought I should never have got away. I have not seen them for twenty six years, and they assured me I was *not the least* altered. Alas ! I wish I could believe them. They walked back to the inn with us, not to lose a moment of my *delightful society*. This house is a beautiful, romantic little place."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Lady Eleanor Butler was the third daughter of Walter Butler, by his wife Eleanor, eldest daughter of Nicholas Morris of The Court, Co. Dublin. Her only brother, John, established his right to the ancient family title in 1790, and became the 17th Earl of Ormonde.

Miss Sarah Ponsonby (called by Lady Eleanor "Zara") was the daughter of Chambré Brabazon Ponsonby, M.P., by his second wife, Louisa, daughter of John Lyons of The Mount, Co. Westmeath. The history of these remarkable ladies is full of incident. By a singular coincidence they were both born in Dublin, according to some accounts on the same day in the same year. They were brought up together, and passed much of their youth at Kilkenny Castle, the country seat of Lord Ormonde. In the year 1778 they embarked in a Welsh trader, and were landed among the romantic mountains of North Wales. They settled down at Plas Newydd, in the lovely vale of Llangollen. Here they spent over fifty years under one roof, in wonderful peace and harmony, occupied with good works and charitable deeds. Though they called themselves recluses, they were often visited by old friends, many of whom were well known to fame. Both Scott and Wordsworth came to see them, also the Duke of Wellington. Madame de Genlis, who has done them but justice in her *Souvenirs de Félicie*, visited them, accompanied by her young protégée, Mdle. d'Orléans. In 1796 they received a visit from Miss Anna Seward, who has paid them a beautiful tribute in her poem *Llangollen Vale*. The following description of them was written by Prince Pückler-Muskau in a letter to a friend after visiting them in 1828 : "Both wore the hair, which is quite full yet, combed down straight and powdered, a gentleman's round hat, a gentleman's cravat and waistcoat, instead of the 'inexpressibles,' however, a short Jupon, and gentleman's boots. The whole was covered by an overdress of blue cloth of quite





THE LADIES OF LLANGOLLEN  
*From the collection of the Countess of Bessborough*



News met the travellers at Capel Curig that Lady Stronge's little son had arrived somewhat prematurely. They reached Dublin after a good passage of seventeen hours from Holyhead, and found the invalid, as usual, quickly recovering. But the weather was wet, and poor Mrs. Calvert (in spite of Fanny in her room, and the faithful Timewell close by) suffered much from nocturnal terrors, for there were workmen in the house, and Tynan Abbey for the most part devoid of doors or windows. She politely concealed her feelings, but was delighted to start for home again.

On the way she stopped at a relation's house,<sup>1</sup> but the visit was hardly a success.

"He is my Mother's first cousin, remarkably gentlemanly, but cold hearted (I think) and selfish, as I understand things."

Mrs. Brownlow also came in for some scathing criticism.

"His wife is a Comedy. She has been a beauty, and still a fine figure, dresses in the extreme of fashion with her petticoats up to her knees.

"She is affectation *personified*, and I actually could often scarcely keep my countenance. Her daughters are really pretty and pleasing, but also tinctured with affecta-

a peculiar cut, keeping the middle between a gentleman's overcoat and a lady's riding habit. Over all this 'toggerly' Lady Eleanor wore (1) the grand cordon of the Order of Saint-Louis round her waist; (2) the same Order round her neck; (3) the small cross of the same Order in the button-hole; *et pour comble de gloire*, a silver lily of almost natural size as a star; on her breast—all these being, as she told me, presents from the Bourbon family." Lady Eleanor later became quite blind, and passed away on June 2nd, 1829. Her desolate friend and companion lived on till December 8th, 1831. They were buried in the churchyard at Plas Newydd, where there was erected a triangular pyramid with three tablets, which are inscribed with the names of Lady Eleanor Butler, Miss Sarah Ponsonby, and their faithful friend and servant, Mary Carryl.

<sup>1</sup> Lieut.-Colonel Charles Brownlow of Lurgan, an ancestor of the present Lord Lurgan. He was born 1757, and married 1785 Caroline, daughter of Benjamin Ashe, Esq., of Bath.

tion (not so bad as the mother). It poured all the afternoon and evening, and I was rather tired of my visit. We were sent to bed supperless at half past twelve. I happened to be very hungry, not having eat much dinner, and was looking forward with great *gusto* to my supper, when some iced water <sup>1</sup> was brought in, and no other thing offered. I really could not go to sleep for a long while, wishing for something to eat.

"On the way home we stopped at Harewood, intending to go on, but were so kindly pressed to stay there, that we passed the day with them. In addition to the old Lord,<sup>2</sup> Lord and Lady Lascelles and a lovely family of children, General Crawford, and the Dowager Duchess of Newcastle,<sup>3</sup> to whom he is married, and Miss Hall, a niece of Lord H.'s, were there. Edmond was very happy with his friend Edwin Lascelles, with whom he had been at Dr. Birch's. The house is very handsome and very comfortable, and the place is very pretty. We walked about a good deal in spite of the storm, but did not venture in a carriage as the wind was so high, the coachman said it would be unsafe in the high grounds. I played at Whist with Lord H. at night.

"Early in the morning we took our departure and breakfasted at Ferrybridge. We slept that night at Newark in the house where I spent such a wretched two or three days at the time I set off with my sister for Ireland and stopped. I slept in the same bed, and we sat in the same room. The mistress of the house recognised my voice the instant she heard me.

"We breakfasted next morning at Grantham, stopping to see Burleigh, with which Fanny and Edmond were delighted.

<sup>1</sup> This rather upsets the idea that "iced water" is a modern institution introduced from America.

<sup>2</sup> Edward Lascelles, 1st Earl of Harewood, born 1740, died 1820, was succeeded by his only son, Henry, Viscount Lascelles, born 1767, who married Henrietta, daughter of Lieut.-General Sir John Sebright, and died 1841.

<sup>3</sup> Thomas, 3rd Duke of Newcastle, married 1782 Anna Maria, youngest daughter of the 2nd Earl of Harrington. He died 1795, and her Grace married 1800 Lieut.-General Sir Charles Crawford, G.C.B.



"We got up between four and five yesterday and arrived at home to breakfast. All well, thank God! and in raptures at seeing us. My beloved Husband seems to be so happy at having me again, that I feel quite flattered, and am indeed glad to be with him and my darlings again."

During Mrs. Calvert's absence in Ireland, her wish for a house in town had been unexpectedly fulfilled. Mr. Tash, her old enemy, had died quite suddenly, leaving his house in Wimpole Street to his wife's nephew, Mr. Calvert, who, as his residuary legatee, would probably inherit a further sum of £20,000, a "very welcome windfall in these hard times." Mr. C. gallantly begged his wife to accept the house as a present from him. There is no rose without a thorn! Though very comfortable for its size, and very clean, Mrs. Calvert finds her new house inconveniently far from the part of London she is most used to. She does not, however, seem to have entertained the idea of selling it, though her husband had given her full permission to do so if she wished.

The autumn was then, as now, the time for country visits, and Mrs. Calvert and her husband paid several after her return from Ireland in September.

"On Wednesday we went to Cassiobury, Lord Essex's,<sup>1</sup> which is a very pretty house, and more full of comforts, curiosities, and pretty things than any house I ever saw. Lord<sup>2</sup> and Lady Holland, Lord Auckland,<sup>3</sup> and several

<sup>1</sup> George Capel, 5th Earl of Essex, born 1757, married first, 1786, Sarah, daughter of Henry Bazett, Esq., of St. Helena. She died 1838, Lord Essex married the same year Catherine Stephens, born 1794, the celebrated actress, and d.s.p. 1839.

<sup>2</sup> Richard, 3rd Lord Holland, born 1773, married in 1797 Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Richard Vassall, and widow of Sir Godfrey Webster, Bart. She was extremely witty, and Holland House was for many years the rendezvous of literary celebrities. Lady Holland died in 1840.

<sup>3</sup> George, 2nd Lord Auckland, born 1784, was Governor-General of India, and died 1849.

more men were in the house. Lady Holland is a very fat, large woman, and except that she kept her page waiting behind her chair after all the servants had left the room, I saw nothing different in her from other women, but they say she was in one of her quiet, well behaved moods, so I was disappointed in being amused by her. Lord Holland seems a very amiable man. It is a pity he is so matched.

"On Thursday, Lady Essex took us all over her flower gardens, which, I believe, are the most complete in England. She afterwards took us in her Park carriage (which goes sideways and holds a great many people), all over the Park. On Friday we came home.

"The weather is very unfavourable. Terrible accounts of the crops; much despondency everywhere. God knows where it will end!

"Felix arrived on leave from Guernsey, bringing beautiful presents of scarves and shawls. He has brought me a picture of himself, which though a frightful thing, shows such a kind attention to me, that it gratifies me *much*."

Soon after this, Felix and Edmond Calvert went into Norfolk to look at some hunters of Sir William Hoste's,<sup>1</sup> and the former was considered to have made a great bargain when he bought three for £250.

At the Hertford Ball Mr. Brand incurred Mrs. Calvert's wrath by paying her and Fanny no attention whatever, although he was one of the stewards, and introduced partners to everyone else.

"There we sat solitary. Captain Byron whispered to Walter that it was a crying shame to see her, the prettiest girl in the room, sitting by, and did he think she would

<sup>1</sup> Sir William Hoste, Bart., K.C.B., K.M.T., a distinguished naval officer. He was created a baronet in 1814, in consideration of his gallant services upon divers occasions, but particularly for the victory he had achieved over the combined French and Italian squadrons, at the head of four frigates, after a brilliant action of six hours, March 13th, 1811, off the island of Lissa. He was born 1780, and married 1817 Lady Harriet Walpole, fourth daughter of Horatio, 2nd Earl of Orford. Sir William died in 1828.

stand up with him? Walter advised him to try, and accordingly she did. But not in a hurry shall I forgive Mr. Brand or Lord Cranbourne (who even danced with one of the *Caswalls*), for not asking her, and I came home completely *disgruntled*, and she looked so particularly well.

"Mary Pery is going to be married to a Mr. Wrightson, a clergyman, and a younger son—a poor match, and not much to the satisfaction of her family. Limerick is in Ireland, and I believe it will not be officially announced until his return."

The marriage, however, never took place. Lord Limerick's consent had so long been withheld that his daughter fretted herself into ill-health, and died, it is said, of a broken heart, a sore grief to her father, for she was his favourite daughter.

While staying in Grosvenor Street, Mrs. Calvert went to see Miss O'Neil as "Lady Townley" in *The Provoked Husband*. They did not particularly admire her in it, but were delighted with Kemble as "Lord Townley."

"Elizabeth Burgoyne, and her cousin, Miss Wilbraham, came to stay a night at Hunsdon House. Miss W. is rather pretty, but affected and fine, and is the dear friend of all the *Grandees* that are talked of."

Evidently then, as now, there was nothing so well-bred as simplicity.

"There have been riots in London, and though at present quelled, I should think them very likely to break out again. These are, indeed, perilous times.

"On Thursday Major and Mrs. Stewart dined and slept here. The Smiths of Parndon were to have done the same. We waited dinner till seven for them, but they never arrived, and yesterday came their excuse in a copy of verses, saying they had set out, but found the waters so deep, they were forced to return."

It is to be hoped that the cook forgave them.

" 1817.—The Regent was insulted while going to the House of Lords, and his windows broken by stones. Lord James Murray,<sup>1</sup> who was in the carriage, and reported it to the House of Lords, said that a pistol had been fired, but no bullet found. There seem great doubts about it. At all events His Royal Highness was pretty well frightened and as there is such a bad spirit about, the 10th Regiment are ordered up from Brighton.

" Edmond comes up on Tuesday to London to begin being a brewer.<sup>2</sup>

" He will live with his uncle Charles until his rooms at the brew house are ready. I find my house very comfortable indeed, and am very grateful to Mr. Tash for leaving it to me.

" *March 27th.*—This morning at eight o'clock my beloved Felix came into my room to take leave of me. I felt very sad when I heard his barouche drive from the door. He is going to travel for some time but I hope to see him in June in Switzerland. Fanny and I are going there in May, with Isabella, Sir James, Edmond Knox and Jenny. Mr. C. is to follow when Parliament is up, and will meet us in Paris.

" Miss Mercer Elphinstone is going to be married to M. de Flahault, a foreigner, a bald headed man, without fortune, character, or birth.<sup>3</sup> He was aide-de-camp to Bonaparte and is a natural son of Talleyrand.

" In consequence of this pretty match, Lord Keith means to cut her off as far as he has the power. Nevertheless she will be Lady Keith at his death and besides £6,000 a year, she has £30,000 in right of her mother."<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Second son of the 4th Duke of Athole. He was born 1782, and died 1837.

<sup>2</sup> Calvert's Brewery was in Thames Street. Many members of the family lost money by its failure in 1858.

<sup>3</sup> Though Mrs. Calvert does not seem much impressed by M. de Flahault's looks, he was the original "*jeune et beau Dunois*," the hero of *Partant pour la Syrie*.

<sup>4</sup> It was said that she gave up an inheritance of £30,000 a year to marry Flahault. "She has a warm heart, but a cold head," wrote Princess Lieven to her brother.



## CHAPTER XXI

Mrs. Calvert on her travels—Youth and crabbed age—Contraband goods—Arrival at Brussels—*La Belle et la Jolie*—A group of regicides—Bonaparte at Laeken—Lady Clancarty at the Embassy—A visit to Antwerp—Mrs. Calvert at Waterloo—Jane Shore—A journey to Spa—The smells of Cologne—Sight-seeing—Napoleon as a landscape gardener.

1817.

IT was on May 1st, 1817, that Mrs. Calvert started on her first trip abroad. Was it a success? We are not certain. She had at any rate the advantage of charming company. Sir James and Lady Stronge, Edmond Knox and his most amiable and delightful wife made up a party with which it would have been hard for the most captious person to find fault. But at nearly fifty years of age, the charm of novelty is nothing compared with that of comfort. Mrs. Calvert felt ill, and had a dread of growing worse and perhaps dying in a foreign land far from her beloved husband, and her home.

It is true, however, that our worst misfortunes are those which never come to pass. Various little inconveniences were inevitable in a tour of so many weeks, but nothing half so bad as what had been pictured by Mrs. Calvert's vivid imagination. One feels that the low spirits in which she started must have been rather depressing to the four young people who were on pleasure bent. At Canterbury, having got through the first stage of the journey, she writes :

"I feel very ill indeed, and a hundred and fifty times already have I wished myself at home. Taking leave of Mr. C. and my other treasures half broke my heart and were it not that I could not disappoint Fanny, I would never go this tour. However I trust in God that we may get safe back again and find all I love well. My Swiss man whom I had hired was out of the way when I wanted to set out, so I have determined on taking one of my English ones and a good humoured stumpy Swiss maid."

The travellers reached Calais after a very rough passage of two hours and three-quarters in a very clean yacht. Mrs. Calvert, though alarmed about herself, was now and then considerably amused, especially when on asking the name of a street in Calais she was answered thus: "On l'appelait autrefois, Madame, la Rue de l'Egalité, ensuite la Rue de l'Empereur, et à present (with a significant shrug) c'est la Rue Royale."

Three of the most miserable-looking horses that were ever seen contrived somehow to drag Mrs. Calvert's barouche, though they were so small that they could all have gone into the postilion's jack-boots. The man and maid meanwhile at the back of the carriage amused each other and their mistress by trying to converse alternately in French and English.

"The road from St. Omer to Lille is abominably bad, but the three little horses scramble about so beautifully and the postboy manages them so cleverly that I never feel in the least afraid.

"Going through Lille I bought a little Brussels lace and trimmed my pelerine with it so that it might not be seized. The Custom House officer came up to my carriage and asked if I had anything new?

"I grew scarlet, and answered nothing but what I had worn which was quite true, as I had it on! At last he let me proceed, but I was in a grand fright.

" Arriving at Brussels we visited Lady Clancarty,<sup>1</sup> a great friend of mine, whose husband is Ambassador here. She received me like a sister, asked us all to dine with her to-morrow, and told me that she, her carriage and everything belonging to her was at my service during our stay.

" The Ladies Trench are pleasant good humoured girls, and Fan is as happy as possible with them.

" In the street I met Madame de Nagell, the Prime Minister's wife whom I had known formerly in England. She flew across the street with both hands out, delighted to see me, and begging us to come to her the next evening and meet the Prince of Orange.

" Lady Clancarty kindly lent me her box at the theatre. But to say the truth I was so overcome by the heat that I fell fast asleep, and heard little or nothing of the performance.

" At Madame de Nagell's there were scarcely any English but ourselves. The Prince is as civil as ever, and talked to me a good while. I introduced Fanny to him, and reminded him that she had had the honor of dancing with him at Brighton. The Princess stopped and spoke to me for a few minutes.

" She is not handsome, but is a most fascinating personage. She is not tall but beautifully and gracefully formed, with a skin like white satin, and the gentlest, sweetest manners imaginable. The Princess Dowager is grown an immense size. The fat of her arms is really astonishing, and her elbows have, at each end, a piece of fat of a deeper color than the rest of her arms. At first I took them for two wens until I was told it was fat !

" As a rule the Belgian ladies are not handsome, but there are two Mesdemoiselles de Fagelles who are remarkably so ; they are called La Belle et La Jolie. La Belle is not young, but she must have been beautiful ;

<sup>1</sup> William Power Trench, M.P., born 1741, advanced to the Earldom of Clancarty 1803, married 1762 Anne, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Charles Gardiner, and sister of Luke, 1st Lord Mountjoy. She died 1829.

tall and pale, with magnificent features, and eyes as piercing as an eagle's. She is wife to the Ambassador to England; a woman of high character, but at the Church door they quarrelled and have never lived together.

"The other sister is a young woman and deserves the name of Jolie.

"How I miss the comfortable English grates! I cannot warm myself at the miserable bits of wood on the ground—they never light up, and invariably smoke.

"We have been to see a fountain erected by Lord Ailesbury, out of gratitude for the forty years of good health he enjoyed here. I believe there is a good deal of bad blood, and Bonaparte has many friends here, and the Dutch and Belgians not on the best of terms. It is unlucky that the Royal Family, amiable as they are, do not try to conciliate. They are all quiet and retired in their ways and will not exert themselves even to give Drawing-rooms for people to be presented to them. The young Princess is extremely accomplished. She speaks almost every language, Greek and Latin included, but she takes no pains to be popular and likes to sit in her room at her books and work. This won't do, and at the first opportunity dissatisfaction will break out and they will lose this country.

"L'Abbé Sieyès,<sup>1</sup> Cambacérès and David—all Regicides—are here. I have not seen them, but there they are walking every day in the Park, and there are also many ladies who in secret are plotting and doing no end of mischief.

"*May 14th.*—Yesterday we went to Laeken, which I think worth seeing, though it is only a small villa. Bonaparte furnished it entirely, and seems to have known what he was about. He seems to have very good taste, but the want of grates, carpets, sofas and easy chairs does not convey much idea of comfort, although the inlaid floors are beautiful, and so are the

<sup>1</sup> The Abbé Sieyès was Vicar-General of Chartres, and one of the greatest politicians of his time. He was the author of several of the most important measures of the Revolution.



richly gilt chairs. We walked about the gardens, but there is nothing to see; all the hot houses, orangeries etc., were destroyed, and have not been replaced. I amused myself talking to the gardener who has lived there some years and was there with Bonaparte. He pointed out a vista he had made, and said he intended to do a great deal more. When he was at Laeken (the man told me) he was always '*renfermé dans son cabinet à écrire*'; sometimes he took a turn or so. But Marie Louise <sup>1</sup> walked a great deal, and used to fish half the day.

"May 15th.—We visited the Cathédrale St. Gudule yesterday and at half past eight went to a party at Lady Clancarty's. I must say the Belgian parties are very noisy. They play at all sorts of games, (that is the young people) and their shrieks of laughter at nothing at all quite tired me. They all seem like uneducated boarding school girls. But Lady Mary Lennox <sup>2</sup>—the Duke of Richmond's daughter—is a charming girl, so mild and ladylike. She desired to be introduced to Fanny and they sat together during a great part of the evening.

"May 16th.—On our way to Antwerp to-day we changed horses at Mechlin, which is a beautiful little town, the cleanest I ever saw. Whilst the horses were feeding we went to see the very fine Cathedral which has a splendid painting by Vandyke of our Saviour on the Cross; it was recovered from the spoils at the Louvre.

"A very flat, uninteresting road is the road to Antwerp. Directly we arrived we engaged a commissionaire and went off sight seeing. At Notre-Dame there are some fine paintings by Rubens—all recovered from the Louvre. Attached to it is a most curious place—made by two Dominican friars, whose sculptured figures adorn the entrance.

"One side is filled with figures of the Apostles and

<sup>1</sup> The second wife of Napoleon, Maria Louisa of Austria, married 1810, died 1847.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Mary Lennox married 1820 Sir Charles FitzRoy, K.C.B., and died 1847

Evangelists, and others representing all the virtues of our Saviour. On the other side you go down a few steps into what they call 'L'Enfer'—where carved figures are in a lake of fire burning in agonies, and an angel pours liquid fire out of a vial upon them. I never saw such a horrible place! Yesterday, being Ascension Day, the Virgin and Child were dressed in their best silk clothes.

"At the Port—being a holiday—the ships too were all dressed and the flags of all nations were flying and looked very gay. This seems an excellent harbour—all the work of Bonaparte. Everywhere do we see proofs of his energy and marvellous ability—what a pity it seems that a man like him should have so misapplied his talents as to end at St. Helena!

"In the India House on the Port we saw the marks of Lord Lynedoch's bombs. About 400 houses were destroyed, 40 people killed and many vessels sunk when he bombarded Antwerp.

"We went afterwards to see a great many collections of pictures, some very fine ones by Rubens, Vandyke, Raphael and Guido. At one place they told us that they had sold a good many pictures to Mr. Smith, a member of Parliament. This happens to be our neighbour at Parndon. Vandyke's picture of his second wife is charming,—the picture of his first wife is exactly like Lady Ellenborough."<sup>1</sup>

Returning to Brussels Mrs. Calvert was

"made happy by receiving a letter from her beloved Husband. The only really happy minute I have since I came abroad is whilst I am reading his letters."

"*May 22nd.*—Dear George Knox unexpectedly arrived—a delightful addition to our party. At half past eight we all went to Lady Clancarty's. The Prince and Princess of Orange, Duke of Wellington and all the beau monde

<sup>1</sup> Lady Ellenborough was the wife of the 1st Lord Ellenborough, married in 1789, and daughter of the late George Towry, Captain R.N. She died 1843.

of Brussels were there. But I am very much affronted with the Duke. He never asked for Felix !

“ The next day we all visited Waterloo, accompanied all the time by La Coste, a most intelligent person who explained everything so clearly that I understand the battle perfectly. I saw the spot on which poor Picton fell and the bridge where the 32nd were stationed. La Coste was with Bonaparte during the whole of the 18th. He says it is quite a mistake to suppose that he headed his army or exposed his person. He was the entire time on the high road to Charleroi, behind his own cannon ! He seemed in very good spirits till the arrival of the Prussians, when he turned ‘ *pâle comme la mort.*’ He then galloped off to Charleroi, La Coste also of the party, his horse having been fastened all the time to that of the aide-de-camp at Charleroi. Bonaparte said to La Coste ‘ Vous pouvez retourner chez vous.’ The aide-de-camp then gave him a Napoleon, and that was all he had for his agreeable day’s work—it was not paying like an Emperor.

“ We saw a very small chapel at Hougomont in which forty five wounded soldiers were laid after the battle. It caught fire ; part of the floor was burnt, and also the feet of a figure of our Saviour on the Cross. No more than that, for instantly the fire dropped down and was extinguished, and this La Coste seemed to attribute to a miracle.

“ On Friday there was a play at the Duke of Richmond’s, acted by some of his sons and a few other amateurs. The play—which was Jane Shore—was most miserably performed. A Mrs. Barnett acted the part of the heroine—not so badly, but she is old and ugly. The audience were convulsed with laughter, which they tried to conceal by clapping. There was a supper afterwards, but I was tired of the whole business.

“ The Duke of Wellington was there with Colonel and Mrs. Hervey in his train. She is not long married and was a Miss Caton,<sup>1</sup> sister to Mrs. Paterson, a genteel looking

<sup>1</sup> Of Baltimore, U.S.A.



young woman. It is the fashion to make a fuss about her because the Duke of Wellington is in love with Mrs. Pater-son,<sup>1</sup> whose sister-in-law is married to Jerome Bonaparte.

"On Sunday we dined with the Clancartys and afterwards took an affectionate leave of them, as we left the next day."

Mrs. Calvert and her party travelled through Namur to Liège, along the beautiful banks of the Meuse in perfect weather, the dust being the only inconvenience. An unpleasant accident, however, probably not rare in those days, befell one of the postilions. Two of his horses suddenly fell on the top of each other, and he being buried beneath their weight had much difficulty in extricating himself. Pale as death and covered with blood, he was dragged out at last, to Mrs. Calvert's great relief.

"He went into a house close by, washed the blood from his wounds, got some brandy and came out with two immense bruises on his face, saying gaily 'ce n'est rien.' Though evidently much hurt he mounted little Bidet saying 'c'est un très bon cheval, et sa première faute,' and performed the rest of the stage, which was a very long one, without seeming to be the worse for it.

"From Namur to Spa is but twenty five miles ; it took us six hours to get there, but we had the same horses all the way, and had to stop before a post house to have them fed. It is a very hilly journey and some of the hills I thought terrific.

"We are at the Hotel d'Orange, and I can't say that I was very well satisfied with our yesterday's dinner, which was abominable. We had no *potage*, a hare without a head, which was voted a cat, an old cock so strong and tough there was no eating it, and some bad asparagus and potatoes. I dare say that in the season this place is very pleasant, but it does not begin for at least three weeks, and there are very few people travelling this way.

<sup>1</sup> She eventually married his elder brother, the Marquess Wellesley.



Every house is engaged by English families for next month, but at present it looks dreary, the shops not being yet open. My spirits are very low, my pulse quick and my appetite bad, and besides this I am dreadfully deaf. It begun by my having stopped my ears so as not to hear Edmond disputing with the postilions. I think it gets worse and there is a confusion in my head as if it were full of cotton. I am terribly hipped and often, often wish myself at home."

At last Mrs. Calvert determines on the desperate step of applying leeches to her temples, in the hope of curing these unpleasant sensations.

"But the apothecary had none, for they will not live here on account of the water being so impregnated with steel. He sent for some to Verviers a town some miles off. I must say my young fellow travellers are very kind and attentive to me, for they were all, male and female, busily employed in the evening helping to put them on. They must have fastened on the arteries, for they bled most properly, however my deafness is just the same.

"*Sunday, June 1st.*—This is a lovely day. We had prayers first, then went out on ponies. I was a long time before I could persuade myself to get on mine, and then I made my guide hold the bridle all the time.

"We leave this to-morrow to my great joy for I am most heartily tired of it. I have never ceased wishing myself back in Wimpole Street since I left it."

Mrs. Calvert was not favourably impressed with Cologne, where the travellers remained some days.

"Although I admire the scenery which is magnificent, I cannot say that I like the interior of a German house. Never did I see anything equal to the dirt, and as to the smells—ah Ciel!

"My bed was a dreadful one. When I got into it, it instantly broke down, and I was obliged to summon the chamber-maid to mend it. 'Ah, ma pauvre dame!'

she exclaimed, and then set to work. She cobbled it up, and in I got. They say hunger is the best sauce, and evidently fatigue is the best soporific, for I was very soon asleep.

"The streets are terribly narrow and dirty, but I was much amused with the Churches, particularly that of St. Ursula, where we saw the bones of eleven thousand virgins; also one of the flagons which held the water which our Saviour turned into wine."

At Frankfort the travellers dined for the first time at table d'hôte.

"There were only men—all Germans. They picked their teeth with their knives, but did nothing else out of the way. We had a very good dinner. The master of the house said he hoped I liked it but I should have a better one to-morrow—roast beef and plum pudding. I answered that I was not particularly fond of it, but I suppose I have a *John Bullish* look, for he seemed unconvinced.

"*June 11th.*—They had not forgotten my roast beef to-day. The man put it down for me to look at and said 'Le voilà, Madame, le voilà—regardez—vous l'aimerez bien.' We laughed very heartily, and every eye was turned on me and the roast beef, which however proved to be excellent.

"I took a delightful walk round the town this morning on what was formerly the ramparts. Bonaparte destroyed them and turned the ground into gardens and shrubberies. He has better taste than anybody: they are beautiful, and I longed to convey them to Hunsdon."

## CHAPTER XXII

Heidelberg and its castle—Baden-Baden—The Grand Duchess Stéphanie—Count Rostopchin and the burning of Moscow—A visit to the Queen of Würtemberg—Switzerland—Comtesse Liedekerke—A duel and its tragic ending—Geneva—Prince Paul of Mecklenburg-Schwerin—Death of Madame de Staël—Mrs. Calvert ascends Montanvert—Journey to Paris—Fontainebleau—Lady Elizabeth Stuart—Mrs. Calvert is anxious—Presentation at Court—Sight-seeing.

“ *Heidelberg, June 14th, 1817.*

WE are very comfortably lodged at an Inn close to the bridge.<sup>1</sup> I want sadly to get up to the old castle, which is not very far from this.

“ They have an odd way of serving the dinners in this country. First comes the soup, then a joint of boiled beef, which is cut up and carried about in slices. After that comes spinach or asparagus, and perhaps slices of Bologna sausage. This is succeeded by fish, veal, chicken or game, and some dishes whose names I don't know, nor do I wish to try them. Nobody need starve if they have an appetite !

“ *Baden-Baden, June 18th.*—My first question on arriving here last night was as to when the beds were slept in? With great naïveté the waiter answered ‘ *Pas cette année.*’ Of course they were damp, but it is far better to know the worst, for then you can apply the remedy. An English waiter would have lied through thick and thin.

“ This morning at breakfast I invited the master of the house to sit down, and a most agreeable entertaining old man I found him.

<sup>1</sup> Probably the Hôtel de Hollande.

"The Grand Duke<sup>1</sup> is married to Mademoiselle Beauharnais,<sup>2</sup> cousin to Eugene Beauharnais and his sister the ex-Queen of Holland, and adopted daughter of Bonaparte.

"The Grand Duke was Hereditary Prince when he was made to marry her, and for a long time he disliked her very much. The people too were much prejudiced against her, but nevertheless she has managed to conciliate them, and is now universally loved.<sup>3</sup> As for the Grand Duke, nobody likes him—'Il n'est pas méchant, mais il dort toujours, et ne fait rien.' Half his subjects are starving, and will continue to do so until the harvest. I think that sort of apathetic indolence becomes a real crime in a Prince, and it is lamentable to see how many of them are guilty of it. At most places along the road we have heard the same complaint, except at Darmstadt.

"We spent this morning visiting the hot spring, which is like a cauldron of boiling water. Then we mounted—Oh, what a hill, and what a broiling sun!—two miles and a half to the ruins of an old castle. We were fully rewarded by seeing the most beautiful ruin I ever beheld. When we descended the mountain we went to see the castle in which the Grand Duke lives, and the underground rooms in which the secret tribunal used to hold their meetings. We were each given a lighted candle and looked very like heroines as we went along the low narrow passages, but I did not feel at all like a heroine when I thought the Guide was going to shut one of the immense doors which are all formed of one single stone and each weighs ten thousand pounds. We went into the torture chamber and saw the room with a trap door, through which condemned prisoners were let down in a bucket or basket, and never heard of again.

<sup>1</sup> Charles Louis Frederick, the reigning Duke of Baden.

<sup>2</sup> She was always known as the Grand Duchess Stéphanie. Her only daughter, Princess Marie of Baden, married 1843 William, 11th Duke of Hamilton.

<sup>3</sup> In later years Mrs. Edmond Knox and her daughters were often received by the Grand Duchess—"Madame, je n'ose plus vous retenir" was the graceful formula with which she used to dismiss her guests.



“ At table d’hôte we had a delightful band playing in the gallery, and during dessert a conjuror came and amused us with his tricks. During our drive this afternoon we met the ex-Queen of Sweden (who was a Princess of Baden) in her barouche, but she went too fast for us to see her. I have just seen riding by, the Russian General who burnt Moscow.<sup>1</sup> He is an ugly Christian.

“ *June 19th.*—We are still here, for two reasons, one is that Jenny’s maid Evans is very ill, and a physician is sent for. Besides this, the Grand Duchess has taken away all the horses to Carlsruhe.

“ The physician has arrived. From his appearance I would not let him doctor a favourite cat if I had one. He is a little, odd, facetious, frisky old man, who seems to like to chatter better than to listen. He asked to feel Jenny’s pulse, so that he might know what the pulse of an Englishwoman in health is !—I am sure this is no certain rule to go by. He says Evans’ complaint is *all bile*, and has ordered her some medicine, but does not think she can leave for two or three days.”

Happily the doctor was mistaken, and the following day found the travellers on their way to Stuttgart. Here Mrs. Calvert found to her disappointment that the Dowager Queen of Würtemberg<sup>2</sup> had gone three days before to the baths of Teinach, some five and twenty miles from Stuttgart. Mrs. Calvert at first proposed to forward the letter and parcel from *Princess Elizabeth*, of which she was the bearer, by Mr. Taylor, the British Envoy to Stuttgart. Eventually, however, a gracious message from Her Majesty decided her on

<sup>1</sup> Count Féodor Rostopchin (born 1765, died 1826) is believed to have ordered the burning of Moscow in 1812, but if this be true, he never confessed it. His daughter became Comtesse de Ségur, and wrote the delightful *Livres Roses* which have enchanted several generations of French and English children.

<sup>2</sup> Princess Royal of England, eldest daughter of George III, born 1766, married 1797 Frederick, Duke (afterwards King) of Würtemberg.

delivering it in person. In the meantime she and her daughters went over the Palace, and were very much charmed with all they saw.

“ It is magnificent and full of comforts, which the late King seems much to have considered. Several rooms are fitted up with Gobelin<sup>1</sup> tapestry, all presents from Bonaparte, who seems to have been quite *l'ami de la maison*. We saw his bedroom covered with eagles. Delightful as the Queen Dowager's apartments are, she had never occupied them since the King's death. Though he behaved very ill to her, she was doatingly fond of him. Strange to say she *hates* the English! There are several rooms, the chairs of which she has embroidered. She must have had plenty of time for it, as she never appeared in public during the King's life time, but always lived shut up in state. She gets up at five every morning and dines at one o'clock.

“ The present King<sup>2</sup> has forty-six palaces! He does not seem to be very popular.”

The visit to Teinach took place the next day, and Mrs. Calvert gives us a graphic description of it.

“ *June 26th.*—The Queen Dowager wrote a most complimentary letter to Mr. Taylor about me, indeed she said I was a ‘ charming little woman whom she always used to admire.’

“ We did not arrive at Teinach till past one—thirty miles in Germany is a journey indeed! The Queen's house is just opposite the post house. She heard the carriage and at once sent off a servant to ask us over to dinner. We had scarcely time to get off our bonnets etcetera. Never was I so warm in my life as when I took

<sup>1</sup> This manufacture was begun in the reign of Francis I by a man called Giles Gobelin. One of its great excellences consisted in the beauty of its scarlet dye.

<sup>2</sup> William I, born 1781. He abolished serfdom in 1818, instituted representative government in 1819. In 1862 he was the oldest living sovereign. He died two years later.

the Lord Chamberlain's arm ; he on his side was all bows and courtesy.

" Crossing the road, we went upstairs and found the Queen and her household at dinner. She got up at once and came forward to meet me in the kindest way. I sat on one side of her and Isabella on the other.

" My dinner was not very comfortable from my being so warm. The others had just finished, so everything was brought back for us. All eyes were upon us, but the Queen did everything she could to put us at our ease and by the time I got a little cool I felt completely so—her manners are so amiable, so conciliating, and not the least high.

" After dinner we went into an adjoining room where we all stood during coffee. The Queen then invited me into her own apartment where we sat chatting together most comfortably. She is as absolutely unreserved with me as if I were her equal—among other things she gave me an account of her husband's death and cried a good deal. She seems to have been warmly attached to him, which people wonder at, as he was far from kind to her.

" Time passed so quickly that I was quite sorry to be obliged to tell her Majesty that my fear of driving through the Black Forest in the dark must force me to make an early start. She seemed really grieved to lose me, and lamented so not being at Louisbourg <sup>1</sup> where she would have been glad to invite me to spend two or three quiet days with her. I should have liked this much for she is very pleasing.

" Isabella and Fanny found her ladies and gentlemen very agreeable, there are four of each, and she seems to live on very sociable terms with them. The Queen has grown very large but not so much so as I expected.

" She charged me with a great many respectful messages to her Mother and kind and affectionate ones to

<sup>1</sup> " Louisbourg is about twelve miles from Stuttgart ; the palace was sumptuous, the opera house the largest in Europe " (*Lady Holland's Journal*, 1793). Louisbourg was the residence of the Queen-Dowager.

her sisters, and she gave me a letter and a ring for Princess Elizabeth.

"She begged me to come back and take leave of her when I was ready to go. I accordingly did so, and really she bade me a most affectionate farewell. It is sad to take leave of a person whom one is almost certain never to see again in this world.<sup>1</sup> She kissed me three times and thanked me over and over again for my kindness in coming so far to see her. She was very kind too in her manner to the girls. She said that Isabella was exactly like me, and that Fanny reminded her of my Mother, to whom she desired to be remembered. She whispered to Fanny that I was not in the least altered ! That, begging Her Majesty's pardon, was one great fib, at least, so my glass uncivilly tells me.

"It was between three and four when we left Teinach, and the finest afternoon I ever saw. But in this horrible climate there is no depending on the weather for five minutes and before long we were caught in one of the most tremendous storms I ever witnessed. It hailed, it thundered and the rain came down in sheets. As the boy could not see to drive they dragged us under an archway for shelter and there we remained at least an hour. Many of the streets were impassable from the floods caused by the torrent that had descended on us. When we arrived at Stuttgart they had given us up, and our gentlemen had gone to bed, for it was long past eleven.

"*Schaffhausen, June 30th.*—Oh, how can any one be disappointed in the falls of the Rhine ? Where were Felix's eyes, mind and soul ? I never was so enchanted. It is the most wonderful thing I ever saw, and far surpassed my expectations. Owing to the late rains, it was particularly full, and such was its magnificence and beauty, we really could hardly tear ourselves away."

At Zug the party separated for a short time. Mrs. Calvert and her daughter Fanny went by road to Lucerne,

<sup>1</sup> The Queen of Würtemberg died October 6th, 1828.





CHARLOTTE, QUEEN OF WÜRTEMBERG (PRINCESS ROYAL OF ENGLAND)



while the Stronges and Knoxes made up their minds to cross the lake, ride up the Rigi and down on the other side. On Lady Stronge's part this seems to have been rather a bold venture, for she was far from well, and had suffered more or less severely from spasms during the whole of the tour. But nothing would induce her to give up the expedition, and we are rather amused to hear that she and the rest of her party "took their night-caps in case of accidents," as it was just possible that they might be delayed by the weather. Poor Lady Stronge's courage was not rewarded, for she was visited with no less than eleven spasms in the course of a single night.

Mrs. Calvert meanwhile waited at Lucerne for the rest of the travellers, her vivid imagination conjuring up every sort of disaster; and, in great uneasiness, she writes:

"They are not arrived, and God knows when they will. I feel very uncomfortable, for torrents of rain are still falling, and unless it clears it is impossible they can cross the lake. Fanny and I got up at seven and had a pleasant walk. We crossed a curious long bridge covered and adorned with a quantity of paintings."

Visitors to Lucerne will remember that quaintest of bridges and its weird mediæval pictures; but in most people they would inspire horror rather than admiration.

"*Morgenthal, May 1st.*—Oh what a horrible place for thunderstorms is this Switzerland. Just after a bright flash and clap which shook the house, the landlady rushed in in an agony exclaiming 'Il brûle, il brûle—un village entier!' As we looked out we saw in the distance volumes of flames and red glare. The chambermaid tells me that a fortnight ago they had a very bad storm which burned thirteen houses. And how suddenly they come! To-night there was not even a black cloud till the minute it began."

It was a relief the next day to hear that it was not a village that had caught fire, but a solitary house standing alone, which with all its contents was burnt to ashes.

“*Berne, July 8th.*—We dined at Kirchberg and arrived here at six; delighted with the beauty of the town, and extremely well lodged at the ‘Faucon.’ I am much amused with all the different costumes of the Cantons. Some I think very pretty, but I am astonished that the women wear such short petticoats, for their legs are monstrous thick.

“*July 9th.*—Count Liedekerke, Ambassador from Belgium, (to whose wife I brought a letter of introduction from Mademoiselle de Nagell) called on us this morning. He lives at a château four leagues from this. He seems a good humoured young man, and very obliging. I also had a visit from Monsieur l’Envoyé Freudenneck, to whom the Wickhams<sup>1</sup> had written to recommend me; a comical old man, who seemed very much fidgetted that he could show no civility, as we go away tomorrow.

“*July 10th. Thun.*—We left Berne at eleven this morning and arrived about two at the Château de Kurser, where Count Liedekerke lives. We dined at three. The Countess is a young woman of twenty or thereabouts, very pleasing and agreeable. Her father and mother, the Comte and Comtesse de la Tour du Pin, are staying with her—most charming people. The Comtesse, a very superior woman, has great remains of beauty, and there is a dignity in her manner which obliges you to look up to and admire her. They have met with terrible misfortunes. Not long ago they lost a lovely daughter, who was to have been married to the Comte d’Argenteau, and their eldest son was killed in a duel with a brother officer about a year<sup>2</sup> ago. They have now only Madame

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Wickham had been for some years British Envoy to Switzerland.

<sup>2</sup> Hombert de la Tour du Pin Gouvernet, who was only twenty-two. The story of this duel and its tragic termination is related in the Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne, Vol. II, page 92.



de Liedekerke and a very delicate boy of ten, in whom they are wrapped up heart and soul. They are a most charming family. We have been to call on Lord George and Lady Georgiana Quin,<sup>1</sup> who have got a beautiful little cottage not far off. She is confined to her room, and he was out, so I saw neither. The Comtesse de la Tour du Pin has promised to give me a letter of introduction to the Duchesse de Duras<sup>2</sup> in Paris, and the Comtesse de Liedekerke will write one to a Princess whose name I forget. The Stronges and Knox's are to cross the lake early tomorrow and go on a tour.

" *July 11th.*—This morning I hired a *corbeille* and went with Fanny to see a cascade with which I was delighted. A *corbeille* is a very pleasant equipage, and I rather wish I had one at Hunsdon. It is drawn by one horse and has four wheels, and is so low that one can step in and out of it with ease.

" *July 12th.*—At seven this morning Fanny and I set out in the *corbeille* for the Château de Wimiss. The drive there is superb; we wound among the mountains and down almost perpendicular hills, but in the dear little *corbeille* nobody can be afraid. Part of the way the country is very like Wales, but far more magnificent. There was a bridge over a very rapid mountain torrent, into which a young lady jumped, strange to say without being drowned. I should like to have known her story, but our driver could not speak a word of anything but German, and besides this had lost the palate of his mouth, so it was with difficulty that we made out what we did.

" *July 14th. Berne.*—We left Thun yesterday at nine, calling at the Château de Kursen to take leave. The Duchesse de Duras and the unknown Princess have left Paris, so I shall have no recommendatory letters after all.

<sup>1</sup> Lord George Taylour, son of the 1st Marquis of Headfort, born 1792. He assumed the name of Quin, which was that of his mother.

<sup>2</sup> The Duchesse de Duras was Mademoiselle Claire de Kersaint, who was born at Brest 1778, and died in 1828. While exiled from France during the Revolution she married Amédée Bretagne Malo, Duc de Duras, peer of France. Madame de Duras's house was considered the pleasantest in Paris. She was a person of much tact and cleverness, and welcomed all foreigners of talent and distinction.

" *July 16th.*—We left Berne at eight this morning, and dined at Fribourg. What an extraordinary town! It is up and down some very steep hills—a nasty place, and I was glad to leave it. At the Convent des Ursulines we were very much disappointed at seeing only two ugly old nuns. They took us through the house, and showed us one of their cells, a comfortable little room, and I saw no skull, only two or three hour-glasses.

" I have discovered that Madame de la Tour du Pin is sister to Madame Bertrand.<sup>1</sup> We go tomorrow to Geneva.

" *Geneva, July 19th.*—Edmond and Jenny have got a villa here, and would not allow me to go to the Inn. The Stronges have also got one, and they will have beds for us tomorrow, when we shall move in there. The road from Lausanne here is beautiful; really like travelling through fairy land. We have got an invitation to a ball at Prince Paul of Mecklenburg-Schwerin's, to which, of course, we are most happy to go.

" *July 22nd.*—We went at nine to the Prince's ball; he gave it in honour of his father, the Duke of Mecklenburg, who is come here to pay him a visit. The Prince is only seventeen, a nice boy, with a look of our Royal Family, and he is here for his education. He seemed very happy, dancing away, and his father is remarkably civil. He even attended us at supper, bringing plates etc. I did not know him, but took him for one of the household, and treated him with great familiarity. I was quite shocked when I found it out, and made him a hundred apologies, which he took most good humouredly. There were a great many people. Quadrilles and waltzing were the order of the day, and there was only one country dance. To-day I hired a char-à-banc and went to Geneva. Fanny and I go to Chamounix tomorrow. The celebrated Madame de Staël is dead.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> General Bertrand, as is well known, accompanied Napoleon to St. Helena, and his family went with him.

<sup>2</sup> Anne Louise Germaine Necker, daughter of the celebrated M. Necker, Finance Minister of Louis XVI immediately before the Revolution, was born in Paris 1766. She married in 1786 Baron Staël-Holstein, Swedish Minister at Paris, but separated from him a few



H.S.H. PRINCE PAUL OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN, 1817





" *Vallée de Chamounix, July 24th.*—At an early hour this morning Felix mounted a mule, and Fanny, John, and I got into a char-a-banc. It is impossible to describe the magnificence of the scenery. The road, to look at, seemed impassable, but somehow or other as '*l'appétit vient en mangeant*,' so '*le courage vient en avançant*.' But we were almost shook to mummies, it was all so rough and generally along a precipice, and in some parts the road was so narrow that the wheels reached quite to the edge and we were nearly over. The height of the mountains, Mont Blanc especially, is really astonishing.

" *July 28th.*—I have been up Montanvert, and I am alive! At six this morning we mounted our mules. I was much delighted with mine, until I began to go up the mountain. I then felt that I had never done anything so fatiguing or so disagreeable. It was all I could do to keep my seat when the animal bounded from one rock to another. I only managed to do it by holding fast to the pummel and saddle and bending double over the mule's neck. When the bridle was left on his neck he picked out the way most pleasing to himself, and really his sagacity was quite astonishing. But he made me rather nervous by always going to the very edge of the precipice, and looking over it as if he meant to descend it. I must say I was not sorry when the time came for us to dismount and take to our feet, as it grew too dangerous at last for the mules.

" The guides were quite astonished and said that they never saw ladies walk so well, that we really were like chamois. They allow four hours for the climb and we did it in two hours and a half. At the top we rested a little and then went down to the Mer de Glace where we bounded over the chasms with the help of our poles. After a very good collation of strawberries and milk

years later. She engaged in a plot for effecting the escape of the Royal Family to England, and was eventually exiled by Napoleon in consequence of her hostility to him. At the age of forty-six she married privately Monsieur de Rocca, aged twenty-five. She died in Paris, and was buried at Coppet.

and vin de la Côte, we all stretched ourselves out on the grass while the guides ate up our scraps. I fell asleep, but was soon awoke by the noise of an avalanche, which is like thunder. We saw four as we descended the mountain, a process which I found quite as fatiguing as ascending. It is now nine and after tea we are going to bed, for mounting Montanvert is no trifle."

On her return to Geneva Mrs. Calvert mentions that the Stronges had all the Gunn family to dinner, and many more in the evening.

"The Miss Gunns sang divinely; they have wonderful talents and are very agreeable, but rather too dashing for my taste.

"I took leave of my dear Felix (whom Heaven preserve) at Isabella's gate, as we were to set out the next day. We got up at four, and Isabella and Sir James would get up too, and give us our coffee. Dear Isabella was in terrible grief at parting with us.

"So Fanny and I set off, John Knox escorting us to Paris. I was very much surprised to hear that they had all kept a secret from me. It seems that the courier with letters from Geneva had been robbed on the way, and they all thought I should be afraid of travelling if I knew this.

"The Jura mountains are very tiresome to pass—so steep, and with the most terrible precipices.

"*Auxonne, July 31st.*—We are delighted to have taken our leave of the Jura, and got into a flat for we are quite tired of hills, rocks and precipices.

"*Sens, August 2nd.*—Yesterday morning we left Auxonne soon after five and breakfasted at Dijon, a large town, but we did not stay long enough to see anything. At Montbard (where we slept) Fanny and I walked to see the Château and garden of Buffon the famous naturalist, but I cannot say they were worth seeing. The road, though not interesting, has been excellent all the way. The country seems very quiet, but I find there were

riots a few weeks ago about corn. Two men and a woman were guillotined in consequence. I asked what the woman had done. The chambermaid told me that she put some grass into the Prefect's mouth and said 'Manges, coquin, nous n'avons que cela.'

"*Hotel de Hollande, Paris, August 3rd.*—We got up at half past three this morning, and at four were seated in the carriage. At Fontainebleau we breakfasted and then went to see the Castle which is very beautiful. Some magnificent furniture was put in by Bonaparte; they showed us the room in which he signed his abdication, and the table on which he wrote it, even the marks of his nails as he clawed it in his agitation. There is also a fine gallery built by Francis I.

"We are most comfortably settled here in a nice clean Hotel, with a dear little suite of apartments for which we pay eight napoleons a week. We got a most excellent dinner from a restaurant close by.

"*August 4th.*—John procured us a laquais de place and a carriage and Fanny and I have been to several shops and sat a long time with Lady Elizabeth Stuart, the Ambassador's wife.<sup>1</sup> She is one of Lord Hardwicke's daughters, and a most delightful person. She has given me her box at the Play for tomorrow night. I am delighted with Paris, and only wish I had more money to spend.

"*August 5th.*—We have had a visit from Lady<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Lady Elizabeth Lindsay, the youngest daughter of the 5th Earl of Balcarres, married in 1782 Philip Yorke, afterwards 3rd Earl of Hardwicke. Lady Elizabeth, their third daughter, married Sir Charles Stuart (afterwards Lord Stuart de Rothsay), and became the mother of Lady Canning and Lady Waterford. It was considered very remarkable that so plain a couple as Lord and Lady Stuart should have two such beautiful daughters. Their mother accounted for it by her ceaseless contemplation of the masterpieces at the Louvre previous to their births.

<sup>2</sup> Elizabeth, Dowager-Countess of Aldborough, lived for many years in Paris. She was a daughter of the Rev. Frederick Hamilton, grandson of William, Duke of Hamilton. She married in 1777 John, 3rd Earl of Aldborough, who died in 1823. Lady Aldborough died 1845.



Aldborough—also an invitation from Lady Mansfield<sup>1</sup> for to-night.

“*August 6th.*—I really think Mr. Calvert might have contrived to meet us here, for it is not quite the thing to leave us alone at an Hotel. However we are pretty safe. We went last night to the Théâtre Français. I can’t say I was pleased with it, as it was a ranting tragedy, ludicrous at first and then very tiresome. There was great applause at some speech which referred to the times. Then came a noise of disapprobation; my heart jumped to my mouth, for I thought there was going to be a riot, but it was nothing. Lady Mansfield’s ball afterwards was a very good one. Denon, who was in Egypt with Bonaparte and has written so much, was there—a particularly ugly old man.

“*August 9th.*—On Thursday we dined at the Ambassador’s. The company consisted of Lord and Lady Jersey,<sup>2</sup> Lord and Lady FitzRoy Somerset,<sup>3</sup> Sir William and Lady Gordon,<sup>4</sup> and twelve other gentlemen. We did not dine till half past six and broke up at eight, when we came home. Yesterday we went to the Palais Royal, and walked about with Miss Stanhope. I was very much amused with the shops.

“*August 10th.*—No Mr. Calvert yet! I am perfectly miserable, but endeavour to keep myself tranquil. If I once yielded to my fears I should be distracted. We went (in order to drive away thought) to Lady E. Stuart’s—

<sup>1</sup> Frederica, daughter of William Markham, D.D., Archbishop of York, married William, 3rd Earl of Mansfield, in 1797, and died in 1860.

<sup>2</sup> George Child, 5th Earl of Jersey, was born 1773, and married 1804 Sarah, eldest daughter of John, 10th Earl of Westmorland. Lord Jersey died October 3rd, 1859.

<sup>3</sup> Lord FitzRoy Somerset, afterwards field-marshal in the Army, born 1788, youngest son of the 5th Duke of Beaufort. He was raised to the Peerage as Baron Raglan 1852, and died 1855 during the siege of Sebastopol. He married 1814 Emily, daughter of William, Earl of Mornington.

<sup>4</sup> Sir William Duff Gordon, born 1772, second son of Alexander, Lord Rockville, and grandson of William, 2nd Earl of Aberdeen. He married 1810 Caroline, daughter of Sir G. Cornwall, Bart., and died 1823.



a dull English party, rendered still duller by my being so out of spirits. To-day (Sunday) we have been there to prayers, but it was more like an Assembly, and I don't like it. I have taken quite an aversion to Paris. Oh, that I was at Hunsdon and knew all were well !

" *August 11th, 4 o'clock a.m.*—I went to bed where, unable to lie, I have got up. It has occurred to me that as John is here they have written to him to break some misfortune and the letter is lying at the Post Office. I am perfectly wretched. Oh ! that I had never left home.

" *August 13th.*—Most unwillingly I went last night to Court. My name had been sent in to the King<sup>1</sup> and he had appointed eight o'clock to receive me, therefore I was bound to go. We were presented first of all to His Majesty, then in another suite of rooms to the Duchesse d'Angoulême,<sup>2</sup> and in another to the Duc d'Angoulême. They received us very graciously, and spoke to me. The Duc d'Angoulême asked me several questions and said that I spoke French *très bien*.

" The King is a fat, good humoured looking man ; the Duchesse moderately good looking, but her voice is disagreeable. The Duc I took rather a fancy to, though he is very plain. The whole thing was over in half an hour.

" The next day I drove to the Post Office to get my letters, and finding none returned home in the depths of despair. Jack Warre tried to comfort me by assuring me that the post was uncertain, but I refused to be comforted. At last to my great relief, came a letter from Mr. Calvert telling me that everyone was well, and that he was to leave London on Saturday and *pour surcroît de bonheur* at about seven o'clock the dear soul arrived himself safe and sound. I was in raptures at seeing him, and indeed I believe he was just as glad to see me.

<sup>1</sup> Louis XVIII, King of France, re-entered his capital July 8th, 1815.

<sup>2</sup> Madame Royale, only daughter of the ill-fated Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, married her first cousin, the Duc d'Angoulême, son of the Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X.

" *August 14th.*—We went last night to the Théâtre Français, Lady E. Stuart having lent us her box. We saw 'Le Joueur' and 'Le Somnambule.' I cannot say I was much amused. Afterwards we went to drink tea with the Spencer Stanhopes.

" We walked this morning on the Boulevards, saw the Garde Royale and went to the Panthéon, a very beautiful building. We mounted into the Dôme and had a magnificent view of Paris from the Galleries.

" *August 15th.*—Last night we went to the Jardin de Beaujon, in which are what they call the Montagnes Françaises, a great rage at present. They have cars which hold two people, and a bar across to prevent their tumbling out, as they go with a velocity that is really surprising to look at. No accident has happened as yet, but I should not like to go in one. We went over the Luxembourg. They are repairing Catherine de Medici's room which is beautiful.

" *August 15th.*—Yesterday we walked in the Tuileries gardens. At night we went to a ball; Fanny danced with Captain Hay and Mr. Spencer Stanhope. To-day we have been to see a fountain which is being erected on the spot where the Bastille stood. It will be long finishing, if ever done. An elephant of immense size is to be placed on the top. A staircase is to be in one of its legs and a room in its belly, and at the top there is to be a gallery from which there will be a view of all Paris.

" *August 18th.*—We went last night to the Duchesse d'Escars.<sup>1</sup> She lives at the Tuileries, perched up so high that we were quite out of breath getting to her apartments which are very low, and rather like the cabin of a ship. All the fine people were there.

" *August 20th.*—Mr. Smith<sup>2</sup> (a son of Lord Carrington's), Jack Warre and a Mr. Hort dined last night at the Thompson's with us. Soon after nine, we adjourned to

<sup>1</sup> The Duc d'Escars lived at the Tuileries, he being the first Chamberlain to Louis XVIII.

<sup>2</sup> The Hon. Robert John Smith, born 1796, succeeded his father as 2nd Baron Carrington 1838. He married 1822 Elizabeth, daughter of Cecil Weld, 1st Lord Forester.

the Ruggieri Gardens, where there were fire-works and ' Montagnes Suisses ' which means going down an almost perpendicular place in cars—very terrific to look at.

" *August 21st.*—To-day we have been to Vincennes and saw the spot on which the poor Duc d'Enghien was shot, his coffin in the chapel and the stone with which they broke his head, as the two shots had not killed him. The man who told us this was much affected while relating it. After driving through the Bois de Vincennes we walked through a place a quarter of a mile long excavated by Bonaparte for a canal but never finished.

" At the Veterinary College we saw some dissections, which made me feel very sick."

## CHAPTER XXIII

A ball at the Embassy—Frederick William III—The Duc and Duchesse de Berri—Neuilly and Malmaison—Environs of Paris—The Fête of the Rosière—Departure for Holland—Broek and Saardam—Leyden and its organ—Home at last—Mrs. Calvert's village school—Macready and Liston—Death of Princess Charlotte—National sorrow—Marriage of Princess Elizabeth—The Duke of Devonshire and Sir Richard Croft—Lady Althorp—Disappearance of Lord Charles Murray—The Dandy-killer—Strange discovery at the Cape—A very young couple.

“ 1817. *August 2nd.*

I AM heartily tired of Paris, and I long to set out for Holland. Last night we went to a ball at the Embassy. The King of Prussia <sup>1</sup> was there. He has a distinguished look that would always attract attention, but he holds himself awkwardly, and has a long face, or rather nose, that gives an unpleasant look to his countenance ; he is, however, reckoned handsome, though rather anxious and melancholy in appearance.

“ All this morning we have been at the Louvre, and to see the manufacture of Gobelin tapestry.

“ *August 25th.*—At the Duchesse d'Aumont's concert we met the King of Prussia, the Duke of Wellington, and all the fine world.

“ This is a bad St. Louis, which is unlucky, as the people were to have been amused, and they require to be kept in good humour with the Royal family. I was amused with a brochure I heard yesterday :—

“ ‘ Une ferme à vendre. Un gros cochon appelé Louis,

<sup>1</sup> Frederick William III. He succeeded to the throne in 1797, having married 1793 Louisa of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. He died 1840.



un dindon appelé D'Artois, un coq d'Angoulême, et une poule qui ne pond pas—le tout pour un Napoléon.'

" *August 28th.*—The Princess Castalcicala's ball was on Monday. The crowd in the streets was so great that we did not get into the house till twelve o'clock, just in time to see the Duc and Duchesse de Berri,<sup>1</sup> who were on the point of going away. She is rather pretty—he a little plain man. The Duc and Duchesse d'Orléans were there, also the Dowager Duchesse, and Monsieur.<sup>2</sup> I was also gratified with the sight of many of the French Marshals, Suchet, Marmont, etc.; also of the Duchesse de Ragusa, Marmont's wife. I am told they never speak to each other. Almost everyone was covered with jewels, and gold and silver.

" Yesterday we went to Neuilly, but were not allowed in, as the Duc d'Orléans<sup>3</sup> was there. Then we went to Malmaison, hardly worth seeing except as the residence of such celebrated people. There is a beautiful picture of Josephine; a most interesting face, and she seems to have been amazingly beloved.

" We proceeded to St. Germain, where, while our dinner was preparing, we went to see the Castle and the apartments James II. inhabited. A more dilapidated miserable place I never saw; most of it is converted into barracks.

" Directly after breakfast to-day we went to the Château de Meudon. It was formerly the residence of Louis XVI's aunts, and since then of the little King of Rome<sup>4</sup> and his governess. The view from the top is magnificent, the finest I have seen since we came here.

" After seeing the china manufactory at Sèvres we

<sup>1</sup> The Duc de Berri was the younger son of the Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X. He married Maria Caroline of Naples, and was assassinated February 13th, 1820.

<sup>2</sup> The Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X.

<sup>3</sup> Afterwards King Louis Philippe. He was born 1773, chosen King of the French 1830, abdicated 1848, died August 26th, 1850.

<sup>4</sup> Only child of Napoleon and Marie Louise, sometimes called the Duke of Reichstadt. He died July 12th, 1832.

went to St. Cloud, a beautiful palace, furnished with the greatest taste by Buonaparte.

"*August 29th.*—My sister, Mr. Knox, and Fanny arrived yesterday evening. John had engaged comfortable apartments for them at the Hotel des Départments du Rhin<sup>1</sup> in the Place Vendôme. After visiting them we went to Tivoli, where a balloon went up with a lady in it who lets off fireworks when up in the skies.

"*September 1st.*—We dined at Riches last night, and then went to the Italian Opera; not so bad as the French, but I soon tired of it. On Sunday Fanny and I, who had got tickets for the Church at Suresnes, went there to see the Concurrence of the Rosière, who was to be crowned by the Duchesse de Berri. She is certainly not pretty; her face, in repose, is stupid and expressionless. But it improves when she smiles or speaks. She was dressed in pink, with roses on her head, and diamonds. Her ladies all wore court dresses. One of them, the Duchesse de Reggio, is very handsome. The *rosière*, unfortunately, was ugly. High Mass was performed, and the sermon was like the acting of a French play. Getting out, the crowd was quite unpleasant, and the soldiers brutal in their manner. Fanny and I, without a gentleman, were an hour before we found the carriage.

"*Sept. 3rd.*—We dined 'pick-nick' with my sister yesterday, and this morning early, took leave of Paris, which I cannot say I have the least wish to see again."

Mrs. Calvert and her party travelled through Belgium into Holland, with which she was very much delighted.

"*Haarlem, Sept. 13th.*—The roads in this country are charming, in many places paved with brick. At seven in the morning we embarked in the passage boat to visit North Holland. We breakfasted under some trees at the side of the canal, and there hired a 'karabou,' a comical sort of carriage with three rows of benches, one

<sup>1</sup> Now called the *Hôtel du Rhin*.

behind the other. It contained us three, our two servants, and a laquais de place we had hired for the day. We proceeded to Broek where we had to leave the carriage, as the streets are not made to drive in. They are beautifully paved with bricks in different shapes and the houses are most curious, highly ornamented, and very much in the Chinese style. Their cleanliness is extraordinary. They paint twice a year, and wash without ceasing, but they are not equally tidy in their persons, and their appearance is certainly a disgrace to such well-kept houses.

“We after that went to Saardam; not so pretty as Broek, but very curious. There are 150 little bridges in it leading into houses. Peter the Great<sup>1</sup> made it famous from his having lived there and learnt the trade of ship building. We saw his house—a little miserable place—and we sat in his chairs which he made himself. Everything was exactly in the state in which he left it. North Holland seemed to me ugly and disagreeable—all cut up by water. We did not get back to Amsterdam till three o'clock; owing to various delays in that stinking town (for the smell of the canal was really pestilential), we did not leave till seven. It was then nearly dark, and before we had gone half a mile it began to lighten and the whole sky seemed in a blaze. Never was I out on such a night. I covered my face with a pillow, and I resigned myself to my fate. Whenever I peeped out it was either pitch dark, or else the sky perfectly illumined by the lightning, all the time our road lay close to the canal, and there was some danger lest we should drive into it. Even Mr. C. owned that he did not know what might happen. Thank God we arrived here safe, but very wet, after a drive of two hours and a half, and delighted to get into a comfortable inn, where we drank some hot tea and went to bed.

“*Leyden, Sept. 14th.*—We were enchanted with the organ here; its powers are really beyond description. The

<sup>1</sup> Peter the Great, born at Moscow, became sole Sovereign of Russia in 1689. He visited Holland and England in 1697, and worked in the dockyard at Deptford.



man played a battle and a storm, and really I could have imagined I heard the cannon roar. As to the thunder it was quite terrific.

“*Rotterdam, Sept. 15th.*—We have been to the King’s Palace in the wood, and I saw some paintings and a Chinese room. I like Rotterdam infinitely better than Amsterdam. We are at a very good inn, kept by an Englishman.

“*Antwerp, Sept. 16th.*—I hear we have to ferry across the Scheldt. I thought we had done with those odious ferries!

“*Calais, Sept. 19th.*—Here we are arrived, and worried to death by the sailors, who all want us to go in their respective vessels.

“It really was like a scene in a play when they actually followed us into our room, all talking at once. In the meantime the wind is high, and not favourable. However, we have settled to go in the ‘Lord Sidmouth’ to-morrow. I am sick at the thoughts of it, and could eat no dinner.

“*Upper Wimpole Street, Sept. 22nd.*—After all, the weather was beautiful for our voyage, and the tide in our favour. At eleven we set off in a little boat guided by a Frenchman. I was a good deal frightened, and did not like this, and we had quite half a league to go before reaching the ship. It was very comfortable, a nice ship, and a very civil captain. There were no other passengers except a lady and gentleman and their little boy. We all sat on deck, and glided along with hardly any motion, so much so that we feared it would be too calm to arrive. However, we disembarked most joyfully at Dover after six hours’ passage, and slept at the ‘Ship’ Inn, reaching London the next day in time to dine with my dear mother. I must now write to Princess Elizabeth to tell her of the Queen of Wurtemberg’s parcel, so I can add no more.”

Before she left London Mrs. Calvert received a very kind note from the Princess with directions about the



parcel, and assurances that the Queen of Würtemberg was delighted to have seen her.

National education was at a low ebb in those days. Mrs. Calvert writes soon after her return :

" We have just set up a school for the poor, and Fanny and I have spent five hours each day assisting Mrs. Corney, the schoolmistress. I do not mean always to do that, but I shall go often for some time to come in order to see that all goes on well.

" *November 2nd.*—Fanny and I went to town and took up our abode in Grosvenor Street, instead of Wimpole Street. At night we went with Miss Tew to Covent Garden, and saw 'The Siege of Belgrade,' and 'Father and His Children,' at which we cried terribly. Macready <sup>1</sup> did the part uncommonly well, but it is, I think, a horrible representation. On Wednesday we went again to the Play, and were much amused with Liston <sup>2</sup> as 'Tony Lumpkin.'

" There are terrible accounts from Ireland of the fever. It is really like the plague."

Mrs. Calvert goes on to describe the melancholy event that plunged England into mourning about this time.

" *Nov. 11th.*—On Friday we—indeed the whole nation—were greatly shocked at the news of poor Princess Charlotte's <sup>3</sup> having given birth to a still-born son and expired a few hours later. Never was there anything like the sensation produced by this unexpected calamity. No one could read the account without tears, and I hear that all London is in a state of despondency and gloom. Owing to the general mourning it will remain so for a long time."

<sup>1</sup> Macready (William Charles) 1793–1873. He was a thorough artist, and a man of undoubted genius. In some Shakesperian characters (King Lear, for example) he seems to have had no successor.

<sup>2</sup> Liston (John) 1776–1846, a celebrated comic actor. He obtained the largest salary ever paid in his time to a comedian.

<sup>3</sup> Princess Charlotte Augusta of Wales was born March 7th, 1796 ; married May 2nd, 1816, Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, and died in child-bed November 6th, 1817.

Our recent national bereavement<sup>1</sup> may help us to form some idea of the universal grief and depression. But in the Princess Charlotte's case a touch of pathos was added because she was so young and so absolutely happy, and it was on her that the hopes of the nation were centred.

"*Nov. 18th.*—Princess Charlotte is to be buried to-morrow. The papers are full of her and of the lamentations of the entire kingdom.

"Fanny and I have been out to dine and sleep. We met the Bishop of Norwich<sup>2</sup> and his daughters, the former a delightful old man, only rather too fond of embracing the part of the Catholics, who call him their Pope.

"On Christmas Day James Knox arrived. Sir John Sebright and his children left us that day and travelled (I think very indecently) just at the hours of Divine Service."

"The King can do no wrong." Sir John Sebright apparently could do no right, according to Mrs. Calvert, who cordially disliked him.

"*January 1st, 1818.*—We are now entering upon a new year. I am anything but satisfied with my own conduct this last year. I have been often peevish, testy, and out of humour, but somehow I feel as if I was going to improve. I am so determined on it. Heaven grant I may be right!!!

"Our tenants' ball took place on the second. There were some very pretty girls, and all went off very well. We took our leave of them at twelve o'clock, and went to our supper, but my boys and the young men kept it up until five or six o'clock in the morning.

<sup>1</sup> May 6th, 1910.

<sup>2</sup> The Right Rev. Henry Bathurst, LL.D., born 1744, Bishop of Norwich 1805–37, married 1780 Grace, daughter of Charles Coote, Dean of Kilfenora, and sister of Charles, 2nd Lord Castlecoote. When he visited Ireland he was presented by the Irish Catholics with a tablet, on which is inscribed an address thanking him for his efforts in support of religious liberty.



*Angu Edouart, fecit, 1829*

THE RIGHT REVD. HENRY BATHURST,  
BISHOP OF NORWICH





"*Upper Wimpole Street, Feb. 18th.*—The mourning for Princess Charlotte is out to-day. We, however, are in mourning for Lord Abercorn,<sup>1</sup> who has just died of a liver complaint.

"*Feb. 8th.*—Last Monday we had dinner at Lord Limerick's. The Bishop of Norwich, the Bishop of Derry,<sup>2</sup> and Mrs. W. Knox were there. Mrs. and Miss Bathurst, and the Bishop of Derry's daughter came in the evening.

"Last Wednesday I became, Alas! a complete old woman—*fifty* years old. Well! The worst is now over. I always dreaded that age. Now all pretence to anything like youth is over. I hope I shall bear growing old with a better grace, and God grant I may grow better!

"On Friday we dined at home, and at ten o'clock Fanny and I set out for Lady Charleville's,<sup>3</sup> but when we arrived in Grosvenor Square, the coachman stopped, and said he could not venture any further as the fog was so impenetrable that he could not drive with any safety, therefore we were forced to *grope* our way home again. On that same afternoon when Edmond was coming to dinner he saved Mr. Vaughan's life. A man had knocked him down, and was beating him about the head. Edmond rescued him, pursued the robber, and secured him, and took him to the watch-house.

"Mr. C. dined with the Speaker<sup>4</sup> to-day. I had a great many gentlemen morning visitors.

"*Feb. 9th.*—Princess Elizabeth is going to be married to the Prince of Hesse Homburg.<sup>5</sup> They say he proposed twenty years ago for her, that the King put the

<sup>1</sup> James, 1st Marquess of Abercorn, born 1756, died January, 1818.

<sup>2</sup> Right Rev. the Hon. William Knox, D.D., Bishop of Derry, 1794–1831, fourth son of Thomas, Viscount Northland, married 1785 Anne, daughter of James Spencer.

<sup>3</sup> Charles William, 1st Viscount Charleville (the title is now extinct), married 1798 Catherine, widow of James Tisdall, Esq., and daughter of Thomas Townley Dawson, Esq.

<sup>4</sup> Sir Charles Manners-Sutton, G.C.B. Speaker from 1817 to 1834, eldest son of the Archbishop of Canterbury. He was created Viscount Canterbury March 10th, 1835.

<sup>5</sup> Princess Elizabeth, third daughter of George III, born 1770, married 1818 H.S.H. Frederick Landgrave and Prince of Hesse-Homburg. Her Royal Highness died at Frankfurt January 10th, 1840.

letter in his pocket ; the German troubles came on, and it was no more thought of. I believe it is a very poor match.<sup>1</sup> The family are a very amiable one. Mr. Langsdorff, who was with me yesterday, says the Principality, though very small, is quite a little Paradise.<sup>2</sup>

" The Duke of Clarence has sent his proposals to the King of Denmark's daughter. I hear she is very ugly, having white hair, eye-brows, and lashes, and red eyes. The Duke of Cambridge is to be married directly to the daughter of the Prince of Hesse Cassel.<sup>3</sup> They seem all marrying mad !

" *Feb. 10th.*—Fanny and I drove out to pay visits yesterday. We got in at Lady Westmeath's. She is a dear little woman, and has got the nicest little girl of nearly four years old, Lady Rosa Nugent. She ought to be pretty with such a pretty name.

" *Feb. 14th.*—Mr. C. dined at the Bishop of Norwich's. Fanny and I dined tête-à-tête. We went in the evening to Mrs. Bathurst's, and afterwards to Lady Charleville's.

" There is nothing talked of but a story that the Duke of Devonshire <sup>4</sup> is illegitimate ; that he was not the late Duchess' son but Lady Elizabeth Foster's,<sup>5</sup> by the Duke, and was changed for the Duchess' daughter.<sup>6</sup> The Duke

<sup>1</sup> The Landgrave's income was said to be only £300 a year.

<sup>2</sup> Visitors to Homburg will remember the quaint old castle in which Princess Elizabeth passed most of the remainder of her life, its delightful shady gardens, and the hunting box which she built in a wood and surrounded with fir trees in order to recall her beloved English home.

<sup>3</sup> The Duke of Cambridge married 1818 H.S.H. Princess Augusta of Hesse-Cassel, who was born 1797.

<sup>4</sup> William Spencer, 6th Duke of Devonshire, K.G., born May 21st, 1790, died unmarried January 17th, 1858.

<sup>5</sup> Lady Elizabeth Hervey, second daughter of Frederick, 4th Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry. She married first John Thomas Foster, cousin of Lord Oriel, and, secondly, in October, 1809, as his second wife, William, 5th Duke of Devonshire, K.G. She died March 20th, 1829, without legitimate issue.

<sup>6</sup> This absurd story was not generally believed, as will be seen from the following extract from a letter written in April, 1818, by Mrs. Howard of Corby Castle to Lady Bedingfield: " Prince Hesse Homburg's marriage put a stop to the scandal circulated about the Duke of Devonshire, which was as infamous as unfounded—Lord St. Helens sat in the same box at the Opera with Lady Elizabeth





HON. MRS. WILLIAM KNOX



married Lady E. Foster, who is now living in Italy, and they say Lord George Cavendish,<sup>1</sup> who would be Duke if this were true, is gone abroad to enquire into it. Sir Richard Croft,<sup>2</sup> who attended the two ladies, and was of course, if this is true, privy to it, shot himself yesterday morning while attending a Mrs. Thackeray.<sup>3</sup> Some say that he thought she would die, and that the recollection of Princess Charlotte's losing her life under his care produced insanity. Others say he was so hurt at the Prince's not speaking to him at the Levée that that produced it. Others again say it was shame at the discovery made of the share he had in changing the children. Be it as it may, however, he retired into a room where, unfortunately, were a pair of pistols, and shot himself. It is a very extraordinary story.

"Feb. 17th.—Mrs. William Knox sat with me some time yesterday morning, and afterwards Lady Davy,<sup>4</sup>

Foster the night of his birth at Paris; and his observation was that she looked as thin as a Wrayle" (*Jerningham Letters*, II, p. 120).

<sup>1</sup> Lord George Augustus Henry Cavendish, third son of William, 4th Duke of Devonshire, K.G. He was in 1831 created Earl of Burlington, his grandson William succeeded his cousin as 7th Duke of Devonshire on January 17th, 1858.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Richard Croft, 6th Baronet of Croft Castle, the celebrated accoucheur, born 1762, married 1789 Margaret, daughter of Thomas Denman, M.D., and sister of Thomas, 1st Lord Denman. He had been the unlucky attendant on Princess Charlotte when she lost her life at the birth of her child. That sad event had preyed on his mind so much, that while attending at the lying-in of Mrs. Thackeray, in Wimpole Street, whose labour was tedious, he agreed to retire for a few hours to another room; there, unfortunately, he found a brace of loaded pistols, and made away with himself. His widow survived until 1847.

<sup>3</sup> She was Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Alexander Cottin of Chevrells, Herefordshire, and married 1816 George Thackeray, D.D., Provost of King's College, Cambridge, Vice-Chancellor and Chaplain-in-Ordinary to Kings George III, George IV, and William IV. He was first cousin to Richmond Makepeace Thackeray, the father of the great novelist. He died October 21st, 1850. His wife lost her life at the birth of her daughter February 18th, 1818.

<sup>4</sup> The daughter and heiress of Charles Kerr of Kelso, and the widow of Mr. Aprece. Lady Davy was a brunette of the brunettes, and her devoted friend, Sydney Smith, used to say of her that she was "as brown as dry toast." She was a woman of great powers of mind; was acquainted with Madame de Staël, and is said to be the original of "Corinne." She died in Park Street in 1855.

who is very agreeable. She is very *blue*, and, as I am very anxious to get into that sort of society, I like to cultivate her. She has asked us Saturday evening. Fanny and I dined tête-à-tête and went at night first to Lady B. Bouverie, then to Lady Ellenborough's, then to Lady Salisbury's. At the last we saw the Prince of Homburg. The first exclamation of everyone was, 'Well!' He really is not as hideous as I expected. He is short and fat, and really ugly enough. He has but one long tooth in his head, but his moustache nearly conceals the deficiency. He don't much look like a gentleman, but I hear Princess Elizabeth is very much in love with him.

"Feb. 23rd.—I visited Lady Althorp yesterday, who is expecting a child in May. She is rather nervous about herself, which I do not wonder at, as so very many have died in that way lately.

"After Mrs. Thackeray's death, her sister, whose house she was in, went mad. It is a dreadful tragedy.

"Last night Mr. C. and I went to a *blue* party at Lady Davy's. There were a great many clever men there. Baron Humboldt<sup>1</sup> (the Russian Ambassador), Sir James Mackintosh,<sup>2</sup> Dr. Holland,<sup>3</sup> who has written a very entertaining book of travels, Mr. Paine Knight,<sup>4</sup> and others

<sup>1</sup> Baron von Humboldt, elder brother of the naturalist, eminent as a statesman. He was born at Potsdam 1767, and died 1835.

<sup>2</sup> A celebrated philosopher (1765-1832). He was one of the chief celebrities at Holland House.

<sup>3</sup> Sir Henry Holland, born 1788. He was one of the best-known men in London society and a great traveller. In 1837 he was appointed Physician-Extraordinary to Queen Victoria, in 1840 Physician-in-Ordinary to the Prince Consort. He refused the Baronetcy offered him by Lord Melbourne in 1841, became Physician-in-Ordinary to the Queen in 1852, and accepted a Baronetcy in 1853. His maternal grandmother was a sister of Josiah Wedgwood (the potter). He was author of many medical and scientific works, and in 1815 wrote *Travels in the Ionian Isles, Albania, Thessaly, Macedonia, etc.*, during 1812-1813. He was father of 1st Lord Knutsford and of the late Canon Francis Holland.

<sup>4</sup> Richard Payne Knight (1750-1820), a numismatist. As a connoisseur and authority on ancient art his reputation stood very high. He had a collection of bronzes which far surpassed any other—many of them had belonged to the Duc de Chaulnes, who died at the beginning of the French Revolution. No less remarkable was his collection of Greek coins.

whose names I do not recollect, were there. Lady Holland was sitting like a queen in the corner. We staid until nearly twelve. I hope she will invite me again. I read prayers and a sermon at home. Yesterday I went for a short time to Lady Charleville's in the morning as she had sent to me to consult me upon a little dilemma she found herself in ; namely, that she had only intended asking Mrs. W. Knox for a special Friday, and that she came *every* Friday, and brought two daughters with her, to her great annoyance. It is evident there has been some mistake in the card, and I advised her (as the only way to rectify it civilly) to send another card for one night, which would shew her she was not expected every one. She is in a grand fuss about it, and I am doubtful whether she will take any step for fear of offending.

" *Feb. 8th.*—Fanny and I went to a party at Lady Salisbury's. Prince Homburg was there. He is really a very good-humored man. There is nothing talked of but the Duke of Clarence having been refused by the Princess of Denmark, and having proposed since for Miss Wykeham,<sup>1</sup> who has accepted him. I believe there is no doubt of the truth of this, but it is not thought that they will be allowed to marry.

" We have been busy arranging draperies for our Court dresses to-morrow.

" *Feb. 27th.*—We went to the Drawing-room yesterday. It was not as full as was expected, but people contrived to crowd the rooms sufficiently, and I really should have been squeezed to a mummy but for a very civil man who protected me to the best of his abilities. I did not know him. He had large moustaches, with 'Niagara' and other words on his helmet.

<sup>1</sup> The Greville Memoirs state of William IV: "He wanted to marry Miss Wykeham, a half-crazy woman of large fortune, on whom he afterwards conferred a Peerage. George IV, I believe, put a spoke in that wheel, fortunately for the Duke as well as for the country." She was Sophia, only daughter, by Elizabeth, daughter of W. Marsh, his first wife, of William Richard Wykeham, of Swalcliffe Park. She inherited Swalcliffe and Thame Park in Oxfordshire, was created Baroness Wenman June 3rd, 1834, and died unmarried August 9th, 1870.



"I hope if I meet him out of uniform I shall recognise him, as he was particularly kind, both to Fanny and me. They talk of the Queen's being in bad health, but I think she looked remarkably gay. Princess Elizabeth seems quite *rajeunie* by the prospect of matrimony. She talked, of course, to me about the Queen of Wurtemberg and told me *how delighted she was to see me*.

"I am most agreeably surprised by Fanny's being very much admired this year. It is the fashion to think her very handsome. I hope people won't change their minds.

"*March 3rd.*—I went to my sister's to play at Loo.

"We visited Mrs. Warre; General Grenville had just been there, and told her the Duke of Clarence had told him the day before that Miss Wykeham and he did not intend to marry until they could do it legally, and have the consent of Parliament, before whom he means to bring it. There is a fine, flaming paragraph in the British Press, puffing her in a most absurd way. It will be very disgraceful to permit him to marry her. Her mother was a kitchen maid. I think if he comes to be King, such a marriage would justify a rebellion.

"*March 5th.*—I went with Fanny to Almack's. The Duke of Sussex and Prince Homburg were there. A shocking thing has happened in the Athol family. Lord Charles,<sup>1</sup> the second son, a young man of about nineteen years, has absconded, and no one can tell what has become of him. He ran off a few years ago from Harrow in a fit of insanity, and has often since been deranged. He has now a tutor, and there were people stationed in the hall to watch that he should not go off (as his mind seemed bent upon going to America). He, however, managed to get out of the window in the night, and was not missed until the morning. The poor Duchess is in a dreadful state. He is her only child, and she idolizes him. Lord Tullibardine,<sup>2</sup> who is the Duke's eldest son, has long

<sup>1</sup> Lord Charles Murray was the only son of the 4th Duke of Athole by his second marriage with the widow of Lord Macleod. Lord Charles was born in 1799, and died in August, 1824.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards 5th Duke of Athole. He was born June 26th, 1778, and died unmarried September 14th, 1846.



been shut in a mad house. What are rank and riches with such misfortunes !

“ Mr. Mayler (known by the name of the ‘ Dandy Killer,’ from having been the cause of driving Beau Brummel out of England) fell off his horse while hunting two days ago, and was killed on the spot.

“ *March 6th.*—I hear the Regent said (upon hearing that the Duke of Clarence had assured people that he should not shew any displeasure, when King, at those who opposed his match), ‘ So, William, I hear you won’t let Frederick <sup>1</sup> or me reign.’ The match is certainly quite off. Neither the Regent nor Ministers would hear of it.

“ There has been a great deal of mischief done by the tremendous storm on Wednesday. A cook to a family in Somerset was killed by a wall falling in, and other servants hurt who were sitting with her in the kitchen. A stack of chimneys at Arthur’s was blown down. It penetrated through to a room under, where a party of gentlemen were at dinner, but they escaped unhurt.

“ *March 8th.*—Mr. C. arrived in town, and he and I dined with Mr. Yorke. Lord Hardwicke and Lord Caledon were there, also Sir Thomas and Lady Williams, and Mr. Barrow.<sup>2</sup> Mr. Barrow is a very clever man, and has published books besides writing things in the quarterly reviews. He told me some extraordinary discoveries that have lately been made. One is of a cedar ship which has been dug out, about ten miles from the Cape, and a hundred yards above the level of the sea. The discovery was made when digging for coals. There are many surmises with regard to this same ship. One is, that it was one of King Solomon’s going to Shittim ; others, Noah’s Ark, which had floated there ; in short, everyone has a serious

<sup>1</sup> Frederick, Duke of York and Albany, second son of King George III. He died in September, 1827.

<sup>2</sup> Sir John Barrow, 1st Baronet, born 1764, so created 1835. He was a distinguished author and traveller, and for many years filled the office of Second Secretary of the Admiralty. He married 1798 Anna Maria, only daughter of Peter John Trüter, of the Cape of Good Hope, member of the Court of Justice. Sir John died in 1848.

or a ridiculous surmise, but the fact is, such a ship has been found, but what is very provoking, they are extracting it by pulling it to pieces instead of trenching round and getting it out whole.

“Another discovery is of a river in New Holland (?). A party travelled up and came to a part which was very wide and navigable. They stopped there, built a sort of vessel, and killed and salted some kangeroos, and then embarked about seven or eight in number on a voyage of discovery. They have not yet returned.

“I hear the Queen was so shocked when she heard of the Duke of Clarence’s intention of marrying Miss Wykeham, that she covered her face with her handkerchief, and remained in such a state that they were quite frightened for her. It is now reported that the Duke of Clarence has sent to propose for a Princess of Hesse.

“Everyone says that the future Duchess of Cambridge is charming. She is called by the flattering appellation of ‘The Pearl of Princesses.’ Princess Elizabeth is, I hear, the happiest of mortals. She says the more she sees of Prince Homburg, the more she likes him, and that she considers herself the most fortunate woman in the world in having engaged his affections.

“*Hunsdon House, March 16th.*—I have sent out invitations for a dance on the 27th and am as nervous as possible about it. I am very glad to be quiet here for a little while. The weather is delightful.

“*March 31st.*—We dined with my sister on Friday, and returned early to prepare for my ball, which went off most famously. They danced quadrilles, and though I had nearly 150 people, there never was a crowd. Refreshments in the room below, and an excellent standing supper. Everybody was in good humour, and the Company select, and, as the ‘Morning Post’ says: ‘Composed of the most distinguished personages, the most fashionable youths of both sexes.’ There is a fine long puff in the ‘Morning Post’ about it. Fanny would not dance all night, as she did not think it right at home to take up the room of others; however, she danced six

quadrilles. The dancing was kept up with the greatest spirit till between three and four.

"*April 1st.*—Fanny and I went last night to Lady Mansfield's at an assembly. I got nothing but compliments about my ball. I am almost tired of the subject. I took John and Frances yesterday to take leave of my Mother, and they set off early in the coach with Mr. and Miss Hope for Dover. Poor little souls! I trust in God they will perform their long journey well.

"*April 7th.*—I had a visit yesterday morning from the Duc and Duchesse de San Carlos. They told me their daughter is going to be married to a young man of eighteen, and she is but fourteen—a pretty couple!"

## CHAPTER XXIV

Lord Weymouth and Fanny Calvert—Engagement of the Duke of Clarence—Sir Humphry Davy—Lady Anson's ball—The Duke of Holstein and his son—Illness and death of Lady Althorp—Birth of Mary Knox—Death of Queen Charlotte—A lady's maid's letters—The Pavilion again—Burglars at Hunsdon—Princess Victoria is born—The Persian Ambassador—Mr. Brand becomes Lord Dacre—Description of Mr. Lamb—The Bury fair—The Duchesse de San Carlos' ball—A menacing mob.

“ 1818. *April 10th.*

**L**AST night we went to a ball at Lady Grey Egerton's.<sup>1</sup> She has a fine house in Grafton Street, but it was too full and too hot for dancing. There was a fine supper, which is now not a usual thing. Mr. Foley amused me by telling me that Lord Weymouth<sup>2</sup> told *him* that it is reported that he is to be married to Fanny! Perhaps that is why he did not ask her to dance at the last Almack's. It is very tiresome that a young man cannot dance often with a girl without people's thinking of matrimony.

“ *April 15th.*—The Ministers were beaten yesterday. They wanted to get a great addition of income for the Duke of Clarence, to enable him to marry the Princess of Hesse-Meiningen, and this no doubt, was to include the other princes. Parliament offered £6000 per annum for the Duke of Clarence, in case he married, but Lord Castle-

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. Sir Philip Egerton married 1804 Rebecca, youngest daughter of the late Josiah Du Pré of Wilton Park, Bucks. She died 1870, aged ninety.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas, Viscount Weymouth, eldest son of the 2nd Marquess of Bath, was born 1796, married 1820 Harriet, daughter of Thomas Robbins, Esq., and *d.s.p.* 1837.



reagh<sup>1</sup> said he could not marry under £10,000, so I suppose the poor little man must give up his bride. £6000 per annum was voted to the Duke of Cambridge, but not a penny would they give Cumberland. They voted, however, £6000 to the Duchess in case she survived him, and spoke most highly of her. I hear the Regent is very angry with the Ministers for the way in which they have managed their business.

"*April 19th.*—I went last night to a Loo party at my sister's and heard there that after all the Duke of Clarence is to be married. He condescends to accept £6000, as he can get no more."

Mrs. Calvert mentions meeting Sir Humphry and Lady Davy<sup>2</sup> at dinner shortly afterwards, and adds :

"Mr. C. and I are invited to a dress party at Carlton House to-night to meet the Queen. Poor Fanny is not asked, which I am so sorry for."

She describes the entertainment as

"a most brilliant assembly. The Queen and all the princesses were there. They were all very civil, but I don't think the Regent has quite his old cordial way. I talked two or three times to the Princesses and sent a message to the Queen of Wurtemberg by the Duchess of Hesse-Homburg. We went at ten and got home between two and three. I was a good deal tired, having stood all the time.

"*May 1st.*—Went to a most disagreeable squeeze at Lady Anson's,<sup>3</sup> in St. James' Square. She told me she had asked 1300 people, and I really believe they all came."

<sup>1</sup> Robert, 2nd Marquess of Londonderry, an eminent statesman, well known as Lord Castlereagh, born 1769, died 1822.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Humphry Davy, the inventor of the safety lamp, a celebrated chemist and natural philosopher, born December, 1778, died at Geneva 1829, "not only one of the greatest, but one of the most benevolent of men."

<sup>3</sup> Anne, second daughter of Thomas Coke, Esq., of Holkham, Norfolk, married 1794 Thomas Anson, Esq., who was created Viscount Anson 1806. Creevey wrote of her : "Lady Anson is as good as ever she can be."

Another daughter was born to Sir James and Lady Stronge, who were still at Geneva. Her godfathers were Prince Paul of Mecklenburg,<sup>1</sup> and the Duke of Holstein,<sup>2</sup> and she was christened Pauline,<sup>3</sup> after the Prince.

At Lady Grantham's fancy ball Fanny Calvert looked very handsome in a Polish dress of pink and silver and sable. She wore a Lancer's cap of pink satin and a plume of feathers, and was adorned with other borrowed plumes in the shape of emeralds and diamonds belonging to her Aunt and Mrs. Thomas Knox. Lord Weymouth returned to his allegiance and asked her to dance, but evidently the acquaintance never ripened into a warmer feeling, for Miss Calvert died unmarried.

"*May 15th.*—Fanny and I went last night to music at the Duchess of Montrose's.<sup>4</sup> The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland<sup>5</sup> were there. I think her very plain. We then went to Gloucester House. The Duchess<sup>6</sup> is really very pleasing; she talked for a long time to me. There were 1700 people asked, and the crowd was horrible.

<sup>1</sup> Prince Paul of Mecklenburg-Schwerin was born September 15th, 1800. He was the eldest son of the Hereditary Grand Duke Frederick Louis, who died November 29th, 1819. He succeeded his grandfather as Grand Duke, and married Princess Alexandra of Prussia, daughter of William III, King of Prussia, and died March 7th, 1842.

<sup>2</sup> Christian Augustus, Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, was born July 19th, 1798. He was the eldest son of Frederick Christian, Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, and his wife Louise, daughter of Christian VII, King of Denmark. He married September 18th, 1820, Louise Sophia, daughter of Christian Conrad, Count of Daneskjold-Samsøe. He was father of Frederick, the late Duke of Schleswig-Holstein (father of the present Kaiserin), and of Prince Christian, who married Princess Helena of Great Britain and Ireland.

<sup>3</sup> Pauline, daughter of Sir James Stronge, married 1842 Captain William McClintock Bunbury of Lisnavagh, Co. Carlow, and was mother of the present Lord Rathdonnell. She died in 1876.

<sup>4</sup> James, 3rd Duke of Montrose, married, secondly, 1790 Caroline Maria, daughter of George, 4th Duke of Manchester. She died 1847.

<sup>5</sup> Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, fourth son of King George III, married 1815 Princess Frederica of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who died 1841.

<sup>6</sup> Princess Mary, fourth daughter of George III, born 1776, married 1816 her cousin, the Duke of Gloucester, and *d.s.p.* 1857.



H.S.H. DUKE CHRISTIAN AUGUSTUS OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN, 1817





We did not get to Lady Pole's ball till nearly three in the morning. I ate my supper while Fanny danced a quadrille. A day or two later we dined at four and I took the children to Astley's. They were all in raptures.

"*May 26th.*—My beloved Willy (God preserve him !) went to-day to Harrow. I was much shocked yesterday at seeing in the papers that poor Lady Campbell (Mr. Burgoyne's daughter) has died at Florence after giving birth to a daughter. The Queen is better—indeed quite recovered.

"The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge <sup>1</sup> are arrived. I hear she is pretty—like Lady Jane Paget <sup>2</sup> whom, however, I don't admire, though she is extravagantly admired by everyone else. I have a great aversion to those Pagets ; they give themselves such airs and are so haughty. I paid Lady Althorp a visit to-day. Poor soul ! she expects every hour to be taken ill. She has promised to make Lord Althorp write me a line when the event takes place.

"We have *very* hot summer weather, and spent a good deal of time yesterday in Kensington Gardens, where we met the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge walking. She seems very pretty. At Mrs. Scott Murray's <sup>3</sup> ball the report was that the Queen was so ill she was not expected to live through the night.

"*June 8th.*—My servant has just come back from enquiring after Lady Althorp. The child is dead—poor thing, I feared as much, for it was so protracted a business. I trust she will do well herself. I will drive there in the course of the day for I really am very anxious about her.

"*June 9th.*—Lady Althorp better, but she has been in great danger. Parliament is to be prorogued to-day by the Regent ; the first time it has been prorogued from the throne since the time of Charles II.

<sup>1</sup> H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge married 1818 Princess Augusta of Hesse-Cassel.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Jane Paget, daughter of the 1st Marquess of Anglesey, was born 1798, and died 1876, Marchioness of Conyngham.

<sup>3</sup> Wife of Mr. Scott Murray of Danesfield, Bucks. She was for many years a popular London hostess.

" *June 10th.*—Poor Lady Althorp has been at the point of death, but I hear is better.

" *June 11th.*—Lady Althorp very bad indeed—high fever and delirious. Dearest Felix is going with Lord Balgonie <sup>1</sup> on a tour into Greece and Constantinople. I wish he had not chosen such hot weather.

" *June 12th.*—Just after I wrote yesterday my mother came and told me of poor Lady Althorp's death. She had recovered her senses and the physicians thought her better, and had just left her. Then Mr. Tupper came in, and found her eating a little bread and milk. He felt her pulse and found it so weak that, feeling much alarmed, he went to Lord Althorp and told him he could not conceal from him that, unless they could get some brandy down her throat, she had not many minutes to live. They accordingly mixed some in arrowroot that it might not burn her throat. But they only got a very few drops down, for she, finding it difficult to swallow, showed some impatience at being made to take it, and very soon expired. They say that Princess Charlotte died in exactly the same way. I hear Lord Althorp is distracted,<sup>2</sup> and how I pity her unfortunate mother! She really was the best daughter that ever lived.

" *June 13th.*—I took the little girls to the Soho Bazaar <sup>3</sup> to-day, and they were very much delighted with it.

" *June 17th.*—Mr. C. came to us in the evening, and is now gone back to Hertford. The Election is to-day, so I suppose he is M.P. again ere this. The Duke of Cumberland told Limerick that he intends leaving England soon

<sup>1</sup> David, Baron Balgonie, the eldest son of Lord Leven and Melville, was born 1785, and entered the Royal Navy. He succeeded his father as 8th and 7th Earl 1820, was a retired rear-admiral, and died 1860.

<sup>2</sup> It is said that he never recovered her loss.

<sup>3</sup> In Soho Square. Most middle-aged people will recollect it as one of the best of the London bazaars; it was the first to be opened, and probably the last to be closed. It was established by Mr. John Trotter (to whom the ground belonged), in aid of the widows and orphans of those who had fallen in the long wars against Napoleon. Queen Charlotte opened it in 1816.

*for ever*—for he thinks he has been very ill-used. I am sure he will be no loss to the country.

“*June 18th.*—Fanny has just had a letter from Isabella, who has taken to dancing, and has laid down a plan of tours that will take at least four years. Mr. C.’s election went off quite well and quietly on Wednesday. The nomination for the County was on Friday, and he has proposed Mr. Brand.

“*June 24th.*—The Regent has a ball to-night—it begins by a children’s ball, and ends with a grown one. The good-for-nothing man has not asked us! Charles Calvert is to have my barouche on Tuesday to go in the Procession (that being the day of the Election) and he is to have six horses ornamented with blue ribbons. Colonel Davies has got his election for Worcester, and Mr. Waithman is elected for the City.

“There is a great piece of work at Westminster, where I believe Sir Francis Burdett and Sir Samuel Romilly<sup>1</sup> will be elected. Poor Sir Murray Maxwell, the unpopular candidate, has been shamefully used by the mob. I believe he is keeping his bed at this moment in consequence of the blows he received.

“*June 28th.*—We went on Friday evening at ten to Mrs. Robinson’s and proceeded with a party to Vauxhall at eleven. I took Mr. Stuart and Mr. Vincent in the carriage with me, and they gave us their arms. It is certainly a very brilliant spectacle, but the fireworks not equal to Tivoli. We returned about two to Mrs. Robinson’s, where we supped and then went home. The weather is very hot.

“*July 1st.*—Yesterday morning Mr. C., Fanny, and I went to the Committee Room at the Bricklayer’s Arms to see Charles’s Procession. We, our horses, and servants were adorned with light blue ribbon—Charles’s colors. The procession really was very gay. Edmond rode in it,

<sup>1</sup> Sir Samuel Romilly, a great statesman and philanthropist, member of a French Protestant family, which had taken refuge in England after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He was born in 1757, elected for Westminster in 1818, and died the same year.



looking very handsome. Charles had my barouche, with six white horses, adorned with blue ribbons. He was very much applauded and hurra'd.

"The Princess of Saxe Meiningen (the Duchess of Clarence elect) and her Mother are arrived in England, and so are the Duke and Duchess of Kent. I do not know what the latter is like, but I hear that the Duke of Clarence's bride is very ugly, fair, with red eyes. The Duke and Duchess of Homburg are gone. I am told that he already behaves ill to her, but the lady *would* have a husband.

"*July 26th.*—Mary Knox <sup>1</sup> has produced a daughter.<sup>2</sup> She was so quick in her time that whilst Thomas ran for the Doctor and a servant for the Nurse, little Miss popped into the world, with only the maid in the room.

"The accounts of Lord Northland are very bad—poor man. I think we shall soon hear of his death."

Mr. Calvert had a farm at Childerley near Cambridge, and during this very hot summer his wife and children spent some weeks there, and made friends with some of the neighbours.

"*Aug. 23rd.*—Fanny, the boys, and I went to General Needham's,<sup>3</sup> about ten miles off, and dined and slept there. We also called at Gog Magog, Lord Francis Osborne's <sup>4</sup> and spent a couple of hours there and ate our luncheon. Lady Francis is too ill to see anyone, but we walked about with him. Lord Northland has got quite well—recovered his strength and appetite—he is indeed a wonderful old man.

"*Sept. 20th. Upper Grosvenor Street.*—The newsmen have been crying about that the Queen died at half past three this morning, but I hear it is not true. What an indecent thing to do!"

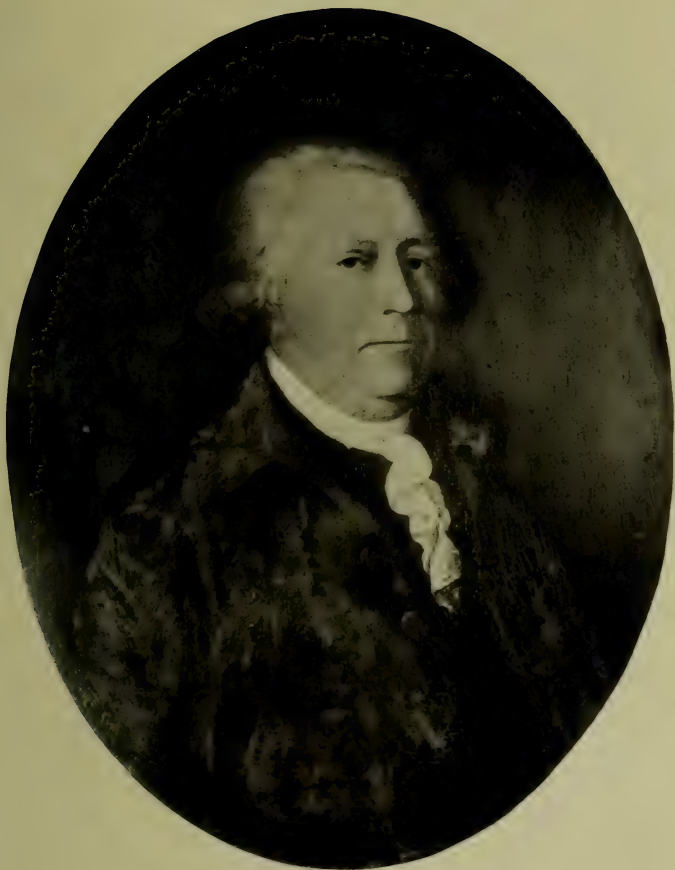
<sup>1</sup> The wife of Thomas Knox, afterwards 2nd Earl of Ranfurly.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards Lady Mary Reade.

<sup>3</sup> The Hon. Francis Jack Needham, afterwards 12th Viscount Kilmorey, was born 1748, and was Colonel of the 86th Foot. He succeeded his brother 1818, and in 1822 was created Viscount Newry and Morne, and Earl of Kilmorey. He died 1832.

<sup>4</sup> Second son of Francis, 5th Duke of Leeds.





THOMAS KNOX, 1ST VISCOUNT NORTHLAND. 1729-1818  
*From a picture by Hickey*



Felix Calvert had for some time been with his regiment at Corfu, but obtained leave of absence early in the autumn and, after staying a short time with his sister and her husband at Geneva, he returned to England. "Oh! joyful surprise," writes his mother ecstatically, when the door opened at Hunsdon and he unexpectedly walked in.

"*October 18th.*—He has brought me from Constantinople a purse, a necklace and a quantity of otto of roses, and from Milan two little bronze figures of Bonaparte. Everything that shows I am in his thoughts is most gratifying to me. Sir James has sent me a picture of Isabella in the Bernese costume—beautiful, and the very image of her. Our weather is glorious. Fanny rides her grey pony, and I drive the donkey chaise and take the little ones with me. Last Thursday we dined in Grosvenor Street. Lord and Lady Darnley and their two daughters dined there. They saw a good deal of Isabella at Geneva.

"*Oct. 26th.*—She and Sir James are gone to spend the winter in Italy, and have left their four children at Geneva under the care of Isabella's German mistress.

"Felix has got a Lieutenant-Colonelcy in the 72nd Regiment, which is at the Cape, but the second Lieutenant is to be reduced next month, so he will go on half pay. I am very glad he has been able to manage this, as he was very anxious about it. He is everything that is pleasant to me; so kind and affectionate and attentive. His manners are much improved and softened, and he is such lively, animated company that he is quite delightful.

"*Nov. 25th.*—Sir James and Lady —— dined here. He is a remarkably agreeable, clever man, Milady somewhat vulgar, and Miss a little ugly, frightened thing. Yesterday he got the news of the Queen's death. Having no gentlemen at home the last day or two we have read a novel out loud of an evening; a very stupid one,

and prolix, but we have extracted mirth out of both circumstances, and laughed very heartily.

"*December 4th.*—The Queen was buried yesterday. Miss Dashwood is going to marry Sir Jacob Astley,<sup>1</sup> an immense match for her. He is just of age, she two years older. Lord Kilmorey is dead, so his brother General Needham is now Lord Kilmorey, and comes into an immense fortune."

Mrs. Calvert was a person of active habits. On December 31st she writes :

"I have walked a great deal with the gentlemen, our weather being delightful, but I was a good deal knocked up by walking eight miles a day or two ago, so I have given it up. We play short whist and cribbage every night."

It was about this time that Lady Stronge, who was then in Naples, sent home for her mother's amusement a copy of two letters actually written by an English maid there, and dropped in the street, where they were picked up by her mistress. The punctuation and spelling are remarkable.

"NAPLES,

"*December, 1818.*

"MY DEAR MR. SHAW,

"As I promised you some account of our journey i would not wish to be worse than my word, more particular to you who have alleways been so constant to me as i may say, but I should first tell you I was much disappointed in this same Naples having allways heard of the beauty of forrin parts where I must needs own i have seen nothing to compair to the grate hall of Barkshire

<sup>1</sup> Sir Jacob Astley, ancestor of the present Lord Hastings, was born 1797, and married 1819 Georgiana, second daughter of Sir Henry Watkin Dashwood, Bart. He had the abeyance of the ancient Barony of Hastings terminated in his favour May 18th, 1841. This title had been abeyant for 450 years, the last holder being the Earl of Pembroke, who *d.s.p.* December 30th, 1391.



were i lived with my first Lady. However I have seen a great deal of the world which is what one lives for having met with an overturn in a sad dangerous place, and had all like to have been tumbled into a grate river I think they call the Rone. The people there were very kind to us and behaved very unlike those here which seem to me as far as I can say as heathenish a set as ever I met with they make nothing of picking and steeling before one can turn one's back. and my mistress as conscientious and virtuous a Lady as ever broke bread tell of a grate Marquis who stole nine silver spoons one ball nite, for the matter of that the English themselves seem to run stark mad as soon as they sniff this air, going to the Operas on *every* nite of the week—and one of the Quallity who has been expelled from her husband's bosom walks about at open day with her Concubine on her arm, if she had belonged to these parts i could not have much wonder'd but for English vice to hold up her head in another country is what i can't understand. She passed Mistress and our Miss *so close* as to touch her Pelise a new one i had just been making, i am astonished at her awdacity i must not forget to mention i saw the most beautifullest court dress the other day besides Virgils tomb and a part of a temple dedicate to Jupiter Seraph whom i take to have been one of the Roman Hemperors. Mistress have promised I should go and see Pompey before we go back, but i own i am rather disinclined to such a party. since a jirman Courear in a service here told me of two Gentlemen who were stripped to the skin by Ruffians at broad day and a recurrence of the like would not be pleasant to me as i should not think it seemly to visit the 'tiquities in my buff, being only a servant i should not have told you all this only as we have been keeping of company five years come next Lady Day i remain your loving friend E.W.

“P.S. I dont sign as i hear the King sometimes opens our letters, he makes butter two, but we don't get it, i dont know why for certainly she has as good a rite as the rest.”

“ MY DEAR SISTER,

“ As their is no making one’s soul in these heathenish parts, there being neither church nor Stepel nor Parson to pray for us who dont worship these images i take up my pen to wish you well hoping you and your good man employs yourselves in praying for those who travel by sea and by land ; i am sure they were wanting upon account of the storm for all on board was frightened except Mistress who has been so long used to the bottom of the sea that she was not a whit the worse, not so our imperial and trunk poor souls ! for they both got so drenched they never recovered it that is the clothes. Mistress took it easy but being elderly and passed such things i could not so much wonder tho’ i must say there’s exemption nowadays betwixt old and young, but as to Miss her not taking on for her loss which may lose her a husband in the end shews her to be rather harden’d. I cant say I think much of Mount Vesufius tho I perused it when it was vomitting fire and flame i was not much edified by the same. Saint Bartholemey holding his skin was a much pleasanter sight to me who had lately seen so many naked statutes, he looked so modest and clever in comparison. Mistress have parted with our servant who as he spoke my mother’s tongue i am sorry for otherwise he was nothing better than a *jobbernowl* to be sure for an Irishman to write a book which was the occasion it seems he came to be hired is something passed endurance how could a feller born out of England presume to have education a walet (valet) in a grate place here i visits told me he herd his master say before lords and barrownites that England was ruinated and parleyment must do something immediately for my part i think nothing but a tax upon servants can save the nation. if people who eat of fat in the land were made to hire Natives instead of Frenchmen and tallions (Italians) they’d here no more of rebellions and ryots, talking of Rufians nothing but our religion sav’d us they were all robb’d which would have been a great misfortune as i

had a matter of twenty pound besides dollars and other outlandish coins."

(N.B. The rest of this letter was lost.)

" 1819. *Jan. 10th.*—Yesterday was our thirtieth wedding day. God Almighty bless and preserve my beloved husband to me !

" *Jan. 14th. Brighton.*—Fanny and I have come here to see my dearest sister, and I am grieved to find her far from well. She does not dine with us, but sits with us of an evening and likes to see us play at cards.

" *January.*—They are doing a great deal to the Pavilion ; it will perhaps be handsome when finished, but at present its appearance is extraordinary indeed.

" *Jan. 24th.*—Last Sunday we were invited to the Pavilion, and went. The Regent was very civil—but none of his former cordiality. As usual the band played beautifully, and Fanny was delighted with it. The music room, which is a very fine room, and the whole when finished will be magnificent. There was a regular supper in the gallery, but we were home by twelve. The young Queen of Wurtemberg is dead.

" *Jan. 25th.*—We went to the Pavilion last night ; it was much in the style of last Sunday's party. Fan and I stayed to supper. Sir B. Bloomfield told me that the Regent admires Fanny very much, and had been reminding him of his giving her a ball a few years ago. I never knew before for certain that it was given for her, but this accounts for the Duke of Clarence making her lead off with the Prince of Orange.

" *Jan. 26th.*—Mary Knox, Fanny and I took a walk yesterday, in spite of the weather. Our petticoats were so blown about us that really we might almost as well have had no clothes on. However black draperies perhaps conceal rather more than white ones would. Col. Gibbs and his sisters came in the evening ; we sat at our work.

" *Jan. 31st.*—The Duchess of Gloucester arrived last night at the Pavilion ; we are going there to-night.



" *Feb. 4th.*—We found the Pavilion pleasant enough, Fan and I stayed to supper. The Duchess of Gloucester shook hands most cordially with me. Her manners are very pleasing, but she is grown fat and has a redness in her face.

" *March 21st.*—Mr. C. and Felix went on Thursday to the Regent's Levée. He received them very coldly, only making a bow and not moving his lips. Everyone went in deep mourning for the Queen with weepers. The officers were made to wear black waistcoats, breeches, and stockings, and belts and scarfs with their regimentals.

" *April 2nd. Hunsdon House.*—On Monday night this house was broken into ! The thieves got into the drawing room, kitchen, and larder, but only carried off the silver candlesticks, tray, and snuffers, and Mr. C.'s coat (which were in the drawing room) and some meat and butter out of the larder. We suppose they must have been frightened, and decamped in a hurry, or they would have taken more. It has annoyed us a good deal, and I feel a little nervous now at night.

" *April 29th. London.*—We went at night to a children's ball at Lord Grantham's. Mary and Harriet were the happiest of the happy, and danced quadrilles and country dances all night, Mary with Lord Grantham's son and Lord Grimston,<sup>1</sup> and Harriet with Lord Stanley's<sup>2</sup> son and one of Lord Winchester's.<sup>3</sup> Never was anything so admired as Harriet, not for her beauty, but for her dancing, her manners, cleverness, and engaging ways. Lord Grantham told Limerick the next day that she was the delight of the ball room.

" *May 4th.*—I borrowed 23 Albermarle Street, and gave a most excellent ball, with numbers of fine people, in spite of the wettest night I ever saw—everybody seemed pleased, and liked it.

<sup>1</sup> James Walter, eldest son of the 1st Earl of Verulam. He was born 1809, and succeeded his father 1845.

<sup>2</sup> Edward Smith, Lord Stanley, born 1775, succeeded his father 1834 as 13th Earl of Derby.

<sup>3</sup> Charles Ingoldsby Paulet, born 1765, succeeded his father as 13th Marquess of Winchester 1800.



" *May 13th.*—We went to Almack's last night. Fanny danced with Mr. Petre, Sir James Hope, Lord Graham <sup>1</sup> and Lord Clifton.

" *May 22nd.*—We had a visit yesterday from the Persian Ambassador—the same who used to admire Isabella so much. He sat here a good while, and was very merry. He took a great deal of notice of the little girls, especially Harriet. He made her sit on the sofa with him, and took up a book and made her read to him. He seemed quite astonished at hearing her read, which I suppose Persian girls can't do. Fanny Pery is going to marry Sir Henry Calder <sup>2</sup>; he is of a good family but the fortune is small.

" *May 28th.*—Went at night to Lady Ouseley's <sup>3</sup> where Lady Ashbrook<sup>4</sup> played beautifully on the harp. We are going presently to write our names for the Duchess of Kent, who has produced a Princess.<sup>5</sup>

" *June 5th.*—Went yesterday to an Assembly at Lady Stafford's,<sup>6</sup> and then to a ball at Mrs. Scott Murray's. Yesterday, when out driving we met the procession of mail coaches being the 4th of June.

" *June 12th.*—On Monday Lady Darnley gave a fancy ball at the Hanover Square Rooms. Fanny was dressed as a Hudson's Bay Indian; Edmond in a blue and silver jacket.

" *15 Wimpole Street, June 15th.*—Fanny and I went at night to an assembly at Lady Hertford's where we met the Regent and all the fine world.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Graham, afterwards 4th Duke of Montrose, born 1799, succeeded his father 1836.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Henry Roddam Calder was born 1790, and married 1819 Lady Frances Pery, fourth daughter of the 1st Earl of Limerick. She died 1855.

<sup>3</sup> The Right Hon. Sir Gore Ouseley, G.C.H., F.R.S., born 1770, was created a Baronet 1808, married 1806 Harriott, daughter of John Whitelocke, Esq. He was in 1810 appointed Ambassador to Persia.

<sup>4</sup> Henry, 4th Viscount Ashbrook, married 1812 Emily, daughter of Sir Thomas Metcalfe.

<sup>5</sup> Afterwards her late Majesty Queen Victoria.

<sup>6</sup> George Granville, 2nd Marquess of Stafford, was created Duke of Sutherland 1833. He married 1785 Elizabeth, Countess of Sutherland and Baroness of Strathnaver in her own right. She died 1839.

" *June 16th.*—Later hours seem to be coming into fashion. We set out at ten o'clock for Mrs. Thompson's Concert, which, however, had not begun when we went on at half past eleven to Mrs. Taylor's ball. Afterwards we went to the Persian Ambassador's where there was a fine assembly. We went upstairs to see the fair Circassian who lives with him. Two black eunuchs were perched on the stairs in order to prevent any male creature from going up. She really is not worth seeing. Her eyes are fine, but her complexion and figure bad. She looked like a French maid, in a morning cap, and with a dark shawl rolled round her. She seemed frightened and humble. I believe she is only a slave, but so much has been said about her that everyone's curiosity is excited.

" *Sunday, June 20th.*—We read prayers at home ; had a visit from Baron Langsdorff, who is just come back from Germany. He has seen a great deal of the Grand Duchess of Hesse Homburg and says she seems very happy. She desired him to tell anyone in England who enquired after her that she is ' the happiest woman in the world.' <sup>1</sup>

" *June 27th.*—Read prayers and a sermon. Dined and spent the evening at Lord Limerick's. Including Fan and me and the ladies of the family there were ten petticoats and only five men, which made a very dull dinner. Lord and Lady Westmeath have parted ; temper being the cause, and that was a violent love match !

" *June 28th.*—Felix and John Knox dined with us. We went at night for a short time to my mother's, and then to a fancy ball at Almack's. Fanny was dressed in pink and silver, and looked very well. She danced with Sir James Hope, Mr. Petre, and Lord Weymouth. It was very crowded ; there was a great mixture of company and many odd figures.

" *July 5th.*—We went at night to Mrs. Robinson's ball.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Kilmorey and his daughters, when passing through Homburg, called on the Grand Duchess, who asked them to dinner. It was a midday meal, and they wore their travelling dresses, while their hostess appeared *en grande toilette*, for which she apologised, saying that she did it " to please the Germans."

Prince Leopold was there. He looks very much older. Nothing is talked of but the Comet,<sup>1</sup> which has appeared within the last few nights, but I have not seen it yet.

" *July 6th.*—Dined at four and we all went to Astley's, and afterwards to Vauxhall. James (now Colonel Knox) went with us. We stayed till one o'clock ; it was a most beautiful night, but there was no appearance of the Comet.

" *July 13th.*—Went in the morning with Fanny to the House of Lords to hear the Regent's speech and see Parliament prorogued—for once it is a pretty sight.

" *July 15th.*—I got a letter from Dover from Isabella to say they had landed and would be in town at six. We waited dinner until eight, but they did not arrive before ten. They had hired the stage, having sold their carriages at Calais. Isabella looks very well, but extremely tanned, and I do not think her way of dressing becomes her. She is nervous, and sometimes in high, sometimes in low spirits. Sir James and the children all look remarkably well. Pauline, the youngest, is a good humoured, fat stump, with pretty black eyes, and I dare say she will have a pretty face. The Regent gives a great fancy ball to-night and has asked all London but us ; why, I cannot think, but I shall not forgive him in a hurry.

" *Worthing, July 18th.*—We got up between five and six yesterday morning, stopped at Dorking for dinner, and got here at five. I am not in love with the place. Our house is very small, and I pay seven guineas a week for it—a great deal more than it is worth. We are close to the sea—indeed, closer than I like. For I think a spring tide might carry us away. We dine at three with the children ; drink tea at seven, walk till nine, read, work and sup, and to bed at eleven. This is the life I mean to lead.

" *August 3rd.*—A letter today from Isabella, enclosing a tiny bit of Fanny Pery's wedding cake. She was married yesterday to Sir Harry Calder.

" *August 25th.*—We went, little girls and all, to the

<sup>1</sup> Probably Encke's Comet, which was first discovered by M. Pons, November 26th, 1818.



Play last night. I took the stage box. Really it is a beautiful little theatre, and we were much amused. It was 'The Marriage of Figaro,' 'Where shall we dine?' and 'Bombastes Furioso.'

"*August 29th.*—We leave this tomorrow, to our great joy. I had a letter from Felix. Poor fellow! his gig-horse has fallen down and cut his knees so dreadfully that he is good for nothing. He gave 150 guineas for him the other day. He is very unlucky about horses; I am quite vexed.

"*Sept. 14th. Hunsdon House.*—We had a Turtle Feast. Mr. and Mrs. Feilde (a pretty little doll) Mr. Money Wigram (a handsome young man) Mr. Boldero, and Colonel Johnson all dined here.

"*October 6th.*—I heard to-day from Mrs. Robinson, saying that she is sorry she cannot receive us on the 12th, (on which day we were to have gone to her for the Bury Fair). Her son Henry has eloped from his tutor, and they are gone to London in a great hurry. Lady Dacre<sup>1</sup> is dead, so Mr. Brand is now Lord Dacre,<sup>2</sup> and there is a vacancy for the county.

"*October 7th.*—Mr. Lamb<sup>3</sup> means to stand for the county.

"*October 11th.*—Fanny and I drove to breakfast at Bury and engaged lodgings for the Fair time. I am to pay eight guineas for them; a great sum, but I could not bear to disappoint Fanny, who had set her heart on going.

"*Bury, October 15th.*—We arrived at our lodgings at

<sup>1</sup> She was the Hon. Gertrude Roper, succeeded her brother, 18th Lord Dacre 1794, and married 1771 Thomas Brand, Esq., of The Hoo, Herts.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Thomas Brand was the eldest son of Lady Dacre, of Kimpton Hoo, Luton, and was born in 1777. He began life as a sailor, but gave up his naval career before long, and was eventually called to the Bar. He must have been a good walker as well as a devoted son, for he went down on foot every Saturday to the Hoo to spend Sunday with his mother, returning on Monday to London (about 30 miles). The heavy debts of honour left by his father were all paid off by him before he allowed himself to live at the Hoo. He died March 21st, 1851. Lady Dacre, after his death, lived in Chesterfield Street.

<sup>3</sup> Afterwards Viscount Melbourne.



about three, and sallied out walking directly. We went about six to the Ordinary at the 'Angel,' where all the world dined. We parted to dress and then went to the Ball, which was very crowded, but we did not know a great many. Fanny danced two quadrilles, one with a Mr. Throckmorton and the other with Captain Rowley.

"*October 16th.*—We went this morning with Sir William Rowley <sup>1</sup> to see the gaol ; it is a most excellent construction, and Mr. C. was so delighted with it that he means to try and have one like it at Hertford. Afterwards we drove over to Ickworth, Lord Bristol's.<sup>2</sup> It is a monument of the late Lord's eccentricity, for it is built quite round, and looks like a very large watch tower, not quite finished. There are foundations for two wings, but I suppose the expense will prevent its ever being done.

"We went at night to the Play in company with the Rowleys, and sat in the Pit, part of which was divided off and cost the same as the boxes. We were much amused with the farce 'X.Y.Z.'

"*Sunday, Oct. 17th.*—Fanny and I went to church, and had a charity sermon at St. Mary's—a very good one, and all the Bury world was there. We dined at the ordinary, and had a very pleasant dinner. Lady Rous,<sup>3</sup> whom I think very pleasant, proposed that we should stay and drink tea together at the Inn, and we did not part till near eleven. The young people were very merry and played at 'Cross Questions,' 'Commands,' and another game.

"*October 18th.*—Fanny and I sauntered about the Fair, and went with the Rowleys to a play in the booths—such a thing ! We had a great deal of laughing. We were the only people in the boxes, and there were a

<sup>1</sup> Sir William Rowley of Tendring Hall, Suffolk, was born 1761, and succeeded his father as 2nd Baronet 1790.

<sup>2</sup> Frederick William, 5th Earl of Bristol, born 1769, created Marquess of Bristol and Earl Jermyn 1826, died 1859.

<sup>3</sup> Sir John Rous, M.P. for the county of Suffolk from 1780 to 1796, was raised to the Peerage 1796 as Baron Rous of Dennington, and created 1821 Earl of Stradbroke. He married 1788 Miss Frances Warter Wilson of Bilboa, Co. Limerick.

parcel of school-boys in the pit. Mrs. Robinson writes to say that she will send Louisa and Henrietta to me for the ball to-night, so I have engaged beds for them at the Inn.

"*Tendring Hall*,<sup>1</sup> *October 19th.*—We went to the Ball at ten; Fanny danced with Captain Rous and Captain Rowley, and this morning we came here. This is a comfortable house, and there is nobody but ourselves.

"*October 20th.*—Mr. Robinson<sup>2</sup> is made a Baronet, and Mr. Tew, Sir James's uncle, is dead.

"*October 22nd.*—I drove with Lady Rowley this morning to see an old friend of mine, Mrs. Philip Yorke, who lives in this neighbourhood. Weather quite wintry, and there has been a heavy fall of snow.

"*October 30th.*—Poor Lady Dunalley<sup>3</sup> is dead, also Mr. Douglas, Lord Glenbervie's son. He married Miss Wrightson quite a short time ago.

"*Nov. 2nd.*—We went to the Hertford Ball; came home before supper. Lady Salisbury, the Cowpers, and Lambs were there.

"*Nov. 3rd.*—The Corporation of Hertford dined with us, also Mr. Lamb, who slept here. The Corporation played at whist, and seemed to like their party. Mr. Lamb will come in for the county without opposition. I don't much like him; he has no manners, but is handsome, and I believe, clever.

"*Nov. 10th.*—My mother was not very well to-day, and though her illness seemed slight we took fright and sent for Mr. Chilver. He strongly advised us to get her to settle in town before the winter is much more advanced, as at her age everything is alarming, so far from advice.

"*Nov. 11th.*—I told my Mother to-day that we intend

<sup>1</sup> Tendring Hall, Stoke-by-Nayland, Suffolk, now the seat of Sir Joshua Rowley, 5th Bart.

<sup>2</sup> John Friend, born 1754, Archdeacon of Armagh, assumed the surname of "Robinson" by sign manual 1793, and was created a Baronet 1819. He married 1786 Mary Anne, second daughter of James Spencer of Rathangan, Co. Kildare.

<sup>3</sup> Henry, 2nd Baron Dunalley, married 1802 Maria, only daughter of Dominick Trant, Esq., of Dunkettle. She died 1819.

going to town for the meeting of Parliament on the 23<sup>rd</sup> upon which she said she would go also, as she should not like to be here alone. I am glad we have managed so that it should be her own proposal, as we do not wish to alarm her or make her think we had any fear of her being here alone.

"*Nov. 22<sup>nd</sup>. Upper Wimpole Street.*—Fanny and I went up in the coach and four to London without stopping, except for hay and water. We were only three hours and twenty minutes from door to door. We called on Isabella in Grafton Street ; she seems remarkably well, and in high spirits. She walked up to Wimpole Street with us, and then back again, so she must be very strong.

"*November 23<sup>rd</sup>.*—Mr. C. and Felix arrived from Whitton. Parliament met, and we went to the House of Lords to hear the Regent make his speech. It was very full, and we were well amused. The Duke of Clarence was there, and quite glad to see me, and we had a great deal of conversation.

"*Nov. 25<sup>th</sup>.*—Mr. C. was not at home till six this morning. He voted in the minority. The majority for the Ministers was 381—minority 150. We dined with my mother who is, thank God, very well. I rejoice that she is in town, for the weather is very severe.

"*Dec. 14<sup>th</sup>.*—I have been nursing a heavy cold all day, for we are going to a Ball at the Duchesse de San Carlos'—a great fête to celebrate the nuptials of the King of Spain.<sup>1</sup>

"*Dec. 16<sup>th</sup>.*—At eleven o'clock we went to the ball. The house was brilliantly illuminated, and such a mob gathered round we could hardly get in. They were very noisy, but they cheered us ; however they were not so kind to others, but hissed and hooted, and a good many were frightened. I hear Lady Hertford in her chair was so insulted that she was terrifyed and so was the Regent. Lavender said he could not answer for the consequences if the military were not called out, so the Horse Guards

<sup>1</sup> Ferdinand VII of Spain, restored to his throne 1813. He married 1819 Princess Marie Joséphine of Saxony, and died 1833.

were sent for. The ball was magnificent, and a most splendid supper. The Regent, Dukes of Clarence and Kent and their Duchesses, the Duke of Gloucester, and Prince Leopold were there. The Regent was more cordial in his manner than he has been for some time. The Duke of Clarence presented me to the Duchess ; she is very thin and very fair, and almost pretty ; she seems very pleasing and civil. The Duchess of Kent looks good-humoured, but plain. Fanny danced two quadrilles with M. de Poligny and Mr. Waldegrave ; we got home about three.

“ *Dec. 24th. Hunsdon House.*—Fanny and I left Town to-day. All my eight children are assembled here, which is a great delight to me.

“ *Xmas Day.*—We all went to Church to-day, and I had the happiness of seeing my four boys in the pew with their father, and my four girls with me. God Almighty preserve them, and my dear mother also.”



## CHAPTER XXV

House-hunting—Death of the Duke of Kent and of George III—Proclamation of George IV—The Duc de Berri's assassination—Cato Street Conspiracy—Flesh-coloured stockings—Birth of Thomas Edmond Knox—The Duke of Holstein in England—Exeter Change—Queen Caroline—Alderman Wood—George IV's first Drawing-room—A mutiny and a riot—William Wilberforce—Hatfield House—The fair at Hertford: a charity bazaar—Trial of Queen Caroline—Coke of Norfolk—Lady Conyngham at the Pavilion—Death of Lady Pery—Coronation Day—Death of Queen Caroline—John Knox is married—Mrs. Calvert at Bath—Marriage of Mr. Coke and Lady Anne Keppel—The Primate of Ireland—Tynan Abbey—A typical Irish woman.

1820.

**I**T appears that the house in Upper Wimpole Street was not much to Mrs. Calvert's taste, for in January we find her "busy house hunting all day, in spite of the weather." Eventually the family settled in No. 9 Grafton Street, next door to Lady Stronge.<sup>1</sup>

Mrs. Calvert begins her Journal as usual by wishing her husband and children many happy New Years,

"and may we all correct what is wrong in us. I cannot say that I have at all improved this year. I can only *hope* to do so; I will not say endeavor as I have so miserably failed."

To judge from contemporary diaries, a habit of introspection, more or less morbid, seems to have been a good deal the fashion in those days, and one cannot help wondering whether on the whole people were the better for it.

<sup>1</sup> 15 Wimpole Street was finally disposed of in November, 1822.

To dig a plant up by the roots is not the surest way to improve its health !

" *Jan. 25th.*—Mr. Calvert is gone to the Hertford Ball. I was surprised that it was not put off, as the Duke of Kent <sup>1</sup> is dead. He died at Sidmouth of an inflammation in his lungs.

" *Hunsdon House, Jan. 30th.*—The King is very ill. I fear he will not live long, and then there will be another dissolution of Parliament. John Knox's servant is just come—he says he heard at the Coach Office that the King died yesterday evening.

" *Jan. 31st.*—John and James Knox arrived from London. They heard George IV proclaimed before they left town. We heard the tower guns here. George III died between seven and eight on Saturday evening. The present King is not well himself.

" *Feb. 3rd.*—Mr. Calvert writes that Parliament is to be dissolved at Easter. The King has been dangerously ill but is recovering. Sir Matthew Tierney <sup>2</sup> they say saved his life by taking 80 ounces of blood from him, and 50 ounces more two or three days later.

" *Feb. 4th.*—This is my fifty-second birthday. Alas ! what an old woman I am getting, without feeling I am in the least better or at all more reconciled to the departure of my youth and good looks. The King is better, and I believe considered out of danger for the present.

" *Feb. 16th.*—The King was buried to-day, so all the shops are shut. There have been great dissensions between his present Majesty and his Ministers. He wants a divorce from the Queen, but they say that although her conduct abroad has been and is most infamous yet actual guilt, so as to justify a divorce, cannot be proved. Sir John Leach did persuade the King that he could get

<sup>1</sup> H.R.H. Edward, Duke of Kent and Strathearn, fourth son of King George III, was born November 2nd, 1767, and died January 23rd, 1820.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Matthew John Tierney was Physician-in-Ordinary to George IV and Physician to the Household at Brighton. Sir Matthew was created a Baronet in 1818, which title became extinct on the death of the 3rd Baronet in 1860.

one, but his ministers oppose the attempt and the King has been obliged to yield. Sorely against his will.

" *Feb. 17th.*—Parliament met to-day. It is to be dissolved on the 1st of March and the new Parliament will meet on the 25th of April.

" I heard rather an unfeeling story to-day of my *friend* the Duke of Clarence.

" The day before the Duke of Kent's funeral he said ' We made a sad bungling business of the Queen's funeral, but however we shall have a rehearsal to-morrow, so I hope we shall manage the King's better.

" A most shocking event has happened in Paris. The Duc de Berri has been assassinated while handing his wife into her carriage after the Opera. He died that night, and the assassin has been seized. It appears to have been done for political reasons : it is a horrid business.

" *Feb. 20th.*—It snowed all the morning and at eleven o'clock it was so dark that I could not see to read in my front drawing-room. Being Sunday we read prayers and a sermon at home.

" *Feb. 24th, Cato Street Conspiracy.*—A dreadful thing occurred last night. It was fortunate that the ministers had notice of what was intended, a plot to murder them all at a Cabinet dinner at Lord Harrowby's. The Bow Street officers went to Cato Street <sup>1</sup> where the murderers were assembled. They had a bloody fight, and one of the conspirators (Smithers) was killed. Then the Guards under Captain Fitz-Clarence <sup>2</sup> arrived and arrested a good many, but a number escaped. Some more have I hear been taken to-day and people talk of nothing else. They say now that they were all to have been murdered

<sup>1</sup> The Cato Street Conspiracy consisted of a gang of desperate men headed by Arthur Thistlewood, who assembled in Cato Street, Edgware Road, and proposed the assassination of the Ministers of the Crown at a Cabinet dinner, and the overthrow of the Government. They were betrayed by one of their number, and Thistlewood and four others executed as traitors May 1st, 1820.

<sup>2</sup> Eldest illegitimate son of the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV. He was created Earl of Munster on June 4th, 1831.

at the Duc de San Carlos' ball, had not the troops arrived. These are, indeed, awful times !

" *Feb. 25th.*—I visited Isabella in her new house <sup>1</sup> which she has furnished very prettily.

" *Feb. 26th.*—Fan and I dined at five, and went at night to the Play to see the Antiquary. Lord and Lady Northland had got Mr. Coutt's box which is a delightful comfortable one.

" *Feb. 29th.*—Went at night to Play at Loo at Mrs. Champagné's.

" *March 1st.*—Went to Almack's, most miserably thin ; only nine dancing men in the room ! Fanny danced with Mr. Gunning and we came home at one.

" *March 3rd.*—Dined at home. Lord and Lady Northland, the Dowager Lady Stronge, Baron Langsdorff, George Knox &c to dinner. In the evening came fourteen or fifteen people. I had two Loo tables and the young people sat and laughed and talked in the next room.

" *March 11th.*—I went at night to the Opera with Mrs. Champagné who had Lord Anglesey's <sup>2</sup> box. I had not been to it for eleven years. The Opera is very bad : Lord Wallscourt <sup>3</sup> and Mr. Waldegrave stayed a good while in the box. Lord Wallscourt told us many odd stories about the fine ladies whom he laughs at—amongst others of Lady Worcester <sup>4</sup> who he says wears thin flesh coloured stockings, so as to show her blue veins which are so pretty !

" *March 16th.*—I went at night to a little music at Mrs. Thompson's. Jenny Knox has had a son <sup>5</sup> and is doing very well."

The birth of a son and heir to Captain Edmond Knox, Lord Northland's second son, was a great event in the family, for it came after many disappointments.

<sup>1</sup> No. 16 Dover Street.

<sup>2</sup> Created Marquess of Anglesey after Waterloo, 1815. His mother was a daughter of the Very Rev. Arthur Champagné, Dean of Clonmacnoise.

<sup>3</sup> Joseph Henry Blake, 3rd Baron Wallscourt, born 1797, died 1849.

<sup>4</sup> She was Georgiana Frederica, daughter of the Hon. Henry FitzRoy. Married 1814, died 1821.

<sup>5</sup> Afterwards General Thomas Edmond Knox, C.B.



" *March 24th.*—My sister had a small party. We went afterwards to Lady Castlereagh's where there was all the fine world. Princess Esterhazy was there and I saw her for the first time. I do not think her handsome, but she is reckoned very fascinating. I believe she and her husband do not care at all for each other.

" *April 13th.*—Fanny and I went at night to a very nice little dance given by Isabella to the Duke of Holstein, who is over here for a short time. Fanny danced the first quadrille with the Duke, and the second with Comte de Bassewitz who is here with him.

" *April 14th.*—The Duke of Holstein paid me a long visit this morning, also the Comte de Bassewitz who is a very pleasing young man, with a great look of our Royal Family, to whom he is nearly related.<sup>1</sup>

" *April 22nd.*—I went at night to the Opera with Fanny and Isabella. Count Blücher sat in our box most of the time ; he is a delightful young man.

" *April 24th.*—I had a large dinner party and an Assembly of 150 people in the evening. Both went off very well. My dinner company was the Duke of Holstein, Comtes Blücher and de Bassewitz, Mrs. and Miss Caulfield, Sir Robert and Lady Macfarlane, Sir James, Isabella and Felix, etc.

" *April 27th.*—We went at night to a very small party at Lady Breadalbane's, where the Duke of Holstein and his suite had dined—afterwards to a dance at Lady Robinson's.

" *April 28th.*—Went with my children and grandchildren to Exeter Change <sup>2</sup> to see the wild beasts, and

<sup>1</sup> This is a mistake, which a member of our Royal Family has been gracious enough to correct for me. Count Bassewitz was in no way related to the Royal House of England.

<sup>2</sup> Exeter Change was built on the ruins of Exeter House, and in the early part of the nineteenth century contained a menagerie of wild beasts, to which country cousins were always taken on their first arrival in London ; hence " to see the lions " passed into a proverb. After the death of the elephant Chunee in 1826 the glory of Exeter Change departed, and in 1830 it was entirely taken down. The site, which runs obliquely from Catherine Street to Wellington Street, Strand, still belongs to the Cecil family.

afterwards to consult Alexander the oculist about my eyes, which are bloodshot and uneasy. He ordered me leeches and other things.

" *April 29th.*—My eyes much better from the leeches etc.

" *May 9th.*—Gave a dance here. My Company were of the finest, both men and women. Fanny danced with the Duke of Holstein, Mr. Campbell, Captain Rowley, etc. The Duke of Sussex <sup>1</sup> was here—everyone seemed pleased.

" *May 11th.*—I gave another dance : it was a very good one—rather more crowded than the last. The Duke of Gloucester came to it. Fanny danced with Lord Molesworth,<sup>2</sup> Lord Harley,<sup>3</sup> Mr. Strutt,<sup>4</sup> Lord Erroll and Mr. Campbell.

" *May 12th.*—I was completely worn out after my ball ; dined and spent the rest of the day at home. The Duke of Holstein and Blücher came to take leave of us. They leave to-night and embark at Harwich to go by long sea to Hamburgh.

" *May 16th.*—Isabella seems very well to-day. She dined with us and stayed till Fanny and I went to music at the Duchess of Wellington's where there were many fine people.

" *May 23rd.*—Dined at Sir Charles Rowley's . . . my darling Will was confirmed by the Bishop of London, God bless him ! "

Mrs. Calvert goes on to describe various gaieties—

" a most disagreeable ball at Lady C. Strutt's ; <sup>5</sup> an

<sup>1</sup> Augustus Frederick, Duke of Sussex, the 6th son of King George III, born 1773, died April, 1843.

<sup>2</sup> Richard Pigott, 7th Viscount Molesworth, born 1786, died unmarried 1875.

<sup>3</sup> Edward, Lord Harley, born 1820, eldest son of Edward, 5th Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer, he died in the lifetime of his father on January 1st, 1828, unmarried.

<sup>4</sup> John James Strutt, born 1796, only son of Colonel Joseph Holden Strutt, M.P. for Malden. He succeeded his mother as 2nd Lord Rayleigh, on her death September 12th, 1826.

<sup>5</sup> Lady Charlotte FitzGerald, daughter of James, 1st Duke of Leinster, was created Baroness Rayleigh July 18th, 1821.

Assembly at Lady Derby's (which we may hope was pleasanter); a very pleasant ball at Lady George Seymour's who lives at Knightsbridge; a very pleasant musical party at the Duchess of Wellington's."

Fanny's partners are always recorded, and one feels that this may have caused her no small trepidation, in case they should not always be exactly those of which her family and future readers of the *Journal* would approve. But more important matters began to agitate society at this time.

"*June 5th.*—Nothing is talked of but the arrival of the Queen.<sup>1</sup> Her affairs are brought before Parliament, and no one knows what will be the result. She is at present at Alderman Wood's <sup>2</sup> in South Audley Street and there is always a mob before the doors, and people who do not take off their hats are pelted! There have been partial illuminations."

One can hardly imagine the worry and vexation caused by this one misguided woman to many more besides King and Ministers.

"*June 7th.*—The House of Commons have deferred the Queen's business until Friday, in hopes that matters may be arranged quietly, but there seems little chance of that. In the meantime the town is in a constant ferment, and windows are broken every night.

"*June 8th.*—We dined in Grosvenor Street and went at night to a ball at Mrs. Beaumont's. There was a riot in the Square in the course of the night and the Life

<sup>1</sup> Caroline of Brunswick, wife of George IV.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Matthew Wood (1768–1843) became an alderman in 1807, and as Sheriff of London and Middlesex performed the unpleasant duty of arresting Sir Francis Burdett. He was Lord Mayor of London during the troublous period of 1815–16, and during his second year of office rescued three Irishmen who had been mistakenly condemned to execution. He was one of the chief friends and supporters of Queen Caroline, and on her arrival in London from abroad she took up her abode at his house, 77 South Audley Street.

Guards called out. Windows were broken—a great many in this neighbourhood, but not exactly in this street.

“*June 9th.*—The debate about the Queen is adjourned to Monday, as she has sent a message with some proposals to Ministers. She has moved from Alderman Wood’s to Lady Ann Hamilton’s <sup>1</sup> in Portman Street.

“*Sunday, June 11th.*—Went to Vere Street Chapel: wretched weather. Isabella has had very bad attacks of spasms and saw a new doctor (Clarke) who ordered cold water to be thrown on her whenever they attack her; it seems so far to lessen them.

“*June 14th.*—Isabella better, but her doctor has settled to bleed her to-morrow in the neck which he hopes may stop the spasms.

“*June 15th.*—Fanny and I went to Court; the Drawing-room was very full, but as hoops are abolished it was much pleasanter and less fatiguing. We were all presented to His Majesty and *had a kiss*. He looked well and in good spirits, whether assumed or real I do not know. Princess Augusta,<sup>2</sup> the Duchess of Gloucester and Princess Sophia of Gloucester were there and all spoke very kindly to me. The King said ‘How do you do, Mrs. Calvert?’ which was all he had time to do to anybody. The costumes were all the same as at the French Court and I think very pretty. Fanny and I had white net gowns prettily trimmed and blue gros de Naples trains three yards and a quarter long. You hold them on your arm until you get into the room to the King and then you let them down. Several banks have broke in Ireland, and everything seems to be going on badly.

“*June 16th.*—There has been a Mutiny amongst some of the Guards, which has been magnified and a hundred stories circulated about it, but I believe it was not an affair of much importance. There was a riot at night in Charing Cross, and the riot act read, when they dispersed.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Ann, daughter of the 9th Duke of Hamilton, died 1846.

<sup>2</sup> Princess Augusta, second daughter of George III, was born 1768, died unmarried 1840.



“ *June 18th.*—One of my coach-horses died, and the others are ill ; it seems to be a sort of influenza.

“ *June 19th.*—The Queen’s business is deferred until Wednesday, and papers are laid before the House and to be printed to-morrow, containing the correspondence between her and Lord Liverpool in order to shew that they have not been able to arrange matters amicably.

“ *June 21st.*—Lady Astley gave a fancy ball at the Argyle Rooms. Fanny looked very well dressed as an Italian peasant, Edmond had Felix’s regimentals and Nicolson was a capital Turk. The crowd was immense, we did not get home till past four.

“ Mr. Calvert did not return from the House till past five. He voted with Mr. Wilberforce <sup>1</sup> for an Address from the House of Commons, entreating the Queen to submit to an accommodation and forego her wish to be included in the Liturgy.

“ *June 24th.*—The Queen has refused to comply with the wishes of the House, and everybody anticipates the most dreadful consequences. Fanny and I dined at four to-day and went with the little girls to sit in Kensington Gardens, and at half past seven to drink tea with my mother.

“ *June 25th.*—We are almost dead with the heat ! Had a visit from Limerick and Aubrey Hunt <sup>2</sup> whom I have not seen for nine years. He is a good-humoured, ugly red nosed overgrown cub.

“ Poor Colonel Byde died last Thursday ; he has left Mr. Calvert £100 as one of his executors.

“ *July 1st.*—Isabella and Sir James came to take leave of me this morning as they are going back to Ireland. They brought me their youngest child Pauline, whom

<sup>1</sup> William Wilberforce (1759–1833), philanthropist. In 1780 he was elected Member for Hull, and spent £8000 or £9000 on his election. It was in 1789 that he moved twelve resolutions condemning the slave trade, but the abolition question made slow progress. The Bill finally received the Royal Assent in March, 1807, the motion having been carried by 283 to 16. Mr. Wilberforce was a man of singular charm and attractiveness.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Aubrey Hunt, 2nd Bart. He assumed the name and arms of De Vere in 1832. He was nephew of Lord Limerick.

they have made me a present of. She is a dear fat good humoured thing of two years old.

"*July 4th.*—A bill is brought in to divorce the Queen for improper behaviour with Bergami.<sup>1</sup> God knows how it will all end !

"*Hunsdon House, July 10th.*—Fanny and I made a mistake in the day. We thought this was the day we were to dine at Hatfield House for the Assizes—whereas it was to-morrow. We did not discover our mistake till we arrived there. Lady Salisbury was out riding. I did not wait for her return, but instantly ordered post horses and set off for home. I found all well, but much surprised to see us.

"*Hatfield House, July 11th.*—We came here this morning and found the house full ; we were above a hundred at dinner. Judge Wood (the only Judge) played at Loo in the evening. The Duke of Wellington dined here but returned to town at night.

"*July 12th.*—The gentlemen went to the Assizes in the morning and dined there. We had a dinner of nineteen here. We went to the Hertford ball at night ; it was a very thin one indeed.

"*August 5th, Aldenham Abbey.*—Mr. Calvert, Fanny and I took leave of London for the season to-day and came here (Sir Charles Pole's)<sup>2</sup> to dinner. Nobody in the house except an Admiral Young and Miss Amabel Pole Carew.<sup>3</sup> It is rather dull, but they are a very amiable family.

"*August 6th, Sunday.*—It poured all day, and as we could not go to Church Lady Pole read prayers to us.

"*Hunsdon House, August 7th.*—Here we are at home, and found all my treasures quite well, Heaven be praised !

"*August 8th.*—My mother and Mrs. C. Anderson have arrived. The Duchess of York is dead.

<sup>1</sup> Her Italian courier.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Charles Morice Pole, Admiral of the Red, was in 1801 created a Baronet. He married 1792 Henrietta, daughter of John Goddard, of Woodford Hall, Essex.

<sup>3</sup> She was niece to Sir Charles Pole, and daughter of his brother, the Right Hon. Reginald Pole-Carew, P.C., M.P.

" *August 14th.*—My William came home to go with us to-morrow to a Fair at Hertford, which is to be held in the Assembly Room for the benefit of the Girls' School—all fancy things done by the ladies—and young ladies are to stand at the booths and sell the articles. Fanny is to be one of them."

From Mrs. Calvert's description, bazaars for charitable purposes seem to have been rather a novelty ninety years ago.

" *August 15th.*—We all went to the Fair. Fanny made a most excellent shop woman and I felt quite proud of her. Ladies Salisbury, Dacre, Cowper, Caroline Lamb, and all the neighbourhood were there and the things were soon all sold. About 500 people were present.

" *August 17th.*—We had two morning visitors, Mrs. Hanbury (a ladylike pleasing person) and Mrs. Gordon sister to the late Mr. Whitbread, a strange, flighty woman. The Queen's trial begins to-day.

" *August 18th.*—Everything went off quietly in London in spite of a great concourse of people. The Queen went to the House of Lords and means to go every day. If the charges against her are true, she is a most infamous Jezebel. Mr. Clutterbuck <sup>1</sup> (who is writing a history of Hertfordshire) and his son came here to-day.

" *August 21st.*—The accounts in the papers of the examination of witnesses against the Queen are horribly indecent.

" *August 27th.*—I had to-day a letter from John Knox, which vexed me a good deal. He says he was quite shocked at hearing that my name was mentioned as one of the married ladies who addressed a petition on the Queen's behalf. Colonel King had also heard it and had taken upon himself to contradict it, for which I feel very

<sup>1</sup> Robert Clutterbuck (1772-1831), topographer, of Watford, Herts. He was educated at Harrow, and became a county magistrate and a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries. For eighteen years he was busily engaged in compiling a new history of his native county, *The History of Antiquities of the County of Hertfordshire*.

much obliged to him. I find Mrs. R. Calvert <sup>1</sup> is a great advocate of the Queen, and I dare say I am confounded with her. It is however a most unpleasant idea, and I have written to beg John to contradict it.

"*September 1st.*—John Knox who has arrived here tells me that it was Mrs. King's maid who said she heard of my having signed the Address, but he was only joking when he said he was shocked, for it is too absurd a thing for one to believe about me.

"*Upper Wimpole Street, Sept. 6th.*—I visited Limerick, who says he is quite worn out with attending the House of Lords. I visited Lady (William) Rowley.<sup>2</sup> Susan, her eldest daughter, is going to be married to Colonel Mercer.<sup>3</sup> They seem pleased with the match, and I hear an excellent character of him, but I believe he is poor enough.

"*Hunsdon House, September 10th.*—There was an Eclipse of the Sun by the moon last Thursday, not total, so that it was not near so much obscured as I expected, but it was a very visible one. The House of Lords has adjourned for three weeks, when the Queen is to enter on her defence.

"*September 24th.*—I am sorry to say Felix is appointed on full pay to the 54th Regiment, now at the Cape. I have some hopes, however, that he will not accept it."

Early in October we find Mr. and Mrs. Calvert paying some country visits. First to Mr. and Mrs. James at Worlington, then to Sir John and Lady Robinson at Buckenham House, where they met a Mr. and Mrs. Waddington. One wonders if this could have been the Miss Port so often mentioned in Mrs. Delany's Memoirs, the mother of Lady Llanover and Mme. Bunsen. Mrs. Calvert continues :

"*Holkham, October 6th.*—We left Sir John Robinson's

<sup>1</sup> Her sister-in-law.

<sup>2</sup> Sir William Rowley, of Tendring Hall, Suffolk, married 1785 Susannah, daughter of Admiral Sir Robert Harland, Bart.

<sup>3</sup> Susan Arabella married November 2nd, 1820, and died 1862.



soon after breakfast, and arrived here soon after four. Miss Coke <sup>1</sup> is an amiable person. Two of Lord Albe-marle's daughters, Lady Anne <sup>2</sup> and Lady Mary, <sup>3</sup> good humoured girls of sixteen and seventeen are here, also a family of Blackwells related to the late Mrs. Coke. <sup>4</sup> A strange set are staying in the house! I must say I expected to find a gayer one. Not a male but Mr. Coke <sup>5</sup> himself and a young Mr. Blackwell, aged twenty! It is a magnificent house; everything on a grand scale. Miss Coke read prayers at nine o'clock in the Audit room.

"*October 7th.*—Drove out in the barouche with Miss Coke.

"*October 9th.*—Drove to the sea with Fanny and picked up shells for Mary and Harriet. Felix has to my great joy declined the appointment to the 54th and therefore does not go to the Cape.

"*Buckenham, October 11th.*—We left Holkham and returned here to-day.

"*Angel Inn, Bury St. Edmunds, October 13th.*—We came here a large party with the Robinsons for the Fair, and have rooms at this inn. They had given me a very uncomfortable sitting-room, but Captain Rous <sup>6</sup> insisted on my taking his. He is Steward and a very pleasing young man. Captain Rowley is the other Steward, but as he cannot leave his ship his brother Charles acts for him. The Rowleys are all at the Fair, and a great many others

<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth Wilhelmina, third daughter of Mr. Coke, married 1822 John Spencer Stanhope, Esq., of Cannon Hall, Yorkshire, and died October 30th, 1873.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Anne Keppel married (as his second wife) Mr. Coke, February 26th, 1822. She married, secondly, 1843 the Right Hon. Edward Ellice, M.P., and died July 22nd, 1844.

<sup>3</sup> Lady Mary Keppel married, firstly, February 20th, 1826, Henry Frederick Stephenson. She married, secondly, 1868 Samuel Charles Whitbread, and died September 20th, 1884.

<sup>4</sup> Anne, eldest daughter of James Lennox Dutton, and sister to Mrs. Coke, married Samuel Blackwell, Esq., of Ampney Park, Gloucestershire. She died 1821.

<sup>5</sup> Thomas William Coke, well known as Coke of Norfolk, was for many years M.P. for the county. He was created Earl of Leicester in 1837, and died June 30th, 1842.

<sup>6</sup> Probably Henry John, second son of the first Lord Stradbroke, born 1795, became an admiral, and died 1877.

we know. We dined at the Ordinary and went at night to the Ball which was very crowded. Fanny danced with Mr. C. Rowley and Captain Rous.

" *October 14th.*—We went in the morning to see the Horsemanship and wandered about in large parties the rest of the time. Went at night to the Play—Henri Quatre and the Promissory Note. Everybody is so kind and attentive to us that it is quite delightful, and Fanny seems very popular.

" *Sunday, October 15th.*—Went to Church and afterwards made visits. Took a long walk with the Rowley girls—dined at the Ordinary and all drank tea together. The young people amused themselves as they did last year and were all very merry.

" *October 16th.*—I spent the morning with our friends and wandering about the Abbey grounds and the Fair—also to see the wild beasts. Went to the ball at night.

" *Buckenham House, October 17th.*—Captain Rous breakfasted with us ; he is a most delightful young man.

" *October 19th.*—It is thought that the Queen will be acquitted. The ministers are in a fine scrape.

" *Madingley, October 20th.*—Fanny, Nicolson and I left Buckenham after breakfast. Nic got out at Newmarket and got at the top of the stage to go to Hunsdon and we came here. There was a biting wind and in the open carriage we were almost frozen. A Mr. and Mrs. Haggett and Mr. Pepys dined here and we played at whist. Mr. Calvert came in the evening from the Quarter Sessions at Cambridge.

" *Saturday, October 21st.*—I drove with Lady Cotton to see Mrs. Alick Cotton. Nobody dined here.

" *Hunsdon House, November 8th.*—I was in town last Tuesday and spent a dull day alone in Wimpole Street. After breakfast I went to see Lady Rowley and Louisa and took leave of them, as they are going directly to the West Indies for three years. They go out in the ' Sybille ' of which Captain Rowley is Flag Captain. I dined with Theo Rice and her husband—Limerick was there. I left town on Wednesday glad to get back again.



MARCHIONESS CONYNGHAM

*From a miniature by T. Singry (about 1825-30) in the Wallace Collection*





" *November 27th.*—Fanny and I went to Digwell (Mr. Spencer Cowper's) to dine and sleep. Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd and Mr. Giles stayed in the house, and also Mr. and Lady Caroline Lamb, Mrs. Henry Cowper and two Miss Murrays dined there. Lady Caroline is a very strange person and amused us.

" *November 28th.*—Mr. Lloyd, Fan and I walked in the morning to Bocket Hall to visit Lady Caroline Lamb and ate our luncheon there. We all went at night to Lady Salisbury's At Home at Hatfield. There was dancing and Fanny danced with Mr. Frederick Franks and Tom Sebright.

" *December 5th.*—Miss Eliza FitzClarence married Lord Erroll.<sup>1</sup> The Duke and Duchess of Clarence were at the wedding.

" *December 16th.*—Last Saturday the Duchess of Clarence produced a daughter. She is christened Elizabeth." <sup>2</sup>

Early next year Mrs. Calvert and her daughter Fanny went to stay with Lord and Lady Northland at Brighton.

" *January 12th.*—Lady Stronge and Miss Tew came in the evening ; we played at Loo.

" *January 15th.*—They are all gone to the Pavilion, but Fanny and I were not asked, very different from former times !

" *January 17th.*—Went at night to the Pavilion a large party. The King received me very graciously, much better than when I was last here. Princess Augusta is with him : she is grown fat and plain, but received me very well and enquired for Isabella. The King looks thin and old, and not, I think, as if he had long to live. The Pavilion is quite beautiful, really like fairy land. Lady Conyngham <sup>3</sup> the reigning favourite, I don't admire.

<sup>1</sup> William George, 17th Earl of Erroll, born 1801, married December 4th, 1820, Elizabeth FitzClarence, sister of the 1st Earl of Munster, and natural daughter of His Majesty King William IV.

<sup>2</sup> Princess Elizabeth died on March 4th, 1821.

<sup>3</sup> Henry, 1st Marquess Conyngham, married 1794 Elizabeth, daughter of Joseph Denison, Esq. She died 1861.

Her daughter Lady Elizabeth <sup>1</sup> is very pretty. The fool of a husband is ugly and contemptible ; I have known him for many years. I really think the Court looked more dignified in Lady Hertford's reign ; *that* I believe is quite over. We came home about twelve, it was stupid and terribly hot. Lords Castlereagh and Liverpool were there.

" *January 18th.*—We went to a stupid party at Mrs. Fitzherberts, played at Loo.

" *January 19th.*—Lady Blackwood <sup>2</sup> dined here : Lady Perth <sup>3</sup> came in the evening, played at Loo.

" *Upper Wimpole Street, January 23rd.*—We got a sad fright yesterday about my dearest Mother. Mr. Tupper sent an express to say that he thought her very unwell, a bad cold and very weak. My sister and I therefore, feeling very miserable, set off at six o'clock in her coach and four with Mr. Chilver and arrived in town driving straight to Park Street at twelve at night. We found my mother thank God better, and Mr. Chilver relieved my mind very much. Though I sleep here, I spend all day in Park Street. I am still very uncomfortable about my dear Mother, though certainly better, she is still very weak. She gets up late, and we sit with her, but she dozes constantly and says very little. Parliament met to-day and the King was much applauded.

" *January 24th.*—My Mother much the same. We dine and spend all day in Park Street.

" *January 26th.*—The House divided on Lord Archibald Hamilton's motion about restoring the Queen's name to the Liturgy. Mr. C. voted with the opposition. They sat till 7 o'clock. Ministers' majority 101.

" *January 29th.*—My Mother better. I have very bad

<sup>1</sup> Lady Elizabeth Conyngham married Charles, 10th Marquess of Huntly, and *d.s.p.* 1839.

<sup>2</sup> The Hon. Sir Henry Blackwood, K.C.B., born 1770, youngest son of Sir John Blackwood and Baroness Dufferin. He was created a Baronet 1814, having attained high rank in the Navy. He married, thirdly, 1808 Harriet, daughter of the late Francis Gore, Governor of Granada.

<sup>3</sup> James, 11th Earl of Perth, born 1749, married 1785 Clementina, daughter of Charles, 10th Lord Elphinstone. He died 1800.



VISCOUNTESS PERY





headaches and am very low, on many scores, but I don't like to commit to paper what makes me very unhappy.

"*February 7th.*—Mr. C. was not in bed until eight this morning, from the House. He voted with the Opposition.

"*February 10th.*—Dined and spent the day in Park Street. My mother, thank God, delightfully."

The improvement in Lady Pery's health continued, and Mrs. Calvert was able to return to Brighton, and went with her sister to a ball at the Pavilion on February 19th.

"*February 20th.*—We were home soon after one. The ball was like all other balls, the King civil enough. Fanny danced with Lord Graham. She really looked very pretty.

"*Upper Wimpole Street, March 18th.*—Visited my mother after Church, she was asleep the whole time. The Duke of Clarence's daughter is dead.

"*April 5th.*—Alas ! I have a most melancholy event to record. Yesterday morning at half past eight my beloved, dearest mother breathed her last without a groan or a struggle. I had thought her weaker the last two days but on Tuesday morning fancied her better. Alas ! it was a delusive hope for, at eighty-eight, what amendment could be expected ? I visited her on Tuesday night : little did I think I should never see her alive again. The next morning a note came from Mrs. Cecil Anderson saying an alarming change had taken place. I jumped out of bed to hurry on my things but before five minutes had elapsed another note came to say that all was over. Those who have lost as angelic a parent will understand what I feel.

"As soon as I was dressed I went to see the remains of the departed angel. Her face serene in death looked as if she slept. I kissed her dear cold cheek and prayed that my sins might be forgiven and we might meet in Heaven. My little darlings were quite ill yesterday from their grief. We had a melancholy dinner. I went at night to kiss her once more, and pray at her bedside,

"Nobody who knew my mother could help loving and regretting her. Her mind was purity, goodness, and benevolence itself. She had the innocence and simplicity of a child : long, long will she be regretted."

Lady Pery's grandson, Edmond Knox, wrote of his grandmother long afterwards, that she had been all her life a "rickety crock," therefore it seems rather remarkable that she should have lived to attain so great an age.

"*April 9th.*—I have settled to remain in town till Friday, though I had wished to attend the dear remains to Pelham on Thursday, I have yielded to the wishes of my friends and given it up."

Lady Pery was buried with her husband in the family vault at Furneaux Pelham in Hertfordshire on April 12th. Mr. Calvert's brother Robert had died the day before from a paralytic stroke.

"*April 14th.*—Poor Bob is to be buried at three o'clock on Thursday in Hunsdon Church, not at Pelham; I am sorry for it. The will had not been opened when Mr. C. wrote.

"*April 15th.*—Bob has left the interest and profits of everything he possessed to Mrs. R. Calvert for her life. At her death (if he survives her) all is to go to Charles, and at his death between Mr. C. and Walter. The will is obscurely written and I should not be surprised if parts of it were disputed by the family, particularly as when the codicil was made he certainly was not fit to dispose of his property.

"*May 1st.*—Lord Carhampton<sup>1</sup> has left Lady C. everything for her life. He has left Mr. C. £200.

"*May 11th, Wimpole Street.*—Lady Worcester<sup>2</sup> is

<sup>1</sup> Lord Carhampton died on or about April 23rd. Mr. Luke White bought his estate at Luttrellstown, in Ireland.

<sup>2</sup> Georgina Frederica, daughter of the Hon. Henry FitzRoy, married on July 25th, 1814, Henry, Marquess of Worcester, and left two daughters. It is said that she was in the Regent's company when Beau Brummell remarked to Lord Alvanley, "Who's your fat friend?" an impertinence which was never forgiven.

dead, and her own imprudence was the cause of it. She danced all night at Carlton House, and afterwards went into a cold bath. It has created a great sensation. She was pretty, gay and fashionable. But I hear she was aware of her danger : on Thursday night she took leave of her friends and received the Sacrament. Lord Worcester I hear is in great despair, but he will soon console himself, and his family will not much regret her. She died at her uncle the Duke of Wellington's house, and has left two daughters.

" *May 13th.*—I went to Welbeck Street Chapel and spent the remainder of the day at home. Luke White <sup>1</sup> has bought the remainder of the lease of my poor dear Mother's house in Park Street."

The next entry in Mrs. Calvert's journal mentions a curious little point of etiquette.

" *May 21st.*—Fan and Edmond went to a ball at Mrs. Beaumont's. She does not dance, of course, *in black gloves.*

" *May 29th.*—Fanny went to a Ball at Mrs. Prideaux Brune's.<sup>2</sup>

" *June 4th.*—We dined at Lord Kilmorey's. Mr. Stuart <sup>3</sup> is going to be married to Miss Pole.

" *June 7th.*—Fanny went with Edmond and Jenny Knox and Georgiana Rowley to Epsom Races.

" *June 12th.*—I took the girls this morning to see the preparations at Westminster Hall and Abbey for the Coronation.

<sup>1</sup> Luke White, Esq., M.P., of Annaly. His son, Henry White, was created Baron Annaly 1863.

<sup>2</sup> Frances, daughter of Thomas Patten, of Bank Hall, Co. Lancaster. She and her sisters were noted beauties, and were called the "Lancashire Witches." She married 1794 the Rev. Charles Prideaux Brune, of Place, Cornwall. He was born 1760, and in conformity with the testamentary injunction of a maternal uncle, from whom he inherited extensive estates in Cornwall, assumed the name of Brune in addition to that of Prideaux. He died 1833.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. William Stuart of Aldenham Abbey, Herts, married 1821 Henrietta, daughter of Admiral Sir Charles Morice Pole, Bart. She died 1853.



" *June 23rd.*—Poor little Sophia Rowley, Sir Charles' youngest daughter, is dead.

" *July 2nd.*—Took the girls to the English Opera House. Felix and James went with us. It was Baron Trenck and the Vampire ; entertaining enough. Preparations for the Coronation are going on : it is fixed for the 19th. I have always forgotten to notice Bonaparte's death which took place in May. It is astonishing how little sensation it has created : the Coronation is much more thought of.

" *July 12th.*—We went at night to Covent Garden to see Henry IV and the Coronation, it was crowded to excess. I hear the King is very angry at his Coronation being forestalled, I am quite sick of the word myself ! It is decided that the Queen is not to be crowned, but she means to be a spectatress. Many anticipate riots.

" *July 19th, Hunsdon House.*—This is the day of the Coronation. At half past ten we heard the Tower guns which were to be fired as soon as the King had the Crown on his head. It is a fine hot day and I have given the school children a holiday in honour of the event. They have been up here, sixty-one in number to receive a large cake and sixpence each which I made Mary and Harriet distribute.

" *July 20th.*—Charles Calvert has arrived at the Parsonage. He says everything went off very well at the Coronation. The Queen went there but could not gain admittance." <sup>1</sup>

It has been said that Queen Caroline's vexation and disappointment helped to bring on her last illness ; at any rate her death followed very shortly afterwards.

" *July 29th.*—Sir James Stronge writes to say that he will send a maid for Pauline as he takes her to Ireland on Wednesday. I am sorry to part with the good humored little soul, but as her mother wishes for her, I could not refuse to let her go.

<sup>1</sup> Sir James Stronge, as a gentleman of the Privy Chamber, attended the Coronation of George IV.





GENERAL FELIX CALVERT



" *July 31st, Hatfield House.*—Mr. C. Fan and I came here to dine and meet the judges. A large party as usual. Lord and Lady Dacre, Mrs. Hale, Sir John Sebright, and a few more staying in the house. Lady Cranbourne<sup>1</sup> not unpleasing. We shall go home to-morrow after the Hertford ball.

" *August 3rd, Hunsdon House.*—We drove about Hatfield Park yesterday. Fanny went in the Phaeton with Lady Dacre and Mrs. Laws with Lady Cranbourne in her barouche. At night we all went to a very bad ball at Hertford. Fanny opened it with Lord Cranbourne. We came away before supper.

" *August 8th.*—The King has embarked for Ireland. The Queen is dying: the bulletins are very bad. Lady Robinson, Jane, and Henrietta arrived to tea.

" *August 9th.*—The Queen is dead, she expired at half past ten yesterday evening. She was I believe a very good-for-nothing but certainly a deeply injured woman.

" *August 16th.*—Mr. John Calvert is gone with the Queen's body to Brunswick.

" *August 21st.*—Felix went to meet his father and Mr. Coke at Newmarket to proceed with them on a visit to the Duke of Norfolk,<sup>2</sup> from there they go to Lord Albemarle's<sup>3</sup> and then to Holkham. Fanny and I are alone, the weather fine and hot. We read aloud to each other in the evening when Mary and Harriet are gone to bed.

" *August 28th.*—I saw with great pleasure in to-day's Gazette that Felix is appointed to full pay in the 72nd,<sup>4</sup> just what he was so anxious for. The regiment is at the Cape but is ordered home."

Mrs. Calvert about this time had several visitors in the house. Sir Harry Calvert and his three daughters

<sup>1</sup> Viscount Cranborne, afterwards 2nd Marquess of Salisbury, married, firstly, 1821 Frances Mary, daughter and heir of Bamber Gascoyne, Esq. She died 1839.

<sup>2</sup> Bernard Edward, 12th Duke of Norfolk, born 1765, died 1842.

<sup>3</sup> William Charles, 4th Earl of Albemarle, born 1772, died 1849. The family seat is Quidenham Park, Attleborough, Norfolk.

<sup>4</sup> Felix Calvert's picture, by Massot, is in the uniform of the 72nd Regiment.

came for three days, and after that a lady of whom her hostess remarks, "Mrs. — is *odious* : it is quite a relief to me to have got rid of her." In September Mrs. Calvert and Fanny visited the new Haymarket Theatre, and were very well amused with the play of "Match breaking and match making." "Oxberry and Terry are very good actors, and Mrs. Chatterley too acts very tolerably."

During a week's visit to Lord Limerick about this time the mother and daughter drove to Bagshot Park to visit the Duchess of Gloucester who was, however, not at home.

"*October 1st, South Hill Park.*—It is dull enough here, and though I am really fond of them all I shall be glad to get home."

Human nature never alters. Like many lively people Mrs. Calvert was easily bored, and she exactly expresses the sentiments of many unfortunate souls, to whom country house visiting is sometimes a penance to be endured with resignation.

"*October 30th, Hunsdon House.*—I had a letter to-day saying that Felix is appointed to the command of a Battalion to be formed from the Depôt in the Isle of Wight, so he must prepare directly for going there. He will be a sad loss to us ; he is quite the life of the house.

"*November 2nd.*—A letter from John Knox to-day announces that he is going to be married to Miss Mabella Needham,<sup>1</sup> Lord Kilmorey's youngest daughter and a very nice girl. Lord Northland gives John £10,000, and Lord Kilmorey gives her £10,000. They will not be very rich, but I trust they will be very happy.

"*November 14th.*—Mr. and Mrs. William Stuart came here. They seem very happy and much in love with each other.

<sup>1</sup> Mabella (afterwards Lady Mabella), youngest daughter of the 1st Earl of Kilmorey. She was born November 22nd, 1801, and lived to the age of ninety-eight.



“ *November 16th.*—Mr. Lamb and Lady Caroline came to dine and sleep. Lady Caroline brought a little girl of two years old: the dearest thing I ever saw. She is a child of mystery. Lady C. calls her ‘ Susan ’ and nothing else. We are all dying to know who she is, but cannot get it out of her. We sometimes think she is Mr. Lamb’s child. Lady Caroline is very odd, very amusing; like nobody but herself. Some say she is mad and cannot bear her, but she made herself very pleasant here.”

Towards the end of November in this year Edmond Calvert suffered much from rheumatism, and his mother took him to Bath for some weeks’ treatment, accompanied by her brother-in-law Walter and her devoted Fanny. They took lodgings at 3 Edgar Buildings and found the house “small but comfortable.” Their first Sunday they went to the Octagon Chapel, now so well known to all visitors to Bath who have admired Mr. Mallett’s priceless collection of old silver and antiquities. Mrs. Calvert was not favourably impressed by Bath society, and describes her first party there in her usual outspoken fashion.

“ *November 30th.*—The wind was so high that we felt rather nervous going in chairs to Mrs. L——’s party in the Crescent. There were eight card tables and some walked about. But an uglier set of Quizzes I never saw. So much for a Bath party.”

Impossible to help laughing at this graphic picture, sketched in so few words! We can imagine the two fine London ladies stepping daintily out of their Sedan chairs, and looking with delicately veiled scorn at their fellow-guests. It vividly recalls Pickwickian days, when every one more or less was a “quiz,” and how on a certain windy night the hapless Mr. Winkle rushed madly into

a Sedan chair from a house in Royal Crescent when pursued by the infuriated Dowler.

"*December 11th.*—I tumbled downstairs and knocked my head, so they sent for a Surgeon who bled me and ordered me a dose of Calomel."

Drastic indeed were the remedies of those days !

"*December 16th.*—Louisa Robinson is going to be married to William Knox,<sup>1</sup> the Bishop of Derry's second son.

"*December 23rd.*—I went to Christ Church in the morning and in the afternoon walked to see the floods. It is quite terrific ! In the lower part of the town the houses are deluged and the inhabitants shut up in the upper parts and provisions taken to them in boats. The day as usual ended in rain."

1822.

Mrs. Calvert spent Christmas at Bath, and left it early in the New Year accompanied by her husband and daughter and her cousin Lady Louisa Pery. The first stop in the homeward journey was made at Speen Hill and she writes :

"*January 7th.*—In this very Inn and in the very bedroom we are going to occupy tonight we slept on the 9th of January thirty three years ago,—our wedding night ! "

At South Hill Park, their next halting-place, they found all the family assembled to celebrate Lord Limerick's sixty-fourth birthday.

"*Upper Wimpole St., Jan. 9th.*—My sister and Fanny Knox came to us at nine and sat till eleven. I am sorry to find there is a hitch about John's match, Lord Kilmorey does not come forward with *her* fortune and Lord

<sup>1</sup> He married, first (1811), Sarah, daughter of Sir A. Ferguson, Bart.; secondly (1821), Louisa, daughter of the Rev. Sir J. Robinson, Bart. She died 1849.

Northland wont agree to it unless he does. My sister is miserable about it—she delights in the girl.

“*Jan. 13th.*—Lord Kilmorey is made an Earl, and Lord Westmeath a Marquis, and there are several other promotions.

“*Jan. 30th, Hunsdon House.*—I visited Mrs. Plumer.<sup>1</sup> She behaves very properly—very quiet and composed, speaks with tears and kindness of him, but does not affect the sort of grief she would have felt for a younger man. He was thirty three years older than she was. She made him a most excellent wife. I believe he has left her everything—they say she has £12,000 a year.

“*Jan. 31st.*—This is my darling Fan’s twenty third birthday. God bless and preserve her! I trust she will also meet with a good husband. I have one in my eye for her, but I fear, should he choose her she will not have him, though amiable and excellent.

“*Upper Wimpole St., Feb. 4th.*—What an old lady I am—fifty four! Oh that I could say I am increased in goodness as I am in age, but alas it is no such thing.

“*Feb. 15th.*—I had a letter yesterday from John Knox to announce that his marriage with Lady Mabella had taken place on the 12th.

“*Feb. 17th.*—Lord Albemarle was married a few days ago to Miss Charlotte Hunloke.<sup>2</sup>

“*Feb. 19th.*—Mr. Coke is going to be married to Lady Anne Keppel. He is sixty eight and she eighteen. Nobody talks of anything else but this extraordinary match.

“*March 2nd.*—Mr. Coke and Lady Anne were married on Tuesday! They are gone to Paddington to pass the honeymoon.

“*March 14th.*—We went to a ball at Mrs. Mitchell’s, a very fine one. Fanny was asked by a great many to dance, but she has resolved not to dance any more.

<sup>1</sup> A lately widowed neighbour. She was by birth Jane Hamilton, sixth daughter of the Hon. George Hamilton, Canon of Windsor, son of the 7th Earl of Abercorn, and therefore a cousin of Mrs. Calvert’s.

<sup>2</sup> Daughter of the late Sir Henry Hunloke, Bart. She died 1862. “The lady is forty-five,” remarked Creevey, “which is all very well, if he *must* be married.”

" *May 1st.*—A dreadful thing happened last Monday. The Primate of Ireland <sup>1</sup> had not been well, and was ordered a draught, which was to be taken directly it arrived. At the same time a bottle of laudanum was sent for one of the servants who had a bad leg. Instead of the draught, the laudanum was brought by mistake to Mrs. Stuart, who at once gave it to her husband. He died in consequence at five that afternoon, in spite of three doctors and all their remedies. Poor Mrs. Stuart and indeed the whole family are in a state of distraction. How I do pity her !

" *May 24th.*—Mr. C. did not come from the House till past nine. £200,000 taxes are taken off.

" *June 7th.*—Fanny and I went to an assembly at Lansdowne House. The Prince of Denmark was there and we thought him very good looking. I was introduced to Prince Frederick of Holstein, the Duke's brother and a very nice young man."

This year Lady Stronge was again in an interesting situation, and Mrs. Calvert, somewhat against her will, was obliged to make another journey to Ireland to bear her daughter company, escorted by her son, and she remarks :

" William is a delightful travelling companion and the Phaeton very comfortable. The weather, however, is very hot."

After breakfasting at Shrewsbury, they dined at Llangollen, and walked up to visit the recluses, Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby, who were delighted to see them. At Rylands Hotel, Sackville Street, they dined with Lord Northland, and arrived at Tynan on June 14th.

<sup>1</sup> The Hon. William Stuart, Archbishop of Armagh, was fifth son of the 3rd Earl of Bute, K.G. He was born 1755, married 1796 Sophia, daughter of Thomas Penn, Esq., and died 1822. It is said that, after this fatal accident, all mixtures likely to be poisonous were ordered to be put in coloured glass bottles for the future.



" *Tynan Abbey, June 20th.*—This house is good and very pretty and the place very nice, but somewhat exposed. At all events I would not be condemned to live in Ireland for anything. General and Mrs. Egerton, Major Kelly and a Mrs. St. George dined here. They are pleasant good humoured people. Major Kelly is delightful and he tells a great many entertaining stories.

" *July 1st.*—Lord Northland and Willy arrived from Dungannon.

" *July 10th.*—A party of Orangemen marched through here to-day—colours flying, drums beating and playing tunes most offensive to the Catholics. They were ornamented with orange lilies, ribbons, etc., to commemorate the Battle of the Boyne : it is a shameful practice.

" *July 13th.*—The Orange people yesterday committed great outrages upon the Catholics and two young men are not expected to live.

" *July 16th.*—I took a long walk with Sir James, about eight English miles, and walked again in the evening with Isabella.

" *July 17th.*—Isabella was (thank God !) brought to bed of a fine boy <sup>1</sup> at a little before two : on the whole she had a very good time.

" *July 19th. Friday.*—Nothing can go on better than dear Isabella. I am terribly impatient to be off and have settled this day week, but have not ventured to announce it. One of the Catholics who was beaten is dead, and the Coroner's inquest has brought in a verdict of wilful murder. There is great irritation amongst the Catholics, and people are much afraid of what the result may be.

" *July 23rd.*—Isabella has agitated herself at the idea of my going so soon, and I have been obliged to give it up. Alas ! I intend going on Monday, but shall not believe it till I am out of the gate. It is dismal here, and owing to an inflamed eye I cannot employ myself ; it is pouring with rain and one cannot go out.

<sup>1</sup> Edmond Robert Francis, born 1822, formerly captain in the Tyrone Militia, married 1859 Charlotte Newman, daughter of John Piercy Henderson of Somerford, Stirling.

" *July 27th.*—The baby was half baptized—Edmond Robert Francis.

" *July 28th.*—I did not go to Church yesterday, but read prayers to Isabella. I leave this tomorrow and have determined to set off without seeing Isabella in the morning to avoid agitating her by taking leave."

Journeys were in those days long and tedious. The travellers left Tynan at five in the morning and, owing to slow horses and losing their way, it was six in the evening before they reached Lucan House, near Dublin, where some Vesey<sup>1</sup> Cousins gave them a hospitable welcome. "I was quite giddy from travelling so long!" writes poor Mrs. Calvert.

" *July 30th.*—We walked about Lucan, which is really a very pretty place and recalls my youth to me. Coming into Dublin, we stopped at Edmondsbury<sup>2</sup> and went through part of the house. I could not see it without painful emotion. . . . The trees are growing amazingly and it is a beautiful place. It belongs to a Mrs. Needham.

"We then proceeded to Dublin to visit my Aunt Staples.<sup>3</sup> I was very much affected at seeing her, she is so like my beloved mother in looks, voice, and manner. Lord Northland and Mary Temple<sup>4</sup> were both there. We went to see Mrs. Brownlow and old Lady Rossmore,<sup>5</sup> a wonderful old woman, near ninety, but full of life and energy. She told me she was going to England in a few days 'to make some visits.' Well done, ninety! I took

<sup>1</sup> George Vesey of Lucan, who married Emily, daughter of the Right Hon. David La Touche.

<sup>2</sup> Formerly the home of Lord and Lady Pery. Mrs. Calvert's little daughter died there in 1794, and the family gave it up shortly afterwards.

<sup>3</sup> Jane Vesey, youngest daughter of Lord Knapton, married 1776 Sir Robert Staples, Bart., of Dunmore, Queen's County. She died 1822.

<sup>4</sup> Daughter of Lady Pery by her first marriage.

<sup>5</sup> Lady Rossmore was daughter of John Murray, and married General Robert Cuninghame, who was created Baron Rossmore 1796. She *d.s.p.*, and the peerage devolved upon her nephew, Warner William Westenra.

leave at last of my dear Aunt, I fear for ever. She was so affectionate and kind to me, it quite went to my heart.

"*Penrhyn Arms, near Bangor, July 31st.*—We crossed over this morning in the Meteor and had an excellent passage of seven hours. I sat on deck the whole time and amused myself talking to the Captain and some acquaintance I made aboard. I am so happy and thankful to be on this side of the water !

"*Hunsdon House, Aug. 3rd.*—Here we are, the Lord be praised and found all well, and in transports at seeing us.

"*Aug. 6th.*—I have been very busy all day packing and preparing to set out tomorrow for London on our way to the Isle of Wight. We shall not return for a long time as we mean to go from there to winter at Sidmouth."

This was far from being the last entry in Mrs. Calvert's Journal, which she continued to write with more or less regularity for at least twenty-five years longer.

During her husband's last illness she wrote :

"The powers of his mind are gradually declining. He enjoys nothing, and cannot move without help—a joyless existence, and I can do nothing. The Lord's will be done."

Mr. Calvert died on April 23, 1841, from softening of the brain. His wife paid the penalty of extreme old age by surviving most of those she loved best. A pathetic entry in her Journal records her last interview with her sister at Boulogne.

"We were mutually rejoiced and yet overcome at meeting. Alas ! I cannot conceal from myself the fact that we shall not often—if ever—meet again."

Lady Ranfurly died suddenly in November, 1839. Mrs. Calvert, who lived nearly twenty years longer, used to say that Death had forgotten her. Hunsdon House had been sold, owing to family reverses, and she lived



for the most part at 30 Cavendish Square. It was during one of his frequent visits to her there that her favourite son Felix died after a short illness.

Bitter as was this sorrow, Mrs. Calvert must, at her great age, have been consoled by the thought that their separation could not be a very long one. She passed away, less than two years later, on February 22nd, 1859, aged ninety-two.

Though she was not fond of her native country and never went there if she could help it, Mrs. Calvert was nevertheless a typical Irishwoman—impetuous, warm-hearted, and holding up the bright example of an absolutely pure, good life to a society whose morals left very much to be desired. Her habit of hasty speech remained with her to her dying day—and her young relations were not a little afraid of her in consequence.

“What do you mean by lolling so in your chair?” she said sharply to one of her granddaughters. “Do you know that my great-uncle made the grand tour in his own carriage, and during the whole time he *never once leant back!*”

On another occasion, when a little grandniece<sup>1</sup> meekly asked for a shilling subscription towards some charity, the answer was, “No, my dear, certainly not! I never encourage children to beg, I call it shocking and deplorable.”

The victim related this little episode over sixty years afterwards, being then quite an old woman herself. So true is it that the remembrance of a snub takes deep root in the memory, and abides there long after kind words and generous deeds are forgotten.

<sup>1</sup> Susan Euphemia Knox.



## APPENDIX



## APPENDIX

### I. TESTAMENT OF LOUIS XVI

**I**N the name of the most Holy Trinity—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. To-day, the 25th of December 1792, I, Louis XVI by name, King of France, having been for four months shut up with my family in the tower of the Temple at Paris, by those who were my subjects, and deprived of all intercourse whatever, even with my family, since the 10th of month ; further, being implicated in a process, from which, owing to the passions of men, it is impossible to see the issue, and for which there is no pretext or plea in any existing law—having no witness to my thoughts, and none to whom I can address myself save God ; I declare, here in His presence, my last wishes. I leave my soul to God, my Creator. I pray him to receive it in mercy, not to judge it by my merits, but by those of our Lord Jesus Christ, who offered Himself a sacrifice to God his Father, for men, however hardened in sin, and for me the chief of sinners.

I die in the communion of Our Holy Mother the Church, Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman, who derives her powers in an uninterrupted succession from St. Peter, to whom they were intrusted by Jesus Christ. I believe firmly, and I confess to all that is contained in the symbol and commandments of God and the Church, the sacraments and the mysteries which the church teaches, and has always taught : I have never pretended to make myself a judge of the different modes of explaining the dogmas which distract the Church of Christ, but I have ever bowed,

and, if God accords me life, will ever continue to bow, to the decisions which the ecclesiastical authorities of our Holy Catholic Church give, and will give, conformably to the discipline of the church, as practised since the time of Jesus Christ.

I pity with all my heart our brethren who may be in error ; but I do not pretend to judge them, and I love them all not the less in Jesus Christ, with that charity which Christianity enjoins ; and I pray God to pardon all my sins : I have sought rigorously to examine them, to hate them, and to humble myself in His presence. Not being able to avail myself of the ministry of a catholic priest, I pray God to receive this my confession, and, above all, my profound repentance for having put my name (although against my will) to acts which may be contrary to the discipline and belief of the catholic church, to which I am ever in heart sincerely united. I pray God to accept my fixed intention, if he grants me life, to avail myself as soon as possible of the ministry of a catholic priest, to confess to him all my sins, and receive the penitential sacrament.

I pray all those I may have offended inadvertently (for I cannot call to mind having wittingly offended any one), or those to whom I may have afforded a bad example, or scandalised, to pardon me the evil which they think I may have done them.

I pray all persons having charity, to unite their prayers to mine for the pardon of my sins.

I pardon, from the heart, all those who, without cause given by me, have become my enemies ; and I pray God to pardon them, as well as those who, stimulated by a false, ill-directed zeal, have done me much evil.

I commend to God my wife and children, my sister, my aunts, my brothers, and all those connected with me by blood, or other ties : I pray God, in an especial manner, to look down with mercy on my wife, my children, and my sister, who have so long suffered with me—to sustain them by His grace, if they are about to lose me, as long as they remain in this perishable world :



I recommend my children to my wife ; I have never doubted her maternal tenderness.

I recommend her, above all, to make them good Christians and honest men ; to bring them up to look upon the splendours of this world (if they are condemned to have experience of them) as only a dangerous and perishable good, and to turn their thoughts to the solid and enduring glory of eternity. I pray my sister to continue her tenderness to my children, and to take their mother's place if they should have the misfortune to lose her.

I pray my wife to forgive me all the evils she suffers for my sake, and any vexations I may have caused her since our union ; and she may be assured that I remember nothing against her, if she imagines that she thinks she has anything with which to reproach herself.

I enjoin upon my children, very warmly, next to their duty to their God, which must take precedence of everything, to be always united to each other, submissive to and obedient to their mother, and grateful for all her care of them, and in memory of me. I pray to look upon my sister as a second mother.

I enjoin upon my son, if he has the misfortune to become king, to remember that he must devote himself entirely to the happiness of his fellow citizens ; that he must forget all hatreds and resentments, and particularly everything that concerns the misfortunes and annoyances that I suffer ; that he can only insure the happiness of his people by reigning according to the laws ; but, at the same time, that a king cannot make himself respected, and do the good his heart wills, unless he has the necessary authority ; and that otherwise being cramped in his operations, and inspiring no respect, he is more hurtful than useful.

I recommend my son to befriend all those who have shown attachment to me, as far as circumstances may give him the power to do so ; to consider that it is a sacred debt that I have contracted towards the children or relations of those who have died for me, and also to

those who have suffered in my cause. I know that there are several persons who are attached to me who have not behaved towards me as they ought to have done, and who have ever shown ingratitude ; but I pardon them—(often, in the hour of trouble and disturbance, a man is not his own master)—and I request my son only to consider their misfortunes. I should like here to testify my gratitude to those who have shown a real and disinterested attachment to me : on the one hand, if I was sensibly affected by the ingratitude and disloyalty of those who had met with nothing but kindness from me, they themselves, their relations, or friends ; on the other, I have experienced the consolation of seeing the attachment and disinterested devotion which many have shown me. I beg them to accept my thanks.

In the present position of affairs, I should fear to compromise them if I spoke more explicitly ; but I recommend to my son the care of discovering and rewarding them.

I should think, however, that I was calumniating the feelings of the nation, if I did not openly recommend to my son MM. de Chamilly and Hue, whose real attachment to me induced them to shut themselves up with me in this miserable abode, of which they expected to fall victims. I recommend also to him Cléry, with whose attentions since he has been with me I have every reason to be thankful : as it is he who has remained with me to the end, I request the gentlemen of the Commune to give him my clothes, my books, my watch, my purse, and the other trifling effects which have been left at the disposal of the Commune.

Again, I pardon most willingly those who have acted as my guard, the bad treatment and discomforts which they thought it necessary to inflict upon me. I have met with some amiable and compassionate hearts ; may they enjoy that tranquillity of mind which their train of thought ought to give them.

I beg MM. de Malesherbes, Tronchet, and de Sèze, to receive my thanks, and this expression of my

feeling, for all the trouble and pains they took on my account.

I finish, by declaring before God, and ready to appear in His presence, that I cannot reproach myself with any one of the crimes which have been laid to my charge.

Made in duplicate at the Tower of the Temple, the 25th December 1792.

LOUIS.

## II

Letter from William Gerard Hamilton, Chancellor of the Exchequer in Ireland, Member of the Privy Council there, Secretary to the Earls of Halifax and Northumberland, and known as "Single speech Hamilton" to Edmond Sexten Pery, Speaker to the Irish House of Commons, afterwards Viscount Pery.

" PRIVY GARDEN,

*" November 6th, 1762.*

" MY DEAR PERY,

" Our friend Hutchinson, who knows that everything which promotes your happiness must necessarily contribute to my pleasure, has by this last packet informed me of your marriage. It did not surprise me, because it is just that match which they (who) wish your happiness the most, which are those who know you best, have long predestined for you.

" Permit me, my dear Pery, to congratulate you both, and to assure you that no one ever can, upon this occasion, join more sincerely, or partake more largely, in the general joy of your friends. It is needless for any of us to entertain the least degree of solicitude for your increase of happiness ; that mutual affection and mutual merits have infallibly secured to you for the present, and left those who are the most anxious for your welfare nothing to wish you but the long and uninterrupted continuance of it. You must not, however, think that my regard for you has stifled all my humanity for others, or that with so much reason for congratulation, there is no cause for condolence. I cannot help compassionating the poor



Macartney, who must now add you to the long list of her unfaithful lovers, and who might really be tempted to do something desperate, if at the marriage from Lucan, as at the marriage in Gallilea, the water was turned into wine, and the Liffey only rolled with Madeira.

“In the meantime I am endeavouring to draw something selfish from the subject of your joy and her sorrow. I flatter myself that taking a wife is a prelude to taking a place, and I think that Mrs. Pery, after having got the better of your private continence, may soften perhaps the rigours of your public virtue instead of imitating the example of Mrs. Crook Perceval, as Lord Clarendon says it was she, and not her husband, who gave judgement against the King in the case of Ship Money. Whether Mrs. Pery would act like the lady is uncertain; but I think it is rather clear that you would have decided like the judge. In short, there is something that tells me that you will be always a little untractable abroad and always extremely pliable at home.

“There have been certain times of my life in which I have not been always without thoughts of the same marriage. But, often as I have strove I could never bring my mind to it. I am now determined to defer it till we meet, if that is ever to happen. Then we will compare notes, and, in the meantime you, my dear Pery, shall solicit happiness in constancy, and I will court in it variety. Whatever may be my situation, you will always have what you must always be entitled to—the warmest good wishes and esteem of your most faithful affectionate friend,

“W. G. HAMILTON.”

“Edmond Sexten Pery was born in 1719 at Limerick, in which town his ancestors had for many generations held important positions. In 1745, he was called to the Bar in Ireland, and acquired much reputation as an acute and upright lawyer. He was elected in 1751 to serve in the Parliament of Ireland as one of the representatives of the town of Wicklow. In the ensuing Parliamentary

contest, relative to the appropriation of the surplus in the Irish Exchequer, Pery took the side of the Government. He acted as teller for the Ayes on 17th December, 1753, when the vote was taken on the altered Money Bill. The 'Patriots,' headed by the Speaker, Henry Boyle, and Anthony Malone, Prime Sergeant, carried the rejection of that Bill by a majority of five; Pery is said soon after to have partially quitted the Government Parliamentary ranks," etc.—Extract from papers in possession of Lord Emly, Tervoe, Co. Limerick.

The letters include correspondence with Lords North, Townshend, Longford, Hillsborough, Bristol, Nugent, Lucan, Buckingham, Beauchamp; Edmund Burke, George Germaine, J. Jenkinson, W. Knox.

Extract from *The Hertford Mercury*, Saturday,  
March 14th, 1857.

"*The Late* LIEUTENANT-GENERAL CALVERT.

"We recorded amongst our obituary notices last week, the death of Lieutenant-General Calvert, C.B., which took place at his residence, 30, Cavendish Square, on the 3rd instant. The deceased was the eldest son of the late Nicolson Calvert, Esq., of Hunsdon (who for many years represented the Borough,<sup>1</sup> and subsequently the County of Hertford in Parliament), by Frances, second daughter of Edmond Sexten, Viscount Pery, of Newton Pery, County Limerick, who, having filled the Speaker's chair of the Commons of Ireland from 1771 to 1785, received upon his retirement, the unanimous thanks of the House, and at the express solicitation of that branch of the legislature, was elevated to the peerage December 30th, 1785. Lieutenant-General Felix Calvert was one of the rapidly diminishing number of those gallant veterans who won their earliest laurels in the Peninsula. He entered the service in 1807, and served with the 52nd in the expedition to Sweden in 1808. In 1808-9, he was in the

<sup>1</sup> Seven Parliaments.

Peninsula, and was serving under Sir John Moore on the occasion of the retreat to Corunna. Subsequently he joined the Walcheren expedition, and was one of the fortunate few who escaped from those pestilential swamps which were so fatal to so many of our brave soldiers. In April, 1810, he was appointed Aide-de-Camp to Lord Lynedoch, and joined that General at Cadiz, then besieged by the French. He was also present at the Battles of Barossa and Vittoria and at the attacks on, and the capture of, San Sebastian. In 1814 he accompanied the 29th Regiment to America, and was present at the taking of Casleue, and the different American Settlements in the Bay of Fundy. He was subsequently promoted to a Majority, and selected, as a tribute to his merits as an officer, to command the Provisional Battalion at Portsmouth. In the campaign of 1815, he served with the 32nd, and was present at the Battles of Quatre Bras and Waterloo. He received the war medal with three clasps, for Barossa, Vittoria, and San Sebastian, and immediately after the Battle of Waterloo, was promoted for his distinguished services there, and for those rendered at Quatre Bras on the 16th of June, 1815.

"Of Lieutenant-General Calvert's conduct in the field, it is unnecessary to say more than that, belonging to a time which gave many opportunities for the display of those qualities which are necessary in the soldier, each step taken by him in the service was a step won by his bravery and conduct. His commissions date as follows :

" Ensign, October 1st, 1807.

" Lieutenant, September 15th, 1808.

" Captain, June 27th, 1811.

" Major, October 27th, 1814.

" Lieutenant-Colonel, June 18th, 1815.

" Colonel (of the 72nd), January 10th, 1837.

" Major-General, November 9th, 1846.

" Lieutenant-General, June 20th, 1854.

" Colonel of the 90th Light Infantry, June 14th, 1853.



"It is worthy of remark that Lieutenant-General Calvert never purchased a step in the service.

"In private life, Lieutenant-General Calvert was distinguished by his urbanity, and warm-heartedness. He took no very active part in public affairs. It was amongst his family and friends that the qualities were conspicuous, which endeared him to all that came in contact with him ; he was dutiful as a son, affectionate as a brother, hearty as a friend, and indulgent and considerate as a master. He was ever desirous that the poor in his neighbourhood should find employment, and many of the improvements on the land in his own occupation have been made with this object alone. In this, and in other ways, his sympathy was always at the command of those who needed it, for he never hesitated to recognize a well-merited claim by anyone whose case came under his notice. It has always been a matter of regret that he mixed so little in country business on public occasion, for his taste for reading was great and varied, and the knowledge he acquired was tempered by great experience of the world, by sound judgment, and by great common sense. On more than one occasion, he was solicited to allow himself to be put in nomination as a candidate for the representation of his native county, which had been for some years represented by his father, but he preferred the retirement of domestic life, after his long and arduous military services, to the cares and honours of a seat in Parliament. From the time of his return to England at the close of the war, until the death of his father in April, 1841, Lieutenant-General Calvert resided at the family seat, Hunsdon House. After that event, the paternal mansion was closed, and the General took up his residence at Bonnington's, a seat in the neighbourhood, paying, however, occasional visits to London. It was on one of these occasions that he was seized with the illness which terminated in his death, in the 67th year of his age, and the 50th of his military service. The remains of the deceased General were interred at Hunsdon on Wednesday last. In compliance with his special request, the funeral was



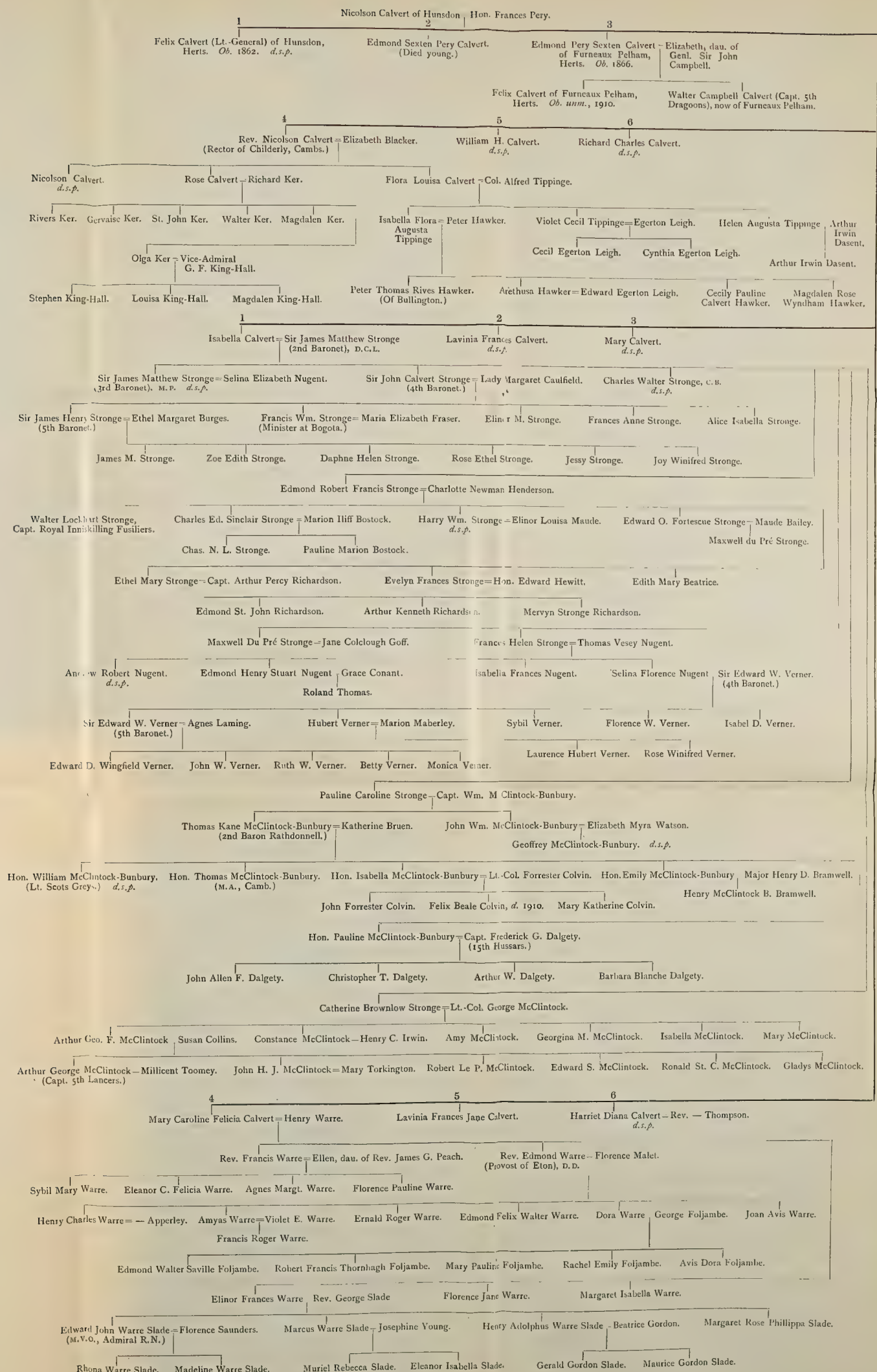
a walking one ; not a single carriage was allowed to follow. The followers were the two brothers of the deceased, Mr. Edmond, and Mr. William Calvert, and his immediate male relatives. The funeral service was taken by the Rev. R. W. Thackeray, the rector. The esteem in which the deceased General was held, was shown by the feeling displayed on this melancholy occasion. Throughout the day, in the adjoining villages, the shops and houses were closed, and the road along which the funeral procession passed was thronged from the residence of the deceased, to the Church, a distance of more than a mile, by persons of all classes, who were anxious to witness the mournful closing of the grave over the remains of one who had so thoroughly secured the regard and esteem of his neighbours, and wished to pay their last tribute of respect to his memory.

“ General Calvert was never married. He is succeeded in his estates by his next brother, Mr. Edmond Calvert, of Hunsdonbury, the chief partner in the well-known firm of Felix Calvert and Co.

*“ Obituary Notice.*

“ On the 3rd instant at 30, Cavendish Square, Lieutenant-General Felix Calvert, c.B., Colonel of the 90th Regiment, in his 67th year.”









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